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p.32/33

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending June 12, 1973.

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	CAN THE CAN	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
3	2	ONE AND ONE IS ONE	(Medicine Head (Polydor)
2	3	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)
6	4	RUBBER BULLETS	10 c.c. (UK)
4	5	AND I LOVE HER SO	Perry Como (RCA)
5	6	YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
13	7	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
11	8	STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU	Stealers Wheel (A & M)
17	9	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)	George Harrison (Apple)
16	10	WALKING IN THE RAIN	Partridge Family (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending June 12, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
4	2	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
2	3	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
3	4	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
8	5	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE	Julie Driscoll & the Brian Auger Trinity (Marmalade)
13	6	BLUE EYES	Don Partridge (Columbia)
15	7	HURDY GURDY MAN	Donovan (Pye)
9	8	DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE	Dionne Warwicke (Pye Int.)
7	9	RAINBOW VALLEY	Love Affair (CBS)
5	10	I DON'T WANT OUR LOVING TO DIE	Herd (Fontana)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 14, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
4	1	I LIKE IT	Gerry & the Pacemakers (Columbia)
1	2	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
2	3	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
10	4	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie & the Dreamers (Columbia)
6	5	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
12	6	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
5	7	WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
3	8	SCARLETT O'HARA	Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)
11	9	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
7	10	LUCKY LIPS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

CHARTS

SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Week ending June 10, 1978	Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	RIVERS OF BABYLON — Boney M (Atlantic)	7	1
2	(13)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT — John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	3	2
3	(2)	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY — Darts (Magnet)	5	2
4	(3)	NIGHT FEVER — Bee Gees (RSO)	9	1
5	(5)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU — Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	5	5
5	(6)	WHAT A WASTE — Ian Dury (Stiff)	6	5
7	(10)	CA PLANE POUR MOI — Plastic Bertrand (Sire)	4	7
8	(8)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR — John Paul Young (Ariola)	5	6
9	(23)	OH CAROL — Smokie (Rak)	3	9
10	(4)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT — Patti Smith (Arista)	6	3
11	(29)	OLE OLA — Rod Stewart (Riva)	2	11
12	(18)	DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN — Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Bronze)	2	12
13	(9)	MORE THAN A WOMAN — Tavares (Capitol)	5	8
14	(7)	(I'M ALWAYS TOUCHED BY YOUR) PRESENCE DEAR — Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	7
15	(15)	COME TO ME — Ruby Winters (Creole)	3	15
16	(14)	HI TENSION — Hi Tension (Island)	5	13
17	(—)	MISS YOU — Rolling Stones (EMI)	1	17
18	(30)	ANNIE'S SONG — James Galway (Red Seal)	2	18
19	(17)	ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES — Sham 69 (Polydor)	4	17
20	(—)	PUMP IT UP — Elvis Costello (Radar)	1	20
21	(—)	NEVER SAY DIE — Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	1	21
22	(12)	DO IT DO IT AGAIN — Raffaella Carra (Epic)	6	12
23	(27)	DON'T FEAR THE REAPER — Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	2	23
24	(11)	NICE 'N SLEAZY — Stranglers (United Artists)	5	11
25	(—)	A BI NI BI — Ishar Cohen (Polydor)	2	22
26	(—)	MAKING UP AGAIN — Goldie (Bronze)	1	26
27	(26)	ROSALIE — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	26
28	(16)	JACK AND JILL — Raydio (Arista)	6	11
29	(—)	AIN'T GOT A CLUE — Lurkers (Beggars Banquet)	1	29
30	(—)	ON A LITTLE STREET IN SINGAPORE — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

MIND BLOWING DECISIONS — Heatwave (GTO); LOVING YOU HAS MADE ME BANANAS — Guy Marks (ABC); BEAUTIFUL LOVER — Brotherhood of Man (Pye); ONLY LOVE CAN BREAK YOUR HEART — Elkie Brooks (A&M).

ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Week ending June 10, 1978	Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Various (RSO)	13	1
2	(5)	BLACK & WHITE — Stranglers (United Artists)	3	2
3	(2)	ABBA THE ALBUM — Abba (Epic)	20	1
4	(4)	THE STUD — Soundtrack (Ronco)	8	2
5	(3)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE — Genesis (Charisma)	10	2
6	(10)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE — Rita Coolidge (A & M)	8	6
7	(17)	PASTICHE — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	15	7
8	(9)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Frank Sinatra (EMI)	5	6
9	(7)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Nat King Cole (Capitol)	11	1
10	(23)	EVERYBODY PLAYS DARTS — Darts (Magnet)	3	10
11	(8)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES — Ian Dury (Stiff)	19	7
12	(21)	POWER IN THE DARK — Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	3	12
13	(6)	EASTER — Patti Smith (Arista)	7	6
14	(11)	BAT OUT OF HELL — Meat Loaf (Epic)	12	10
15	(13)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE — Johnny Mathis (CBS)	8	4
16	(26)	I KNOW 'COS I WAS THERE — Max Boyce (EMI)	2	16
17	(14)	PARKERILLA — Graham Parker (Vertigo)	2	14
18	(14)	LONDON TOWN — Wings (EMI)	10	4
19	(12)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	67	1
20	(19)	KAYA — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	12	6
21	(—)	LENA MARTELL COLLECTION — Lena Martell (Ronco)	1	21
22	(20)	PLASTIC LETTERS — Blondie (Chrysalis)	15	7
23	(18)	LONG LIVE ROCK & ROLL — Rainbow (Polydor)	7	8
24	(—)	SHOOTING STAR — Elkie Brooks (A & M)	4	24
25	(28)	POWER AGE — AC/DC (Atlantic)	3	25
26	(25)	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN — Various (World Records)	8	10
27	(—)	THIS YEARS MODEL — Elvis Costello (Radar)	11	8
28	(—)	THE STRANGER — Billy Joel (CBS)	3	26
29	(—)	LIVE & DANGEROUS — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	29
30	(30)	APPROVED BY THE MOTORS — Motors (Virgin)	2	30

BUBBLING UNDER

STRANGER IN TOWN — Bob Seger (Capitol); DAVID GILMORE — David Gilmore (Harvest); DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN — Bruce Springsteen (CBS); VAN HALEN — Van Halen (Warner Bros).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending June 10, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
2	(2)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams
3	(3)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
4	(9)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
5	(5)	BABY HOLD ON	Eddie Money
6	(6)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
7	(8)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
8	(4)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings
9	(7)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway
10	(13)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet
11	(12)	ON BROADWAY	George Benson
12	(15)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith
13	(17)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD	Meat Loaf
14	(16)	DANCE WITH ME	Peter Brown
15	(20)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba
16	(19)	YOU BELONG TO ME	Carly Simon
17	(18)	DEACON BLUES	Steely Dan
18	(21)	EVERY KINDA PEOPLE	Robert Palmer
19	(10)	IMAGINARY LOVER	Atlanta Rhythm Section
20	(11)	DISCO INFERNO	The Trammps
21	(24)	HEARTLESS	Heart
22	(26)	BLUER THAN BLUE	Michael Johnson
23	(28)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
24	(27)	I WAS ONLY JOKING	Rod Stewart
25	(30)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	The O'Jays
26	(—)	THE GROOVE LINE	Heatwave
27	(—)	YOU'RE THE LOVE	Seals & Crofts
28	(—)	STILL THE SAME	Bob Seger
29	(29)	CHEESEBURGER IN PARADISE	Jimmy Buffett
30	(—)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending June 10, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
3	(3)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
4	(4)	SHOWDOWN	Isley Brothers
5	(5)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
6	(6)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
7	(15)	FM	Various Artists
8	(9)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis
9	(13)	CENTRAL HEATING	Heatwave
10	(11)	MAGAZINE	Heart
10	(11)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
12	(8)	CHAMPAGNE JAM	Atlanta Rhythm Section
13	(17)	BOYS IN THE TREES	Carly Simon
14	(20)	SO FULL OF LOVE	The O'Jays
15	(26)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
16	(27)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
17	(23)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
18	(12)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
19	(7)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
20	(24)	THE LAST WALTZ	The Band & Various Artists
21	(14)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
22	(19)	AJA	Steely Dan
23	(16)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
24	(25)	EASTER	Patti Smith
25	(—)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY	Various Artists
26	(21)	SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR	Jimmy Buffett
27	(28)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis
28	(—)	GREASE	Various Artists
29	(—)	EDDIE MONEY	Eddie Money
30	(—)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK

PATTI SMITH

READING
Patti, Ash and Dury?

IAN DURY & The Blockheads, who complete their extensive British concert tour in the middle of this month, are expected to make their next appearance in this country at the Reading Festival during August Bank Holiday weekend (25-27).

Negotiations are under way for Patti Smith and her group to fly in specially to play Reading, and it's understood that Wishbone Ash are likely to return to Britain from their U.S. exile for a one-off performance in the event.

Full details of the Reading bill and booking arrangements are being announced shortly, probably in two weeks' time. But among other names already tipped by NME for the festival are Status Quo, The Jam and the Tom Robinson Band.

If all these suggested names come together, it could well prove to be the strongest Reading line-up to date — and the first at which the new-wave movement is represented. The Damned were scheduled to appear last year, but subsequently pulled out.

FESTIVAL INSPIRED BY APOLLO CLOSING
Major event for Scotland

A MASSIVE open-air concert in Scotland is being planned for early August — on the bonny banks of Loch Lomond! It will be held in a natural amphitheatre, and the organisers are hoping to attract a crowd of between 50,000 and 75,000. No acts have yet been confirmed officially, but among many names under negotiation are Eric Clapton and his band, Van Morrison, Thin Lizzy and the Steve Gibbons Band.

Paradoxically, the promoters latched on to the idea, following the meeting of the Strathclyde Regional Council at which it was decided to hand Glasgow Apollo over to Mecca for bingo. One of the councillors apparently declared that Glasgow "didn't need a place like this", and suggested that rock should be confined to a field outside the city!

Billy Davidson for the organisers told NME: "We've taken him up on the suggestion, but far more seriously than intended! This year's event will be a one-off but, if it's successful, we plan to use the site regularly next summer." Date is expected to be either August 5 or 12, and full details of the line-up are promised in a couple of weeks.

LIZZY EXTRA

THIN LIZZY have added two dates in Northern Ireland to their short series of British concerts later this month. They're at Belfast Ulster Hall next Wednesday and Thursday, June 14 and 15, and tickets are on sale now priced £3 and £2.50. The band then move to Glasgow to open their previously-reported gigs at the Apollo on June 17, climaxing at London Wembley Arena on June 22 and 23. They leave for a six-week U.S. tour at the end of July.

Lizzy are also headlining one of the open-air concerts in the bullring of the Mediterranean holiday island of Ibiza, appearing there on July 6 with Suzi Quatro. The first concert on June 28 is already announced as Bob Marley and the Wailers, and newly set for July 13 are Ian Dury & The Blockheads, Eddie & The Hot Rods and Roy Harper. Tickets priced £6.50 are available here before you leave on holiday — from Music Ibiza Limited, 36 King's Road, London S.W.3 (enclose s.a.e.).

HOWARD DEVOTO

MAGAZINE ON TOUR

MAGAZINE, whose new album "Real Life" is out on the Virgin label this week, set out next month on their most important tour to date — not only in terms of the number of gigs (14 confirmed so far) but also the stature of the venues they are visiting. Although they've already played two mini-tours earlier this year, this is their first outing to coincide with an LP release.

Their itinerary takes in Birmingham Barbarella's (July 1), Redcar Coatham Bowl (2), Edinburgh Clouds (3), Bradford St George's Hall (5), Coventry Locarno (6), Manchester Russell Club (7), two shows including a teenagers-only matinee at Liverpool Eric's (8), Sheffield Top Rank (9), Doncaster Outlook (10), Torquay Town Hall (12), Plymouth Metro (13), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Aylesbury Friars (15) and Canterbury Odeon (16).

Although announced as supporting The Stranglers at Leeds University yesterday (Wednesday), Magazine did not in fact appear. Their spokesman said it was due to a management mix-up, and the band themselves had not even been approached to play the date.

Moodies' British dates in autumn

THE MOODY BLUES will be playing their first British concerts since their reformation in November.

They go back on the road officially in October, when they headline an American tour, and the following month they'll be gigging in Britain and Europe. Manager Jerry Weintraub is in London this week for negotiations with their record company, with a view to setting up dates in this country.

As previously reported, the band — retaining their original line-up of Justin Hayward (guitar), John Lodge (bass), Ray Thomas (flute), Mike Pinder (mellotron) and Graeme Edge (drums) — have their comeback album "Octave" issued by Decca this weekend. The ten new self-penned titles in the set are **Steppin' In A Slide Zone, Under Moonshine, Had To Fall In Love, I'll Be Level With You. Driftwood, Top Rank Suite, I'm Your Man, Survival, One Step Into The Light** and **The Day We Meet Again.**

TYLA TOUR

TYLA GANG this week announce their summer offensive — so called because some may regard this as offensive! They have a new single out on Beserkley this weekend titled "Tropical Love" — it's taken from their latest album "It Takes A Hit To Laugh," released on June 16. With more dates still to be finalised, gigs confirmed so far — the majority supported by Straight 8 — are:

London Twickenham College (this Saturday), Cambridge Trinity College May Ball (June 12), Worcester Bank House (14), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (15), Sheffield Limit Club (16), Newcastle University (17), London Marquee (19), Birmingham Barbarella's (20), Oxford Worcester College May Ball (21), Leeds 'F' Club (22), Middlesbrough Town Hall (23), Retford Porterhouse (24), Hull Tiffany's (26), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (27), Doncaster Outlook (29), Scarborough Penthouse (30), Nottingham Sandpiper (July 1) and London Camden Music Machine (7).

Seger and Rats in line for Charlton

BOB SEGER and the Silver Bullet Band are likely to make a one-off appearance in Britain next month, as one of the acts in the big open-air concert at the Charlton football ground in South-East London on Saturday, July 22. And among other names strongly tipped for inclusion are The Boomtown Rats and American band Kansas. As previously reported, Lou Reed is already confirmed to headline the event.

The bill is now coming together, and promoter Len Sang expects to be able to announce the full line-up in a few days. Only other confirmed artists at press-time, all of a supporting nature, are. David Coverdale's White Snake, Head East and Becky Brown. But other names widely reported elsewhere — including Blood Sweat & Tears, Bachman Turner Overdrive and Elvin Bishop Band — are definitely not appearing.

It will be Sang's first venture into major rock concerts, and he plans several unusual features. Although cost of admission will be high at an estimated £10, he is lining up a ten-hour show with eight big acts. And there will be coaches to the ground from all the London main-line termini (and returning afterwards) included in the ticket charge. London Transport will also be providing extra services.

Gates open early in the morning, in readiness for a noon start. A total of 39,000 tickets will be available — all to be sold by post, with none available on the gates. Applications will be processed through a special computer, to restrict them to four per person, and so hopefully eliminate touts. And Securicor men will be posted on the doors to spot forgeries and foil gate-crashers.

Sang told NME: "I've already met with the GLC, the police, British Rail and London Transport, and they're all happy about the way things are going. Catering and toilet facilities will be in excess of GLC requirements, and I've arranged full insurance cover for everyone present."

He added that the staging of the concert will be elaborate — "something that's never been done before" — and promised a couple of surprise guest appearances, details of which are being kept secret until the day.

"Even at this price, I could lose money on the show," said Sang. "But I'm fully prepared for that, because my main aim is to establish myself in this field. I want to put on a really top quality concert, so that everyone will be fully satisfied.

"I can then press ahead with my subsequent plans because, from here on in, I reckon to present around 20 big shows every year — some indoors over the Christmas and New Year period at venues like the Birmingham Trade Centre, and others open-air."

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'RACING CARS' &
'DOWN THE ROAD'
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Sham, X-Ray, Clash gigs blown

JIMMY PURSEY of Sham 69 came storming into NME's offices last weekend to complain bitterly about the last-minute cancellation of their gig at Nottingham Tiffany's, scheduled for last Thursday (1). Originally planned for the city's Sandpiper venue, it was switched to Tiffany's in order to accommodate more people, but it was banned just 24 hours beforehand by Mecca head office.

The cancellation is the latest of a string of dates scrapped by the band — some forcibly, others because of their TV commitments. Mecca, while claiming to be "not totally opposed to punk", reserve the right to reject those bands they consider "unsuitable". Commented Pursey: "If they wanted to ban us, why didn't they do it when the gig was booked several weeks ago, instead of waiting till the last minute?"

Meanwhile, Sham 69 are to play a free gig at Newport (Gwent) Stowaway Club on Wednesday, June 21. This is compensation for the show they were due to play there late last month, but scrapped because of their "Top Of The Pops" spot.

X-RAY SPEX pulled out of their projected gig at Malvern Winter Gardens last Friday (2) at 48 hours notice, explaining to the promoter that singer Poly Styrene had suffered a breakdown. The band's record company refused to comment and said any statement should come from their manager, who told NME: "It's going too far to say she's had a breakdown. Actually, Poly's suffering from exhaustion and fatigue, brought about by intensive touring and recording. We've had to scrap a couple of gigs, but fortunately they don't have much on at the moment, so Poly can relax for a while."

...AND OTHER NEWS WAVES

A PACKAGE TOUR by nine of the 13 bands featured on the "Farewell To The Roxy" album hits Scotland next week. They are The Blitz, Jets, XL5, Red Light, U.K. Subs, Open Sore, Acme Sewage Co., Pickets and The Plague. Initial dates are at Glasgow Satellite City (June 14 and 15) and Edinburgh Clouds (16 and 18), and more are being set.

JORDAN of The Ants

ADAM & THE ANTS have lost their manager and occasional vocalist Jordan, who has left the band to pursue her acting career. She told NME that she's hoping to begin work on a film role in September, probably on location abroad. It's not yet known if the band intend to replace her.

THE CLASH have been forced to cancel their gig at London Edmonton Picketts Lock Centre on July 15, which was to have been the final date of their British tour, reported last week. This is due to a number of local residents complaining about what they consider would be "a distasteful audience". The band are now seeking a replacement venue.

JONATHAN RICHMAN & The Modern Lovers have had another two late bookings confirmed for their revised British tour which — as reported last week — has been completely re-shaped, ostensibly because of World Cup TV affecting ticket sales. The extra dates are both college gigs — Dundee University (tomorrow, Friday) and Hull University (June 14).

THE REZILLOS — who've been forced to cancel their six-week promotional tour because of Sire Records' split with Phonogram, which has blocked their projected LP and single release — will still be playing a one-off gig at London Marquee tomorrow (Friday). Their manager told NME: "It's obviously going to take Sire some time to find a new outlet. We can't wait that long and we shall probably look for a new label."

THE GOOD RATS, the highly rated New York band, are on a short visit to London climaxing in a headlining appearance at Kensington Nashville on Sunday, June 18 — when the first 30 people to arrive will be given a copy of a special limited edition U.S. live album "Rats The Way You Like It . . . Live". The band's current release in Britain is the LP "From Rats To Riches" on the Radar label. They also support The Flamin' Groovies at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse this Sunday (11).

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Major acts in Dingwalls anniversary

DINGWALLS, arguably the best known of London's rock clubs, celebrates its fifth anniversary this month. And to mark the occasion, a series of special bookings has been lined up for the period from June 13 to 24. Among acts confirmed are George Thorogood and The Destroyers (June 13 and 14), The Pirates (15), Racing Cars (16), Motorhead (19), the Steve Gibbons Band (21), Dr. Feelgood (22) and The Motors (24).

Actual birthday night is Tuesday, June 20, when three Kokomo and Grease Band splinter groups — The Voice Squad, The Retainers and Carol Grimes — are featured. Name of the June 23 attraction is at present being withheld for contractual reasons, but will be announced shortly.

Advance tickets are available from Dingwalls box-office one day prior to each event (except Motorhead, available on June 16), limited to two per person. All tickets are £2 — except for Racing Cars, Meal Ticket and The Motors, for whom admission is £2.50. And entry price for Steve Gibbons hadn't been determined at press-time.

RECORD NEWS

GLC 'tribute' by Buzzcocks

THE BUZZCOCKS' new single, issued by United Artists on June 30, is titled "Love You More". The B-side "Noise Annoys" is dedicated to the GLC, following the band's concert on May 28 at London Roundhouse where — on council instructions — their sound level was pinned down to 95 decibels, while audience applause regularly topped 100!

● **Ashley Hutchings** of the Albion Band has a solo album released next month. Title is "Kicking Up The Sawdust", and it's on the Harvest label.

● **Peter Sarstedt** has signed a three-year deal with Ariola — Hansa, who release his first single for four years this week. Title is "Beirut".

● **Michael Chapman's** second album on Criminal Records, "Playing The Guitar The Easy Way", is issued on June 30. It includes a 16-page booklet with full instructions, using 12 different instrumental pieces, each with an alternative open tuning.

● **U.F.O.** have their fifth album "Obsession", which they recently completed in Los Angeles, scheduled for release by Chrysalis on June 23.

● Stiff Records plan to release their third and last **Devo** single on July 7, titled "Be Stiff". And next week (June 16) they're putting out another version of "Singin In The Rain" by New York Band **Just Water** — because, say Stiff, "there hasn't been a version of the song in the Top 50 for over a week!" Still with Stiff, Gary Brooker of Procol Harum is to produce the new album by Southend's **Mickey Jupp Band.**

● "Bezerk Times" — a compilation live double album featuring the **Greg Kihn Band.** the **Tyla Gang,** the **Rubinoos** and **Earth Quake** which has just been issued in Germany — will not be released in this country. Beserkley feel that, since it was recorded from a TV show, it doesn't do justice to the artists involved. But it is available on import.

● **Nick Plytas,** ex-Roogolator keyboards man who's recently been helping out with the Tom Robinson Band, has signed a solo deal with Do It Records. His debut single "Your Dream Is A Daydream" comes out at the end of this month.

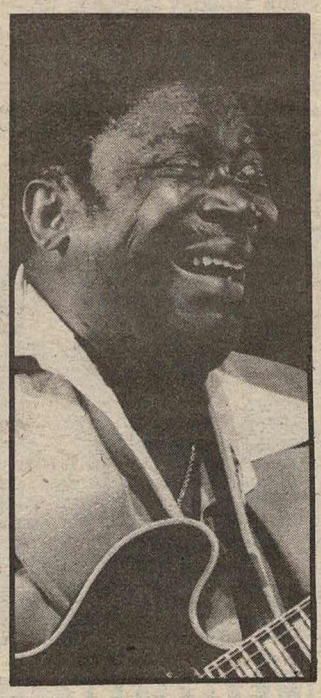
● **New Hearts'** second single "Plain Jane" is issued by CBS in a full-colour bag this weekend. They've just finished cutting tracks for their debut album, planned for release later in the year.

● **The Vibrators'** new single is rushed out this week by CBS, a couple of weeks later than originally planned. Title is "Judy Says (Knock You In The Head)."

● **Yellow Dog's** second LP "Beware Of The Dog" is issued by Virgin on June 16. It includes their hit single "Just One More Night" as well as the follow-up "Wait Until Midnight", which is out this week. The band are planning a series of occasional concerts over the next few months.

● **The 2-Timers** — the New York outfit consisting of former members of Tuff Darts, Whiz Kids and Demons — have their first Virgin single released this weekend titled "Now That I've Lost My Baby". The group are likely to be visiting Britain soon.

● A live double by **Van Der Graaf,** recorded during the band's last appearance at London Marquee (prior to their two gigs there earlier this week), is released by Charisma on July 14 priced £4.75.



● Anchor release the new **B. B. King** album "Midnight Beliver" this weekend. King will be promoting it during his forthcoming British tour, currently being lined up.

● An album recorded during the final gig at Manchester Electric Circus, immediately before the venue was forced to close last year, is released by Virgin on June 16. It features **The Buzzcocks, Steel Pulse, The Drones, The Fall** and **John Cooper Clarke,** among others.

● **Gay & Terry Woods'** new single "Ive A Lady", a re-mixed track from their "Tender Hooks" album, is issued by Rockburgh Records on June 16. Same label has signed Dublin-based band **Revolver,** and issues their debut single "Silently Screaming" on June 30.

● The first two albums by the near-legendary **Big Star** band, "Radio City" and "No 1 Record", are being issued as a double-LP package by Stax (distributed by EMI) in July at the special price of £5. These have been collectors items for several years, with reports of original pressings changing hands for as much as £100 each. The outfit's follow-up album, titled "The Third", is due for release at the end of this month by Aura Records.

● **Grand Theft,** the new six-piece rock band currently supporting David Gates & Bread on their British tour, have their debut album rushed out this week by EMI International — with their name as its title. A single from the LP "Have You Seen This Band?" is also out this week.

NEWS IN BRIEF

ELVIS PRESLEY's very last TV special, recorded in the summer of 1977 not long before he died and titled "Elvis In Concert", has its first British screening tomorrow (Friday). The 50-minute show begins at 8.10 pm.

ERIC CLAPTON and his band headline two concerts at Dublin National Stadium on Friday and Saturday, July 7 and 8, as a warm-up to the Blackbushe Airport show with Bob Dylan the following weekend. Tickets at £4, £3 and £2.50 are available from Pat Egan Record Shops. A full British tour is being lined up for Clapton in mid-autumn.

JOANNA CARLIN has decided to revert to her real name, and in future she'll be known as Mel Harrold. She adopted the stage name a few years ago to avoid confusion with Melanie, but now feels the distinction is no longer necessary.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA current concert series at Wembley Empire Pool is being filmed, and highlights — plus interviews with the band — will be screened in London Weekend TV's "South Bank Show" on Saturday, July 1.

THE DEPRESSIONS, who have just completed an extensive tour with The Vibrators, have decided to shorten their name. The band, who've just started work on their second LP, will in future be known simply as The D.P.'s.

THE RUBETTES' lead guitarist Tony Thorpe has been forced to leave the band for at least six months, while he recovers from a serious back problem. The band completed their European tour using a stand-in, but they won't be playing any more gigs until Thorpe is back in action.

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS have now officially broken up, after weeks of speculation, and all their dates have been cancelled. But a spokesman said that two splinter bands are expected to emerge from the split, which was caused by internal disagreements.

JESSY DIXON, the U.S. gospel singer, is set for three more dates during his debut British tour with his eight-piece band — at Cardiff University (September 6), Belfast Wellington Hall (8) and Manchester Free Trade Hall (11). As already reported, he also plays Bedford Odell Castle (August 27) and London Rainbow (September 2).

JOHN GRIMALDI'S Cheap Flights have augmented their line-up with the addition of bassist Mike Tomich, who was with Heron for three years. Chosen from 60 possibilities, he joins the band in the middle of their June tour.

THE BEE GEES are the subject of five hour-long Radio 1 shows, to be aired on Sundays during the summer. Written and presented by Paul Gambaccini, the first part is broadcast at 5 pm on July 23.

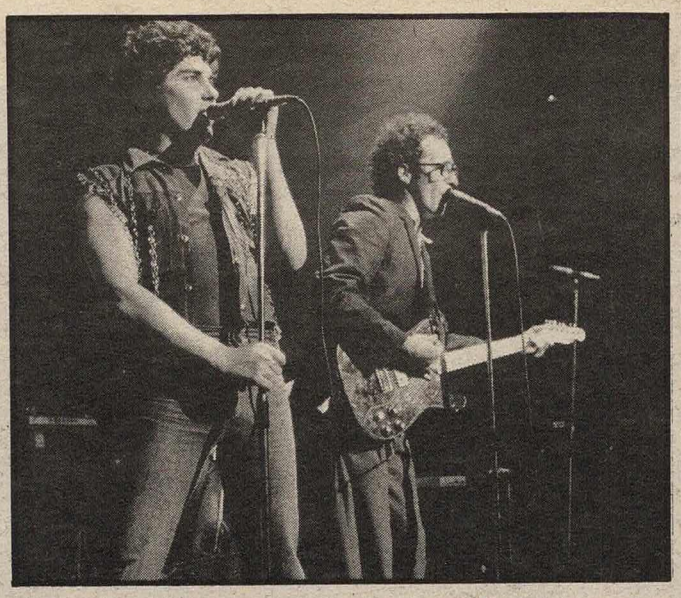
PETE SHELLEY of The Buzzcocks plays an unusual gig tomorrow (Friday) at The Factory in Manchester's Russell Club, when he appears without the band. He'll be supported for this one date only by a bunch of musicians from The Tiller Boys.

JOHN MARTYN, just back from an American tour supporting Eric Clapton, headlines in concert at London Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre this Sunday (11). Apart from the Wakes Festival at Charnock Richard (August 4-6), it will be his only U.K. gig this summer. He leaves for an Australian tour on August 8.

BLACK SABBATH, now nearing the end of their tenth anniversary tour, will have their entire concert at London Hammersmith Odeon this Saturday (10) filmed. It will be used for TV promotion and worldwide distribution.

HUMPHREY OCEAN — whose single "Whoops A Daisy", penned by Ian Dury, is currently on release — has had a picture hung in the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition, which runs until August 13. It's a painting of ex-10c.c. men Lol Creme and Kevin Godley with their Gizmo instrument. Ocean studied painting with Dury at Canterbury Art School.

DEVO are featured in a new film, which Neil Young is putting together in Hollywood. They filmed a musical segment at the Mahubay Gardens in San Francisco. Little is yet known about the picture, except that it stars Dean Stockwell.



Albertos play 'hard luck to Scotland' gigs

ALBERTOS Y Lost Trios Paranoias, the kings of Snuff Rock, go back on the road again next week. Their itinerary so far comprises seven concerts, plus three college and three ballroom gigs, but it's likely that more will be added. John Dowie is the support act.

The band have had the audacity to call it their "Hard Luck Scotland" tour. Alternatively, it could be described as foresight, because they announced this billing last Friday — the day before Scotland's disastrous clash with Peru! Even so, the Albertos are playing it safe by ensuring that all their dates are well south of the Tweed.

Their schedule comprises Birmingham Town Hall (June 14), Nottingham Playhouse (15), Hereford College of Education (16), Middlesbrough Town Hall (18), Stockport Davenport Theatre (19), Liverpool Empire (20), Basildon Towngate Theatre (21), Coventry Tiffany's (22), Hull University (23), Newcastle University (24), London Camden Music Machine (26), Bristol Locarno (27) and Guildford Civic Hall (30).

McCrae returns

GEORGE McCRAE, U.S. disco star and former NME chart entrant, returns to Britain later this month for a short tour — including a headlining concert at London Rainbow. He plays Bournemouth Village Bowl (June 30), London Wedges Club (21), Norwich Cromwells (22), Chesterfield Aquarius (23) and Bristol Turntable Club (24). Then, after a ten-day Italian tour, he resumes at Swansea Nutz Club (July 6), Saltburn Philmore (7), Ilford Kings Club (8), London Rainbow Theatre (9) and Manchester Fagin's Club (10-15).

Preston's block on outsiders

PRESTON Polytechnic has decided to ban the general public from all future gigs, following the incident at a punk concert on May 6 when a member of the audience was killed during a disturbance. The gig was one of a limited number which had been open to the public, thought attendance was within the stipulated limit.

The students' committee say they don't believe the music provoked the violent clashes in the audience, but they obviously feel that admission of outsiders was directly responsible for the tragedy, which appears to have been caused by fighting football fans. Under the circumstances, they are restricting entry to future gigs to student union members and their bona fide guests.

ON THE ROAD

RACING CARS have half-a-dozen gigs during the second half of this month — at **Poole** Arts Centre (15), **London Camden** Dingwalls (16), **Reading** Bulmershe College (17), **Sheffield** Ranmore House (23), **Hertford** Balls Park College (24) and **Newton Abbott** Seale Hayne College (30).

RICHARD DIGANCE plays **Cambridge** St. John's College (June 13), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall, **Sheffield** Limit Club (26), **Ipswich** Suffolk College (30), **Cambourne** Folk Festival (July 1), **Ellesmere** College Arts Centre (8) and **London Woolwich** Tramshed (9).

THE LURKERS open a new Wednesday-night gig series at **London Acton** White Hart on June 14. Upcoming bookings include Dead Dogs Don't Lie (21), Tubeway Army (28), The Crabs (July 5) and Pumphouse Gang (12).

MUSCLES have June gigs at **Cambridge** Corpus Christi College (13), **Bingley** College (15), **Bishops Stortford** College (16), **Southampton** La Sainte College (17), **KidderminsterStone** Manor (21), **Mirfield** Fusion Club (22), **Reading** Wells Hall (23), **Chester-le-Street** Togo's (24) and **Middlesbrough** Madison Club (28-30).

THE PIRATES, who finish their work on their next album this weekend, have three gigs set for next week — **London Camden** Dingwalls (June 15), **Lampeter** University College (16) and **Malvern** Winter Gardens (17).

PENETRATION, who completed their tour with the Buzzcocks earlier this week, have their own gigs at **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), **Liverpool** Eric's (June 17), **London** Marquee (21), **Sheffield** Limit Club (23), **Manchester** Rafters (24) and **Birmingham** Barbarella's (27). They also play a Rock Against Racism gig with Black Slate at **Coventry** Locarno on July 4.

REDBRASS have open-air gigs at **Exeter** Rougemont Gardens (this Sunday), **London Hammersmith** Bishops Park (June 22), **Leicester** Festival (23), **Keele** University (29), **Birmingham** Cannon Hill Park (30) and **Guildford** Surrey University Festival (July 1). They are indoors at **Pontypridd** Glamorgan Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), **Torrington** Plough Theatre (Friday), **Taunton** Brewhouse (Saturday), **Leigh** Library (June 16), **Rochdale** Central Library (17), **Newcastle** University (18), **Kendal** Brewery Arts Centre (19), **York** Arts Centre (20), **Newcastle** University (18), **Kendal** Brewery Arts Centre (19), **York** Arts Centre (20), **Nottingham** Old General (24) and **London Putney** Half Moon (July 2). They also headline a concert at **London** Young Vic Theatre on July 16.

GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES return from their European tour to play **Manchester** Rafters (tonight, Thursday), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (Sunday), **Milton Keynes** College (June 16), **Cleethorpes** Winter Gardens (26) and **Hull** Tiffany's (27). More are being set.

THE ENID are to headline a major **London** concert at the Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, July 1. Much of next month will be given over to recording sessions, but they'll be taking time off to play **Bristol** University (July 15), **Southend** Technical College (16) and **Reading** St. Andrew's College (30). More gigs are expected in early August.

J.A.L.N. BAND have added yet more dates to their massive summer tour — at **Heston** Seahawk Club (June 22), **Leeds** 'F' Club (24), **Newport** Stowaway (26), **Preston** Clouds (28), **Peterborough** Town Hall (July 11), **Southampton** Top Rank (12), **Trowbridge** Civic Centre (20) and **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (21).

MUD have pulled out three shows from their current British tour — **Purley** Tiffany's (June 22), **Bradford** St. George's Hall (26) and **Bedford** Nite Spot (July 2).

BLACK GORILLA play some dates to preview their third single "Soul Dancer", for July 14 release on Response Records. First three confirmed are **Torquay** 400 Club (this Saturday), **Richmond** Castle Club (June 23) and **Bognor** Ocean Bar (24). More are being finalised.

TANZ DER YOUTH, the new band formed by ex-Damned leader Brian James, are to support Black Sabbath on the last five dates of their British tour — at **Birmingham** Odeon (June 12), **Manchester** Apollo (13 and 14), **Liverpool** Empire (15) and **Bridlington** Spa (17). They also play **Huddersfield** Polytechnic in their own right this Saturday and, as reported last week, take part in the Bohemian Love-in at **London** Roundhouse on June 18.

THE REAL THING have June dates at **Durham** Nevilles Cross College (tomorrow, Friday), **Chester** Field Farm (Saturday), **Blackburn** Cavendish Club (12), **Nottingham** Heart Of The Midlands (14 and 16), **Swansea** Nutz Club (15), **Leicester** Horseshoe Club (17), **Porthcawl** Stoneleigh Club (18) and **Farnworth** Blighty's (21-24).

THE ALBION BAND promote their new Harvest single "Poor Old Horse" (out this weekend) at **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **Milton Keynes** Stantonbury Theatre (Saturday), **Cambridge** King's College (June 14), **Durham** Bowburn Community Centre (15), **York** Derwent College (16) and **Derby** Playhouse (18).

U.F.O. have added **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall on June 16 to their British tour, which opens two days earlier . . . and JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT have added **Merthyr Tydfil** Tiffany's (tonight, Thursday) to their current itinerary.

BUSTER JAMES, formerly known as the Buster James Band, return from Europe to play **Burton** 76 Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Nottingham** Boat Club (Saturday), **Dudley** J.B.'s (June 16, **Newbridge** Club & Institute (18), **Swansea** Circles (22), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (23) and **Ipswich** the Manor (30). the U.K. tour will continue until mid-August to aid promotion of their first album "Take It Or Leave It", for release next month on the independent Stairway Records label.

GERRY RAFFERTY — who opened his solo British tour last Thursday at **Dunstable,** where he's pictured in action above — plays his first **London** concert for several years at Drury Lane Theatre Royal this Sunday (11).

RAY KING BAND, whose single "What You Gonna Do?" is issued by Big Bear Records this weekend, play **Bradford** Norfolk Gardens (tomorrow, Friday) **Stafford** Riverside (Saturday), **Derby** Bishop Lonsdale College (June 16), **London** Digby Stuart College (17), **Worthing** Carioca (21), **Portsmouth** Whaley Club (22), **Bognor** Harrison's (23), **Cirencester** Corn Hall (24), **Leeds** Gaiety Bar (29) and **Rugby** Emmaline's (30).

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PENETRATION

Fluffy Slippers And Bondage Strides

AN EVERYDAY TALE OF GEORDIE P*NKY FOLK

THE DRESSING room of the City Hall, Newcastle: Penetration have just finished their 45-minute support set on the Buzzcocks tour and singer Pauline's nerves are totally shattered.

Not used to the rigours of a full-scale tour and the large stages and seated venues such an outing entails, Penetration, like the bridges over the nearby River Tyne, are taking the strain.

The extra pressures of playing in front of a critical "home" audience for the first time in six months coupled with the pain and worry that a malignant abcess has been causing Pauline all week hardly ease the stress.

Close to tears, she sits motionless in the dressing room, her angular features buried deep in her matchstick-thin arms.

But, like those five Tyne bridges, she's bearing up — determined not to crack.

The other three Penetrators — lanky bassist Robert Blamire, drummer Gary Smallman and the band's most recent recruit, guitarist Neale Floyd — are less tense as they knock back their cans of Skol, reasonably happy with how the homecoming gig has gone.

Well, they hadn't made any glaring cock-ups from where I was standing, but it came as a surprise to me later on that, of the four, only Pauline was prepared to admit that Penetration had not delivered one of their most memorable threequarters of an hour.

Matters weren't helped, though, by the over-officious City Hall bouncers, who were determined, it seemed, to stop the kids' enjoyment by keeping them planted firmly in their seats — and they succeeded in doing so for most of the set. (I noted later that the venue had been one of the many to scrub itself from the date-sheet of The Sex Pistols' fabled Anarchy tour.)

Penetration, in fact, present one of the most invigorating batches of songs around. Their main problem seems to be that at times they fail to do their material full justice on stage. In Newcastle, for instance, even the down-tempo songs, of which there are certainly a good few — "Lovers Of Outrage", "Vision" and Patti's "Free Money" — were racy, while some of the faster numbers were castrated in the nervous rush to finish.

Still, The Jam, for one, have staged a remarkable recovery from such a state of affairs in the space of little under a year, and there's no reason why the pride of Real Butter Country should not do likewise.

For down at the roots there's always promise and there's always potential. And this band could do something else altogether.

In relation to her two most obvious contemporaries, Poly Styrene and Siouxsie, Pauline is certainly a more orthodox singer with superb range and vocal character in abundance.

Her stage persona, meantime, lies somewhere between that of the two aforementioned ladies: she emits some of the former's solid Good Time vibe — a real show-woman as she skips, footsies and marches in a controlled frenzy across the boards — but glosses the Sheer Enjoyment over with a hint of the Germanic chill of a Siouxsie.

Imitators, however, Penetration most certainly are not — Pauline's haunting vocal phrasing, which seems to stretch miles into the distance, over the slick, shifting bass and drum patterns woven by Blamire and Smallman give the sound an almost surreal, transcendental edge.

THE GROUP hail from Ferryhill, a former pit village, 20 miles from Newcastle. Its two pits closed ten years ago, as the mining centres of the industrial North-East moved closer to, and eventually under, the North Sea. Nowadays it remains a busy town only on market days.

Pauline, Robert and Gary have lived there all their lives and known each other since school. The three formed Penetration at the tail end of 1976 with local guitarist Gary Chaplin. When the erstwhile Chaplin left earlier this year — the band now maintain that he never really fitted their set-up — a replacement was drafted in almost immediately.

A fluent guitarist, the gawky Neale Floyd, for it was he, had been a fan of the band since the outset. He also lived only a few miles down the road in Bishop Auckland. More to the point though, Floyd's heart was where it mattered — in the band.

A Penetration feature would be incomplete without mention of the band's hard-working personal manager Peter Lloyd, a fellow Ferryhill lad, Pauline's childhood sweetheart and, since March, her husband.

The couple live in a modest one-bedroomed flat above a pet shop in a grimy street of red-bricked terrace houses.

The small sitting room with the tele in one corner and various parent-bought ornaments on the shelves might be the dream of most young newly-weds. It's only when your eyes are drawn to the "Bollocks" poster above the fireplace and the Pattipix that adorn one wall that the unsuspecting visitor would begin to twig that perhaps the couple maybe aren't quite as, er, normal as you might have thought at first.

I'm greeted politely by Pauline as we arrive at the flat on Friday afternoon, the day after the City Hall gig.

She looks faintly ridiculous in her zippered bondage strides and fluffy mauve slippers as she leads us upstairs to the cosy sitting room where the rest of the band are waiting.

She brings to mind the image of Tina Turner in *Rock Dreams;* by day a housewife, cleaning the apartment and cooking up her specialities, but fulfilling a secret ambition by night — hitting the road as a singer in the band.

A few hours later . . . , as Springsteen's "Born To Run" plays distantly on the stereo — an agreeable backdrop — Penetration settle down to talk.

Apprehensively at first, but becoming more relaxed, they explain themselves in thick Geordie accents.

Their outlook is a positive one; things aren't quite as bleak as they might sometimes seem. They still get off on the very thrill of actually playing in a rock band. That alone gives them a freshness of approach.

They also do not regard it as a disadvantage living well outside The Smoke.

"I wouldn't like to live in London," says Pauline, between sips of a cup of steaming coffee. "We like going there and doing our gigs and then disappearing. We're detached in that way — out on a limb. But it's our own choice."

Up here, it's a real close community. Like it's market day today and all the same people are down at the market doing the same things. In London, you never see the same faces twice. Here, you see the same faces all the time.

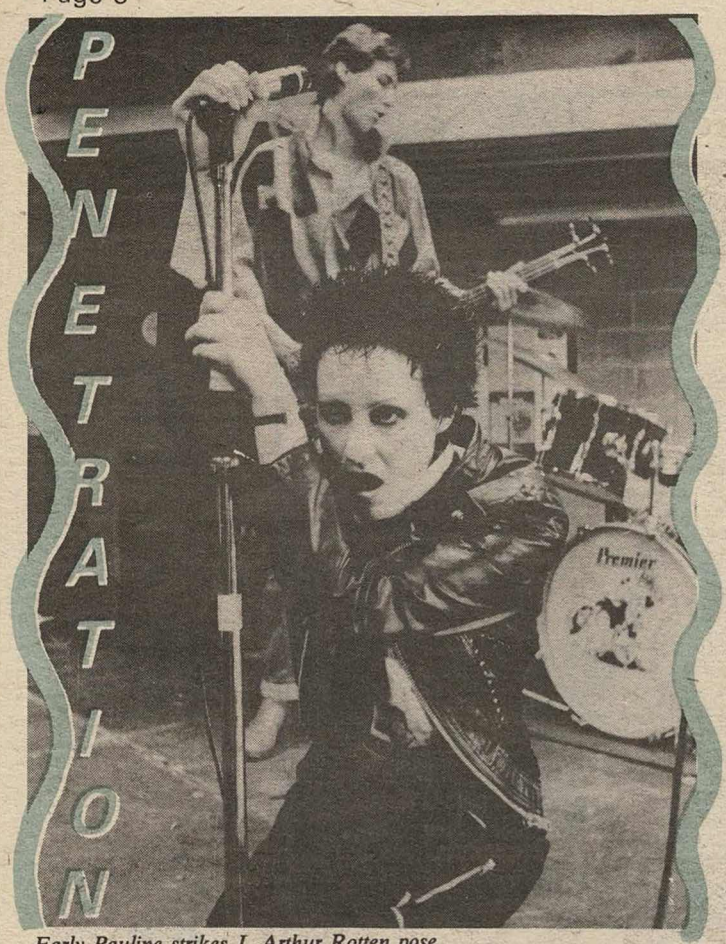
IN VERY much the same way as The Buzzcocks developed last year, Penetration have been able to grow at their own pace. And while Pauline may not be strictly correct when she asserts that the groups that take the longest to "make it" also last the longest, there is little doubt that Penetration's lengthy apprenticeship is serving them in good stead.

"I'm prepared to wait. We're probably not ready yet anyway . . . but we will be. We're developing all the time. I think the worst thing that can happen is heavy overkill on a band; they just burn themselves out straightaway."

But life in the Slow Lane has its drawbacks.

By ADRIAN THRILLS

● *Continued over page*



Early Pauline strikes J. Arthur Rotten pose

● *From previous page*

"People have a different mentality up here," reflects Neale. "They let things go by. They'd rather let someone else do it than do it themselves. When I was trying to get my own band together I put loads of adverts in the papers and got no reaction whatsoever."

"We're lucky though, coming from somewhere like this," Pauline continues, harking back to the old Joe Strummer theory that a band must experience hard times before they're really worth their salt: if things aren't easy, you get to appreciate them more.

"You can't just sit on your backsides and wait for the breaks to come. You've got to make your own. A lot of London bands, like X Ray Spex and The Ants, didn't really come out of London and play clubs at first. We've just about covered everywhere."

A solid following nationwide and a great bunch of real Hard Core fans — the Hounslow contingent — are evidence of the wisdom of going out and playing the dives for all they're worth.

"We always try to treat our fans as real people," says Pauline emphatically.

"They're not the scum of the earth. We're just normal people. We're not up here with the fans down there," she gestures.

Then again, the band themselves all still remain True Fans: Pauline and Peter used to regularly spend the hard-earned wages of their office jobs on the five-hour rail trek down to London to see bands: Bowie and Harley in '74, Springsteen the following year and the the Pistols, Clash and Patti Smith.

"When Springsteen came over, we thought that everything was still only happening in New York. We thought that we wanted to go to New York — that was where it was at! Then, six months later, things suddenly started happening over here."

"I'd been going to see bands for years and I'd often thought 'I'd like to do something like that.' But I'd never really considered it seriously. It's only when we saw that you don't need all the lights and equipment that we became convinced that we could do it."

"Our first gig was at the Roxy Club," she recalls fondly. (They supported Generation X last February back in the halcyon daze of that Neal Street cellar).

"We all got in the back of a furniture van with all the gear. We spent a fortune in getting down there. We thought it was great. Then when we got there it was such a dump. I don't know what we were expecting, but it wasn't quite that."

"But we did get our first real publicity from doing it so it wasn't that bad."

So Penetration care a lot about their fans, but their lyrical/musical stance is an uncompromising one: they don't pander to an audience.

"We don't want all the songs to be wallopy loud bangs," grins the stocky Gary, leaning forward to ruggedly emphasise his point. "We try to complement Pauline's singing in our playing by not being too heavy."

"A lot of groups do different paced songs, but usually it sounds forced," adds Robert.

Pauline, who writes all the lyrics, takes up the thread.

"A varied set doesn't mean you have to take one song from somewhere and another from somewhere else. Our songs are varied, but they all have a meeting point — you always know it's us."

"Someone said I sounded like Grace Slick, but I've never listened to any Grace Slick records in my life."

Patti seems to be the only acknowledged influence.

"Yeah. But I've only been singing for a year. It takes a while to find your own style. There's a difference in being influenced by someone and ripping them off totally."

The songs are personal to me. I leave it open for anyone to interpret them as they want. I think words should be left open for people to read into them what they want. A lot of them are abstract . . . not always direct stories."

Isn't there a danger that they could become too abstract — meaningless drivel?

"I don't think ours get to the meaningless stage. They're not that abstract. I like people to read into songs themselves. It doesn't always have to be laid straight on a plate . . ."

She tails off, irritatingly self-conscious when talking about her intensely personal (though never overbearing) songs.

Of the new English bands, The Only Ones, The Buzzcocks and The Fall come in for praise, but the recent Patti Smith Rainbow gigs receive a unanimous thumbs down, even from Pauline:

"After seeing her at Hammersmith the last time around, maybe I was expecting too much. I don't really know what it was, but this time the gigs were disappointing. I still like them, but she did come over really pretentious.

"We were all disappointed," interrupts Neale, another fan. "You got some people at the gigs who would applaud everything she did — anything at all. If she had just stood there and farted, they'd think it was great. She just had nothing to say."

A final anecdote from the band — in some respects one of the most significant and unexpected points to come out of the interview.

See, whatever they might read to the contrary, Penetration thankfully do not go along with the ugly rumour currently in circulation that — wait for it — Punk Is Dead.

"Right now, we've got the healthiest music situation we've had for a long time," says Pauline, her tack becoming positively aggressive.

"A lot of the press doesn't realise that many of the punk bands are simply just very young bands. I mean, give some bands two years and what will they be like?"

"Give bands the chance to develop instead of slagging them all off and saying punk's dead.

"There was all that shit about Power Pop. How long did it last? The papers were full of it, then two months later it was cast aside. The thing is, it was never really there to start with. Why take ten steps back when we should be taking ten steps forward."

"Punk has given a lot of people a chance they would never have had and it's brought a lot of talent out that people didn't know they had."

NEXT MONTH, smack in the middle of the traditional summer period of music biz inactivity, Penetration go into the studios with producer Mike Howlett to record their debut album for Virgin.

The resultant platter is due to hit the racks sometime in the early autumn. After that, there are plans — vague at the moment — for the possible addition of a second guitarist.

Whatever, the album will hopefully confirm Penetration's status as one of the best models currently on show, and a force for the '80s.

Even right now, even with the rough edges, this callow bunch are already a convincing band.

You may have heard their sentiments before, but sneer contempt at their naivity, and it's you, not them, that's the jaded party, mate.

STOP FEMININE ITCHING

At last there's a remedy for feminine itching – it's Lanacane Creme Medication. Lanacane gives you fast, long-lasting relief from sensitive, embarrassing itching you can experience at any time of the month.

It works because it soothes the irritation. So your tight pants don't chafe and start the itching all over again.

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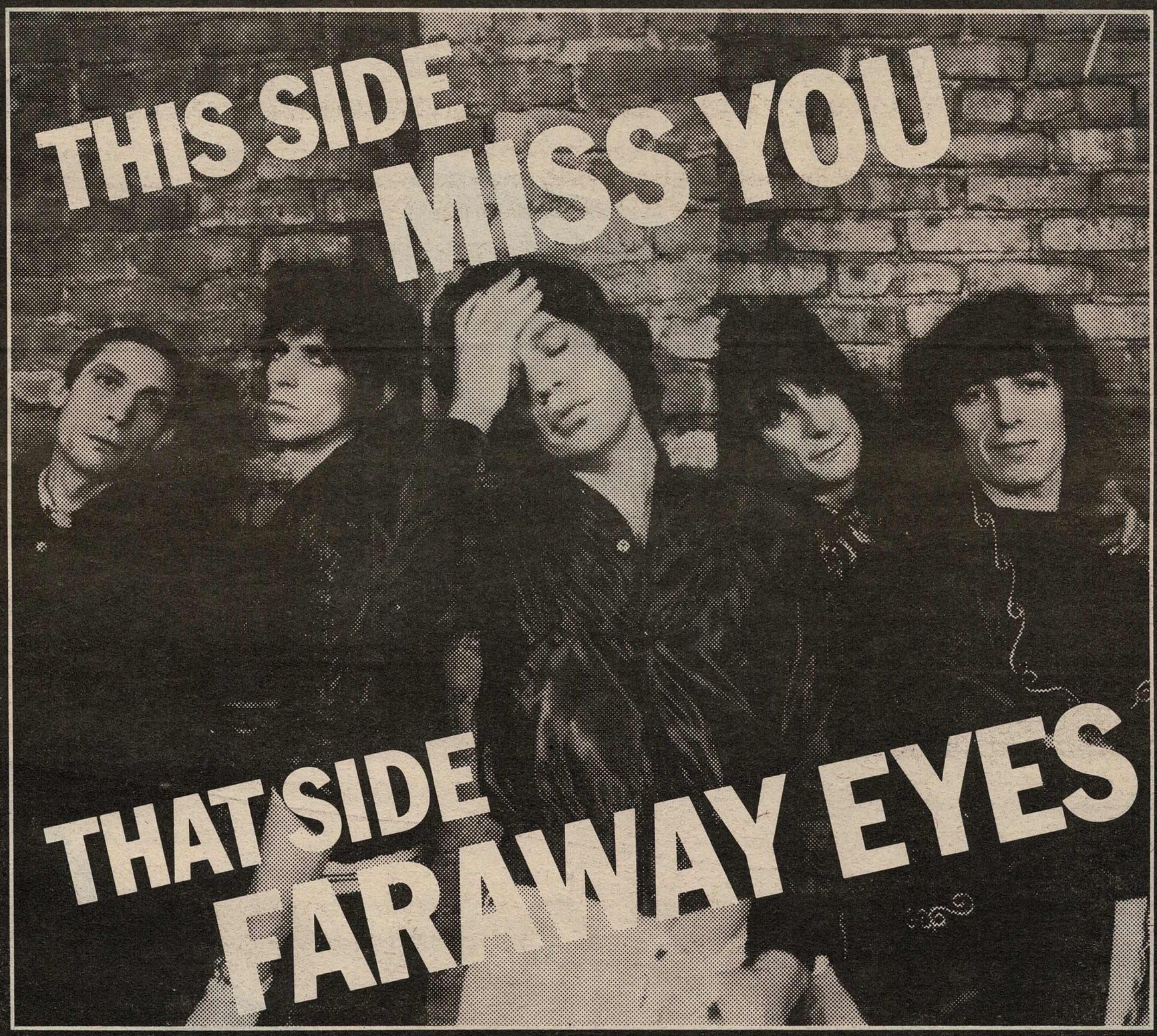
LANACANE®

THE ROLLING STONES



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THE ROLLING STONES

IT'S LIMITED - IT'S 12 INCHES - AND IT'S PINK

PINK
NEW AND EXTREMELY LIMITED 12 INCH SINGLE ON ROLLING STONES RECORDS

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THRILLS

Above: Blockheads First Team, sent in by Paul Rodout of Bath.

BLOCKHEADS FOR THE CUP!

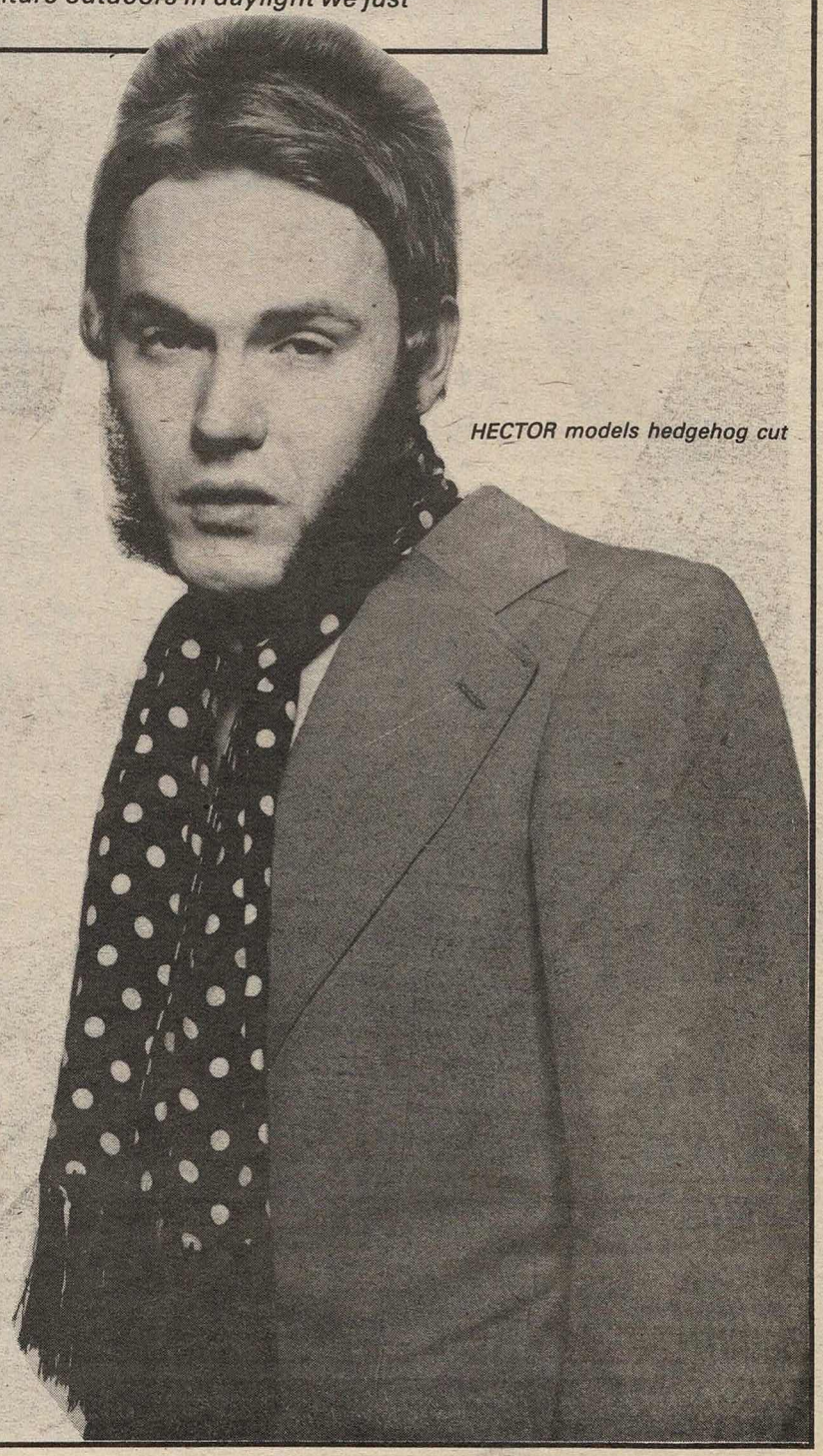
OY OY! At last, after months of procrastination — mainly while we tried to pluck up the courage to look at the horrific array of entrants' pictures — the results of the great ***NME BLOCKHEADS COMPETITION*** *are out.*

Whether you applied for the job, or whether you was just too darn modest, sights to excite and terrify you lurk wantonly on page 14. How most of you have the nerve to venture outdoors in daylight we just don't know!

Whatever Happened To...

JESSE HECTOR

(who, you may remember, was supposed to be the future of rock'n'roll for about 10 minutes last year)



HECTOR models hedgehog cut

JESSE HECTOR, a man not known for his lack of self confidence, firmly believes that his destiny has been pre-ordained.

Fuelled with such classified information, a year ago Hector gave notice that his group The Gorillas were about to unleash what he insisted was The Greatest Rock'n'Roll Show the '70s has ever witnessed.

The world waited in anticipation. Luckily nobody held their breath or the front page, for like predictions of Armageddon, it never happened.

Like I said, that was a year ago. And just when if seemed as though Jesse Hector had been written off as being all mouth, The Gorillas are back in circulation, armed with their first album ("Message To The World") and spouting the same year-old prophesy.

Seems the The Gorillas' take-over bid was postponed due to circumstances well beyond Hector's control.

Gorillas bassman Alan Butler sums it up in one sentence. "When it looked like it was starting to happen, everyone was running around without any real idea how to handle it."

In retrospect, 1977 was a year when it appeared as though the entire music industry was about to be refurbished by Young Turks, but with few exceptions, enthusiasm proved a poor substitute for experience and suss. Mistakes were made, careers were short-circuited. Few were granted a reprieve.

Jesse Hector feels fortunate to have been afforded a second crack at the title.

Surprisingly, Hector refuses to lay the blame on anyone's shoulders, except to state that as everyone was taking a crash-course in fun'n'profit professionalism, it was inevitable that things went off half-cocked. The Gorillas' masterplan for world domination was just one such instance.

"People followed me straight from the Roundhouse to the Nashville and I blew it because I was lumbered with duff equipment," admits the heir presumptive.

Unfortunately, this wasn't an isolated occurrence, resulting in a couple of less-than-ecstatic reviews and certain starmakers (having been attracted by his immodest rhetoric) declining to invest in The Gorillas' future.

There was also the problem of the drummer.

The Gorillas' original sticksman Gary Anderson had resigned his position prior to the group being signed to Chiswick because he was frustrated with The Gorillas' persistent lack of progress. Hector then attempted to convince himself that he'd discovered a suitable substitute in Matt McIntyre. He was wrong.

"The Gorillas," Hector explains, "are a three-way thing, and getting any kind of break in this business is about the hardest thing to achieve. Once I'd got that all-important break, I didn't wanna blow it and so I held out hope that things would improve."

They didn't. McIntyre was replaced by Anderson and the original (Hammersmith) Gorillas line-up resigned themselves to beginning all over again from scratch and scoring the odd part-time day job to pay the rent. And that pretty well brings us up to date.

● *Next page*

GORILLA GABFEST

● From previous page

Though I harbour personal reservations about The Gorillas' first LP for Raw Records my feeling is that they're on the right track — but they desperately require a producer with the same kind of flair as Tony Visconti to craft their material. Hector agrees in part, adding: "It's OK for my first, but just watch out for the second."

If you say so!

Furthermore, Hector argues that being grounded for a year hasn't altogether been to The Gorillas' detriment. He insists that the past 12 months have separated the men from the boys and as such it will make it comparatively easier for him to fulfil his destiny.

"I believe," he begins with his usual self-assurance, "that Elvis started all of this in America. It was taken over by The Beatles and all those other great British groups, but since that time there's really been nobody. I know that I can bring rock back to Britain again, and you just watch me do it. Give me a couple of years and I'll be the biggest thing in the 80's!"

Hector's enthusiasm is so bleedin' infectious that you half-hope that he will put his money where his mouth is. However, he's the first to admit that the title of The King Of Rock'n'Roll isn't there for the taking. There's keen competition. He knows who they are and insists that they have been bestowed with the same divine qualities as himself. He names names.

"Billy Idol — it doesn't matter that he can't sing, he's just got it. He's gonna be massive. Same goes for Jimmy Pursey. That man's a star — pure rock'n'roll. Both have the same charisma that made Bolan and Steve Marriott stars."

Indeed, the spectre of Steve Marriott forever looms over Hector. It's Hector's opinion that just as Jimmy Page hasn't extended the guitar beyond the Hendrix legacy, Robert Plant hasn't out-sung Marriott. And the Marriott-fronted Small Faces are where The Gorillas draw both their direction and inspiration.

"The Mod thing was here and gone within a year. People didn't have sufficient time to enjoy it before something new was shoved on them. I'm here to rectify that because Marriott was the greatest performer I ever saw."

However, Hector is the first to admit that even a potential Titan like himself has certain limitations. Seems the body is weak even if the spirit is willing.

"Physically, performing on stage takes it out of me." He now intends to restrict his personal appearances. "If I know well in advance I've got six gigs to do, then I guarantee they'll be fantastic — but I won't be pushed into situations I don't consider advantageous. If I can't go on stage and do the best show anyone has ever seen, tnen I mustn't short-change those people who follow me. Things have gotta be dead right."

Nevertheless, Hector has to face certain undeniable facts.

Practically all of rock's greatest practitioners (six of whom he pays tribute to on his album's sleeve) have all held a very short-term lease on life. For all his bravado, could Jesse Hector become yet another tragic figure? He's aware of the dangers, but whether he will be able to spot the warning signals is another matter.

"If I turn away now because I'm scared, then I'll never get another opportunity. So I can't guarantee that in two years' time I'm not gonna end up a casualty. Maybe I'll be a drunkard or a complete nutter — I sincerely hope not.

"You see," he concludes, "I believe in reincarnation . . . that you keep on coming back and re-doing whatever it is you're meant to do in this life until you get it just right.

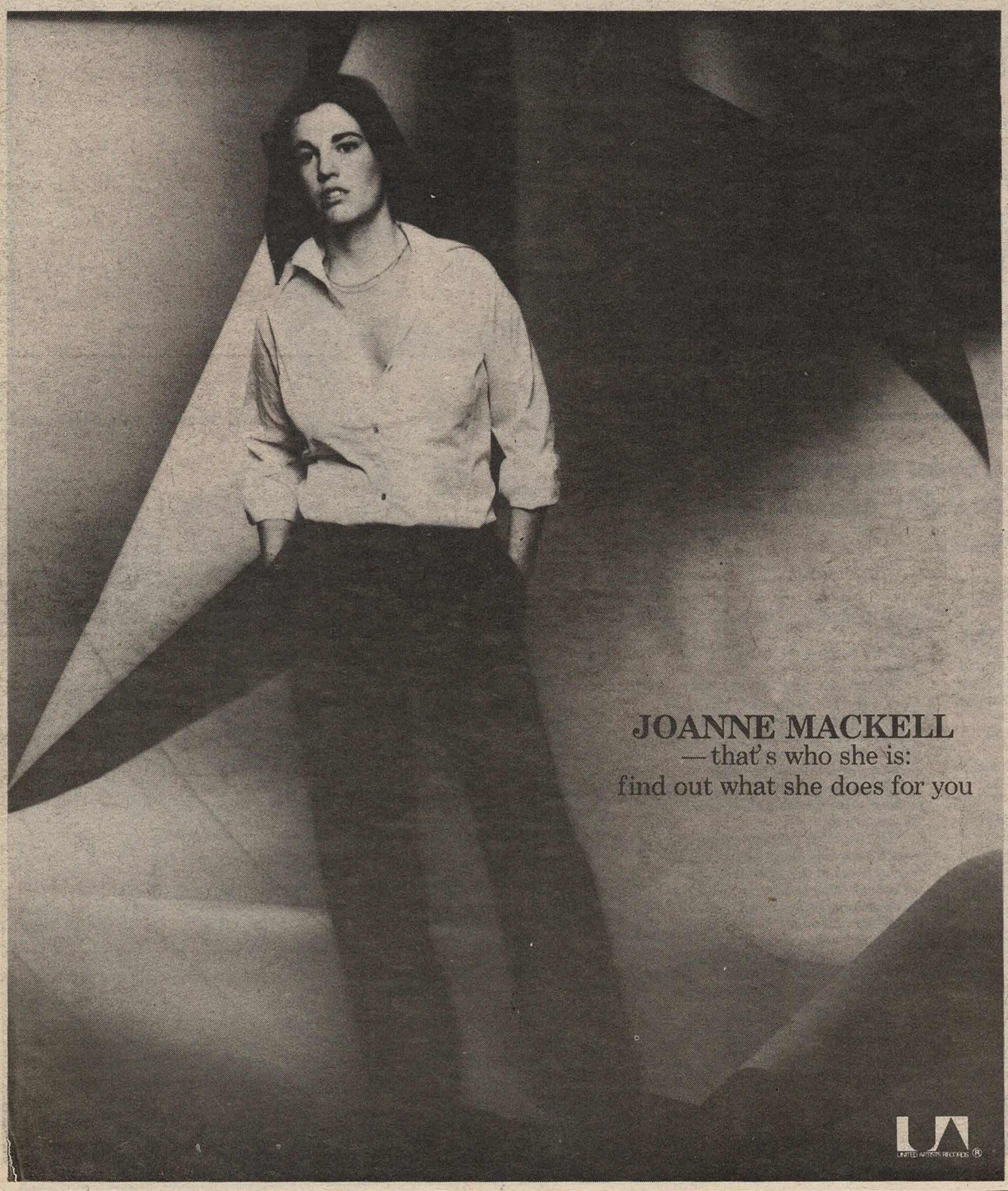
"If I've gotta go at an early age", he grins, "then I hope it's with a smile on me face and a copy of 'Elvis — Rock'n'Roll No2' in me hand!"

ROY CARR

THRILLS

JOANNE MACKELL

— born in Boston
— busking in the streets of Montreal at 14
— into clubs for the long haul at 17
— an all woman rock'n'roll band 1976
— debut single, TRIP THE LIGHT FANTASTIC, out now on United Artists Records (UP 36402)
— a truly great album coming in the Summer



JOANNE MACKELL
— that's who she is:
find out what she does for you

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

LET'S MAKE A DOPE DEAL!

IF THE RETURN on dealing coccaine is extremely high (and untaxable!), so too is the original cash investment.

The recent highly-publicised mass-busts by Scotland Yard's Narc Squad may have temporarily put many of the Big League pushers out of business, but it hasn't curtailed consumer demand. As a direct result, this clean-up campaign has reportedly enabled much smaller localised operations to expand their trade.

As a bulk-buy coke deal runs into thousands of pounds, bankrolling even the most modest operation requires fast untraceable finance.

And it seems that apart from blackmailing one's bank manager for an interest-free loan, the quickest method currently available for acquiring this kind of money is by peddling bootleg albums.

Having sussed that bootlegs offer a lucrative return against a modest outlay (as low as 50p per album), one London consortium of 'dedicated music fans' has, it is said, illegally acquired top-quality tapes of such new wavers as Siouxsie & The Banshees (BBC broadcasts), The Sex Pistols (in Sweden/in San Francisco), Buzzcocks (Devoto dynasty), The Stranglers, The Clash (two albums) plus some Lou Reed and John Lennon material, and gone into the unofficial record business.

Using different pseudonyms at every shop they checked out as potential buyers, these unscrupulous bootleggers have been attempting (so far with only a modicum of success) to wholesale their illicit wares (usually foreign pressed) at the unprecendented price of £6 per LP. Taking into account the obvious risk factor of flogging off bootlegs, there's usually a 50 per cent mark-up: this means a RRP of £9 — for a Banshees album!

Apart from the ludicrous wholesale price, the knowledge that the sole purpose of these bootlegs is to finance a coke deal has prompted most shops to decline the offer of such under-the-counter product.

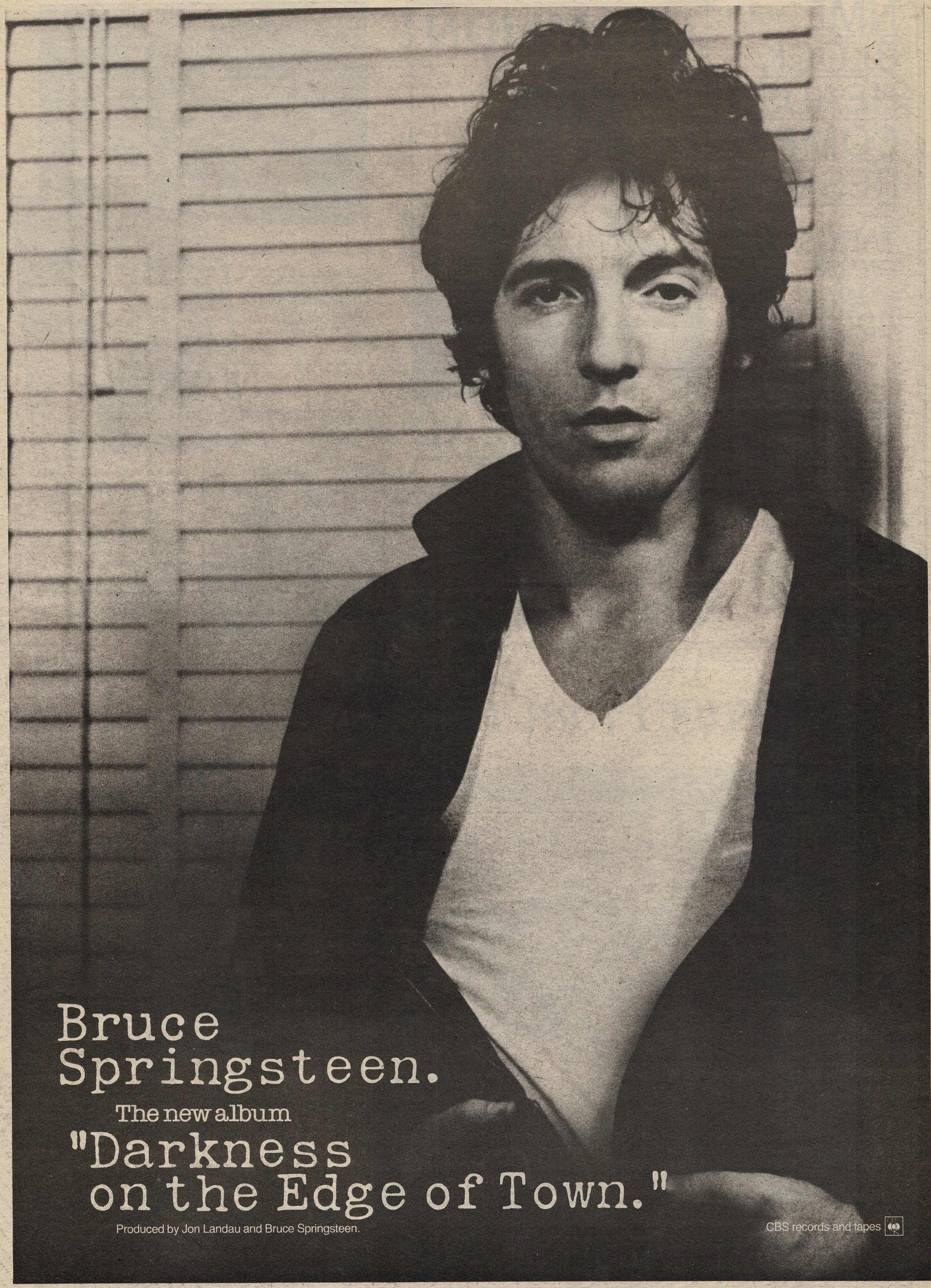
If there are no takers, it could be that these bootlegs will be bundled off to Japan, where enterprising record stores openly advertise bootlegs alongside official releases.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

Real Kids play real Rock 'n' Roll

RED STAR RECORDS


Bruce
Springsteen.
The new album
"Darkness
on the Edge of Town."
Produced by Jon Landau and Bruce Springsteen.
CBS records and tapes

NME BLOCK HEADS COMP RESULT

THOUSANDS DIE OF SHOCK HORROR!!

LARF? We almost barfed!! Are you people for real?!! When, in March of this year, we asked for photographic evidence for our Blockheads competition, which we were running in conjunction with Ian Dury and Stiff Records, we just didn't anticipate what the hell we were letting ourselves in for!

Flicking through some of the entries, we argued that we should've offered plastic surgery or at least brown paper bags with eye-holes punched in as prizes. You see, you were *all* so, er, so ... words fail us.

So what took so long? Ask Ian Dury about that, for it was he who insisted on carefully going through each and every entry and making the final selection himself. A difficult task if ever there was one. We tried it and lost our Editor in the process! *(I shoulda been a contender! — The Former Mr. Logan).*

CHAMPION BLOCKHEAD

Anyway, ol' Dury was so overwhelmed and impressed with the response that he insisted that *every* entrant should receive a copy of the special Stiff-NME limited edition EP which paired the new national anthem of "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll" with two unreleased live Kilburns cuts: "Two Steep Hills" (a recitation) and "England's Glory". And so we agreed. What else could we do? You were *all* so, er, so ... oh, forget it!

Such was the high standard of entries that there was a tie for third place *and* a number of Honourable Mentions, which means that very shortly selected runners-up will be hearing from Dury *personally* and will be enrolled as charter-members of the soon-to-be-inaugurated Grand Order Of Blockheads.

Furthermore, Dury has grabbed *all* the photographs and is currently mumbling about turning them into a large poster. We'll keep you informed about that.

Right! So who has been bestowed with the enviable title of Britain's Bona Blockhead? Who becomes an instant celebrity, admired by women, envied by men and recognised in fashionable circles? Well, the outright winner of a night out with Ian Dury & The Blockheads, an autographed copy of the "New Boots & Panties" LP, a pair of new boots (size 11) and panties (don't wrap 'em, I'll eat 'em now) and copy of the Stiff-NME single — your appreciation if you please for:—

"Slim" CLIVE PAIN from Alton, Hants. (Stand up Slim, the drinks are on you, ol' son.)

The second prize of new boots (size

PRIZE BLOCKHEADS: (left) the winner, SLIM CLIVE PAIN; (above) Blockhead No.2, KENNETH ROBINSON; and joint third, NIGE DARREN (right) and MICHAEL ABRAMOV (below).

"Message From The Meditations...

One of the best vocal group albums of recent years; almost every track is a gem."

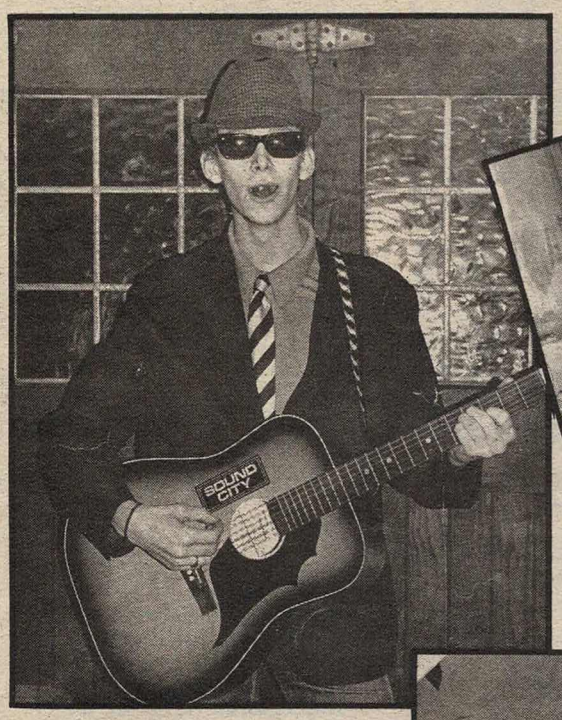
M.M., May 20th

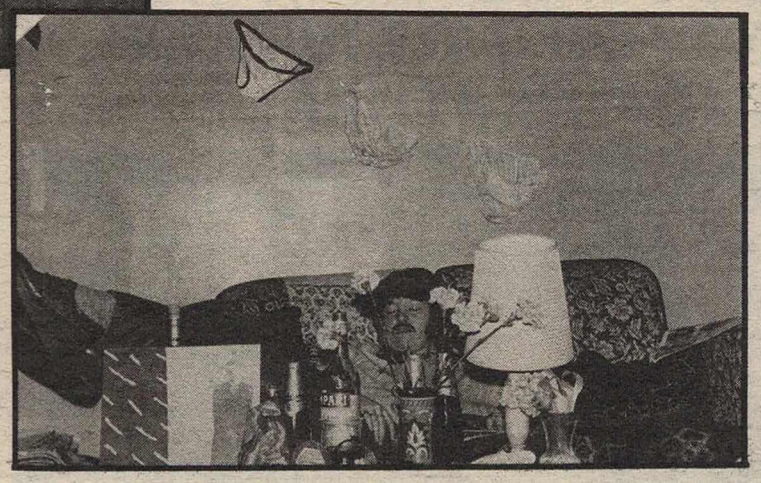
Originally released in Jamaica in 1976 and immediately hailed as a vital and significant contribution to reggae, this unique and much acclaimed album is now released in the UK for the first time.

UAS 30178 UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

... AND A FEW BEAUTIFUL LOSERS!

Honourable Mentions: (right) Peter Marsland; below (L-R) Ian Gardner, Vera Gina, Frederick Wyld; and crashed out at the bottom, Christine Butler. Christine?!!...





10) and panties, an autographed LP and single is on its way to KENNETH ROBINSON from Tamworth, Staffs.

As for the two Blockheads who tied for third place and each receive autographed albums 'n' singles, let's hear it for NIGE DARREN from Seven Kings, Ilford, Essex, and MICHAEL ABRAMOV from Finsbury Park, London.

And finally a Big Thanx to everyone who had the balls to send in their photographs. You have the nation's sympathy!

THRILLS

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

A RECENT market research survey conducted for the Recording Industry Association of America has revealed what many people knew anyway — that top level record executives don't always know what the record buying public is thinking.

The survey consisted of two parts: one was interviews with 44 top executives in the record business, the other group interviews with several kinds of record buyers. Among the findings were that people felt the quality of records had declined over the years, that musical tastes are eclectic, and that though executives felt records are a necessity, consumers considered them a luxury.

The record companies felt the industry needed a Beatles-type "shot in the arm" — which, again, consumers disagreed with, feeling that there was plenty of music of all sorts available now.

The increasing emphasis on market research stems from an industry study conducted in 1976 which shocked the record business. Its main findings were that in the next decade the 25—45 year-old population in the U.S. will increase by 18 million people, while the 15—24 year-olds, the industry's strongest market, will decline by three million people.

The implications of this, according to music executive Sid Guber, are that "the recording industry together with the broadcasting and advertising industries will be forced to adjust and create new marketing strategies to meet the needs of this changing population." He predicted that while the youth market will always be there, "it is not likely that it will set the style for the rest of the population in the late '70s and early '80s as it did in the past."

This theme was echoed by MGM film executive Byron Shapiro who, citing figures on what he called "greying America", warned: "To cater solely to youth is to operate on a day-to-day basis without looking down the road to tomorrow. If you bet all your marbles on the youth market, you'll be gone.

"We are heading toward an older society in the US and it's not as far away as you'd like to believe. Entertainment will have to be suitable for the middle-aged and elderly, who demand more personal attention."

ACCORDING to the *Hollywood Reporter*, the main fear among CBS top brass of late has been that the corporation would be the subject of anti-trust action due to their gargantuan share of the record market.

Ironically they have been saved from this by the recent huge success of RSO Records, whose *Saturday Night Fever* album has now passed the ten million mark and whose *Grease* double album has already shipped platinum, and is expected to sell four million in the US alone.

On the strength of these two hits, it has been suggested that in future the music from a movie could well outgross the takings of the film itself. This in turn could lead the Old Guard of Hollywood to take rock composers seriously for the first time.

SEEMS THAT even record executives are getting worried by the growing power of a small number of large music corporations. Clive Davis, head of Arista Records, told a trade conference recently: "The power of the powerful is growing. There are warning signals. A crisis is near.

"We have a unique role: we live in the arts and have a special mission. We can't let music succumb to a noncreative, cold business.

"The industry needs a conscience, which corporations don't have."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

FIRST THE THOROGOOD NEWS

AND NOW THE BAD NEWS

HE'S ONLY HERE FOR THESE DATES:
Tues. June 13th Dingwalls, London.
Wed. June 14th Dingwalls, London.
Sat. June 17th Barbarellas, Birmingham.

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Album 'George Thorogood & the Destroyers' SNTF 760
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BY DAY, DENNIS DE YOUNG WAS A REGULAR GUY WITH A PONCEY NAME, LACQUERED HAIR, AND A PENCHANT FOR GAUDY FAKE ANTIQUE FURNITURE . . .

BUT BY NIGHT HE TURNED INTO A RAMPAGING ROCOCO ROCKER, AS HE BANDED WITH OTHERS IN THE PURSUIT OF 'PERSONAL COMMERCIAL SATISFACTION' IN STYX!!

"I'M JUST GIVING YOU the scoop here. I just want you to know that you're talking to the next big band in Europe, okay? You're in the room now — you may not realise it . . ."

Good grief. He may have his tongue pointing in the general direction of his cheek, but Dennis De Young, vocalist, keyboard player and spokesman for money-spinning American rococo-rockers Styx, he *really means it!*

I was on my guard, as it happens, having heard beforehand that Styx had been to see Jethro Tull (in itself a revealing choice of gig — after all, if you were a visiting Yankee rock group, would *you* go and see a band who spend most of their time touring America, or would you search out something new?), and that Ian Anderson had had his usual flattering things to say about the *NME*. The interview, I felt, may not be particularly *chummy*, y'know?

So, here we are in a Sheffield hotel room after a gig at the local Top Rank: De Young, a PR lady whose main function appears to be one of easing tensions, a sycophantic 'personal roadie' (I think) whose main function appears to be one of laughing at De Young's jokes and generally bolstering his ego, and my slimy, obsequious self, whose main function appears to be one of forcing a cassette recorder to function.

(I'd borrowed the machine from Richard of Cabaret Voltaire, and the damn thing just kept emitting squalks, squeals and white noise. I later learnt that Richard uses it for certain sound effects. Moral: never borrow a cassette recorder from an experimental group.)

So, Dennis, why are you so successful in the States?

"I think it took the other bands to make that style of music popular, and finally we were discovered in retrospect. But the important thing to us is that we're the best in the world at that style of music, because we were doing it so damn long. We were one of the first bands to do it, and a lot of the recognition we've missed out on in the past five or six years in the States has come to us, and it's come to us in Canada, and *it will come to us over here!*"

You're sure?

"Don't bet your money, bet your life."

But given the present mores of the British music scene, perhaps it'll be harder to crack Britain than, say, America?

"Absolutely not. We've played four dates already, and we're completely unknown here, and people go wild. And if that's not an indication of things to come, I don't know what is.

"And in addition to that, if you stop to think, despite obsession with the new wave, the biggest bands in England still are not new wave bands. Genesis and Yes are far bigger than any new wave bands. Led Zeppelin, Jethro Tull — those are not new wave bands. That answers the question."

But there is a new generation coming up, and in Britain at least, a lot of them are moving away from the bands of the last decade . . .

"I think it's a good excuse for people who can't sing and play and write music to have bands. I've already outlasted The Sex Pistols, haven't I?"

True.

"Well, whaddya think of that?"

Actually, De Young does recognise the social differences that condition audiences here and in America.

"Here, there's disillusionment with having too little; in the States, disillusionment with having too much. That's why punk music is amusing in the States, because you're not gonna get anyone in an upheaval because they've got two cars in the garage and plenty of food in their belly."

So presumably there has been a change of attitude on the part of the anti-establishment culture?

"Yes. They've all become establishment."

So are *your* audiences *pro*-establishment?

"There *are* no anti-establishment audiences in the United States any more. You have to have a job to get an eight-dollar ticket, and that doesn't make you anti-establishment, does it?"

Perhaps that's why he's obviously got a bee in his bonnet about the new wave. At one point in the interview, he leans forward and speaks directly into the mike (a common ploy intended to make the interviewee appear like the lawgiver broadcasting to the masses from Sinai):

"Hey, folks! Let me tell you the bands that are drawing the people! Here, I'll give you a list.

"Styx: there, that's number one. Led Zeppelin, that's number two — I'm listing these in order of importance — ah, Fleetwood Mac, Peter Frampton . . . ah, Kiss, Eagles, Z.Z.Top — who else? — Ted Nugent, Genesis, Yes — all established bands. No surprises. Kansas, Bob Seger . . . I just wanna come upfront: that's all we hear about in England, 'Ah, new wave, punkpunkpunkpunk'. *Who cares?*

"To tell you the truth, if I come back and talk to you next year, you'll *see* what's happened."

Well, I've got my own ideas on what's going to happen, anyway. But what of *you*, Dennis? The three Styx albums I've heard are all pretty similar. Will you keep plumbing that vein, or will you move on?

(Long pause)

"Mmm . . . you always hope that you can expand creatively. It's just that in the process of expanding, there are two pitfalls: one, to become too commercial, and try to imitate yourself because you're successful; and two, becoming too esoteric for those people who are responsible for your success in the first place.

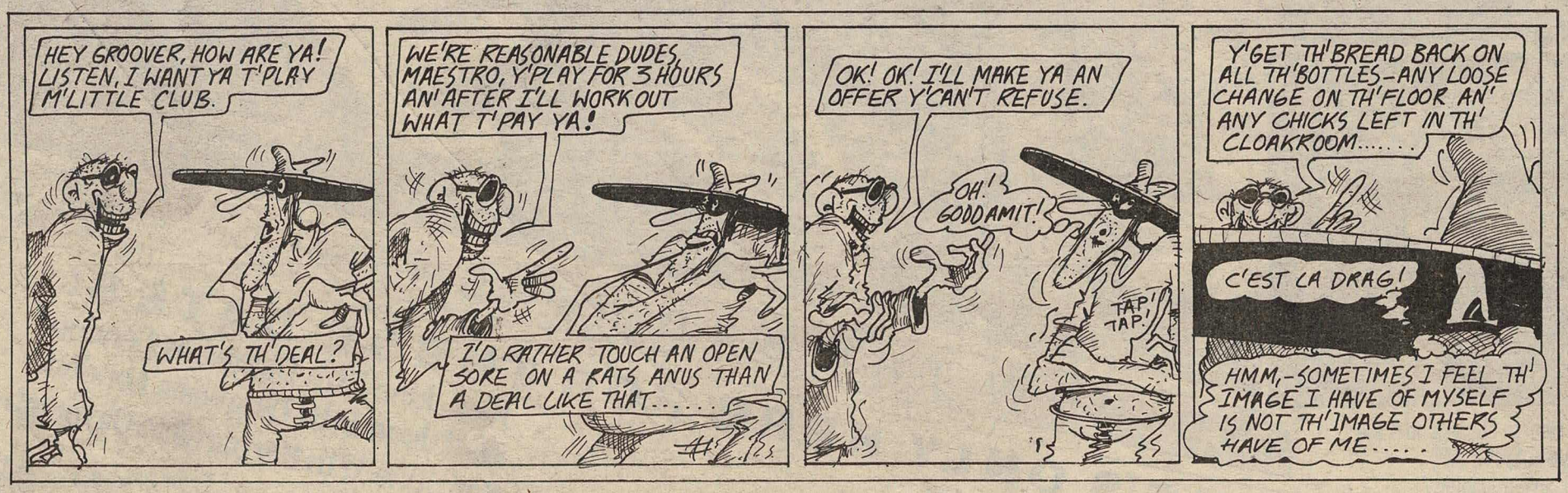
"So what you try to do is combine artistic endeavour with a small amount of personal commercial satisfaction."

I never *did* find out what "a small amount of personal commercial satisfaction" means. Is it another businessman's euphemism, like "market penetration capability", I wonder?

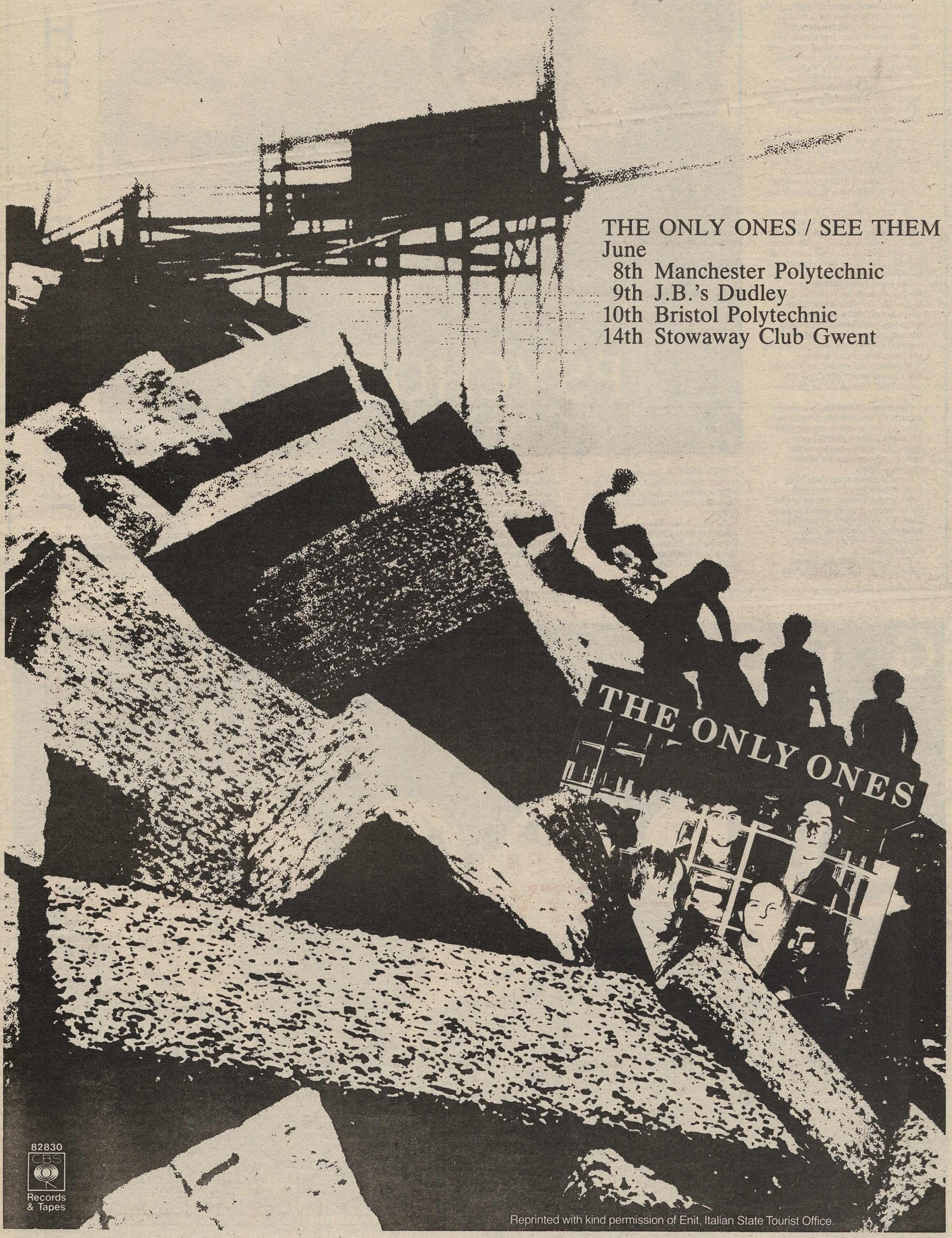
ANDY GILL

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — *BENYON*


HEY GROOVER, HOW ARE YA! LISTEN, I WANT YA T'PLAY M'LITTLE CLUB.
WHAT'S TH' DEAL?
WE'RE REASONABLE DUDES, MAESTRO, Y'PLAY FOR 3 HOURS AN' AFTER I'LL WORK OUT WHAT T'PAY YA!
I'D RATHER TOUCH AN OPEN SORE ON A RATS ANUS THAN A DEAL LIKE THAT.....
OK! OK! I'LL MAKE YA AN OFFER Y'CAN'T REFUSE.
OH! GOD DAMIT!
TAP! TAP!
Y'GET TH' BREAD BACK ON ALL TH' BOTTLES - ANY LOOSE CHANGE ON TH' FLOOR AN' ANY CHICKS LEFT IN TH' CLOAKROOM.....
C'EST LA DRAG!
HMM, - SOMETIMES I FEEL TH' IMAGE I HAVE OF MYSELF IS NOT TH' IMAGE OTHERS HAVE OF ME.....

THE ONLY ONES/AN ALBUM



THE ONLY ONES / SEE THEM
June
8th Manchester Polytechnic
9th J.B.'s Dudley
10th Bristol Polytechnic
14th Stowaway Club Gwent

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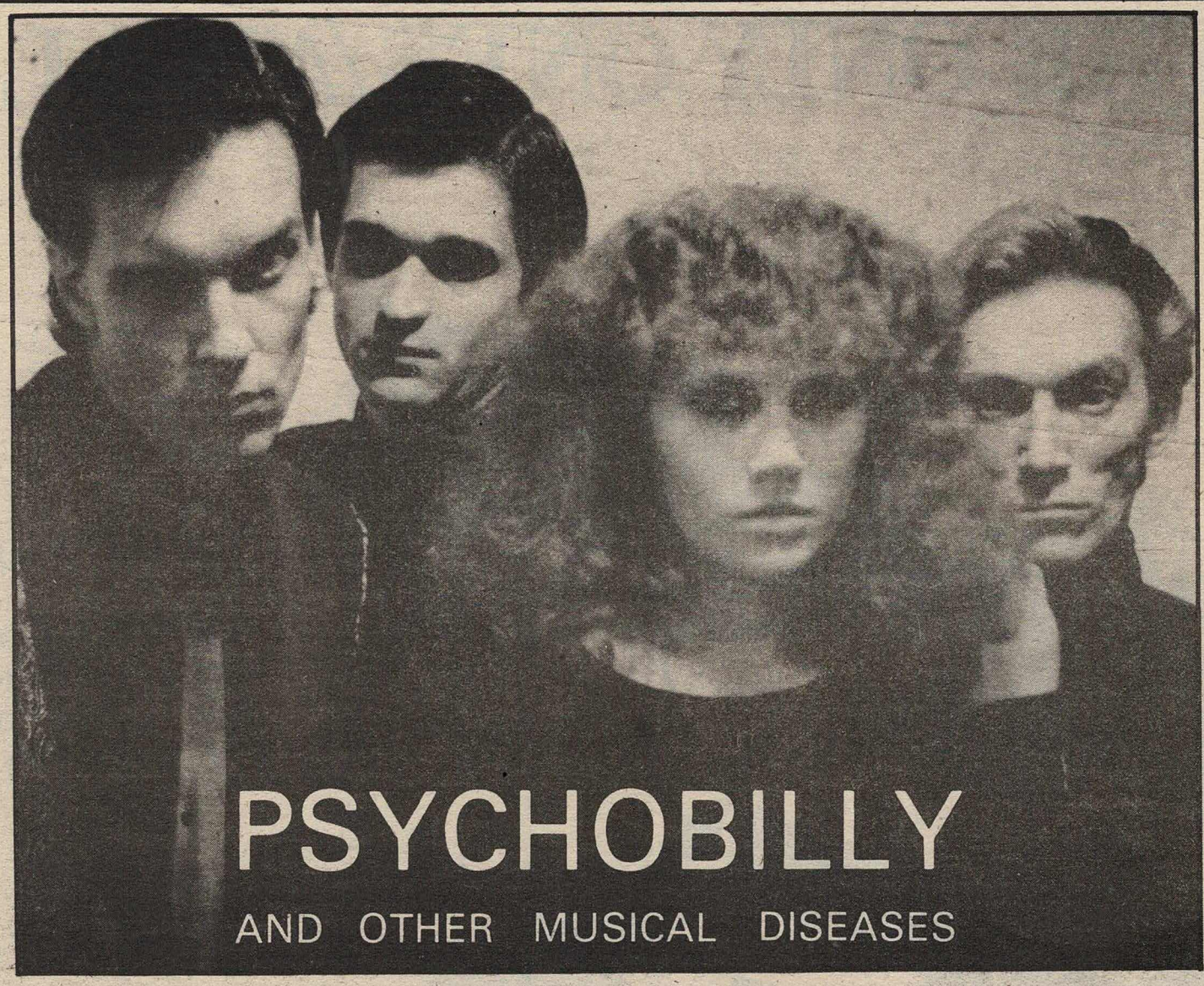


THE CRAMPS

PSYCHOBILLY

AND OTHER MUSICAL DISEASES

THE CRAMPS — four wonderful human beings who don't eat stuff off the sidewalk. (L-R): Lux Interior, Nick Knox, Ivy Rorschach, Bryan Gregory.

I SEARCHED HIGH and I searched low. I scuffled around garbage cans, looked under cars and peered in doorways.

Soon I found myself propping up the wall of a certain New York niterie, scrutinising the patrons for tell-tale signs. I found none, just seen-it-all stances from the hardened core, and expectant looks from the suburban weekenders. Everybody waiting for some of that good old rock action.

Most nights it didn't come, but that night it did — throbbing and howling in the decidedly nocturnal shape of The Cramps.

Turning the old adage inside out, The Cramps are the kind of people you couldn't fail to look twice at were they to pass you on the street. Three guys whose taste in clothes runs to fake leopard skin and leatherette, and one gal with a more sedate dress sense and a cemetery stare.

One way to describe The Cramps' corporate visual appeal would be to say that if Darts were members of the zombie mafia instead of candy-suited goodygoodies, this is what they would look like. I can't see Bournemouth pavilion rushing to book The Cramps.

The Darts reference goes yet further. Cramps music is also rooted in the '50s, though not in R&B so much as its illegitimate white offspring, rockabilly. Unlike Darts however, and unlike the mobile museum pieces being touted as avatars of a rockabilly revival such as Whirlwind and Levi and the Rockats, The Cramps aren't stuck in a time warp. They're fresh out on the other side.

Possessing a drum kit, two electric guitars, no bass and one ferocious set of lungs, they sound on a good night not unlike a steam-driven beam engine. Close examination of this human turbo reveals few or no structural flaws.

From the bottom up then, Nick Knox pounds his roto-toms with rocking relentlessness and looks like the archetype American-Italian petty hood. Bryan Gregory, resembling a debauched lab assistant, plays overamped overdrive unflinching rhythm guitar.

That's the rhythm department taken care of — primal rock'n'roll beats that form a foundation for Ivy Rorschach's sinewy mutated Link Wray lead guitar and feedback screams, and vocals from Lux Interior.

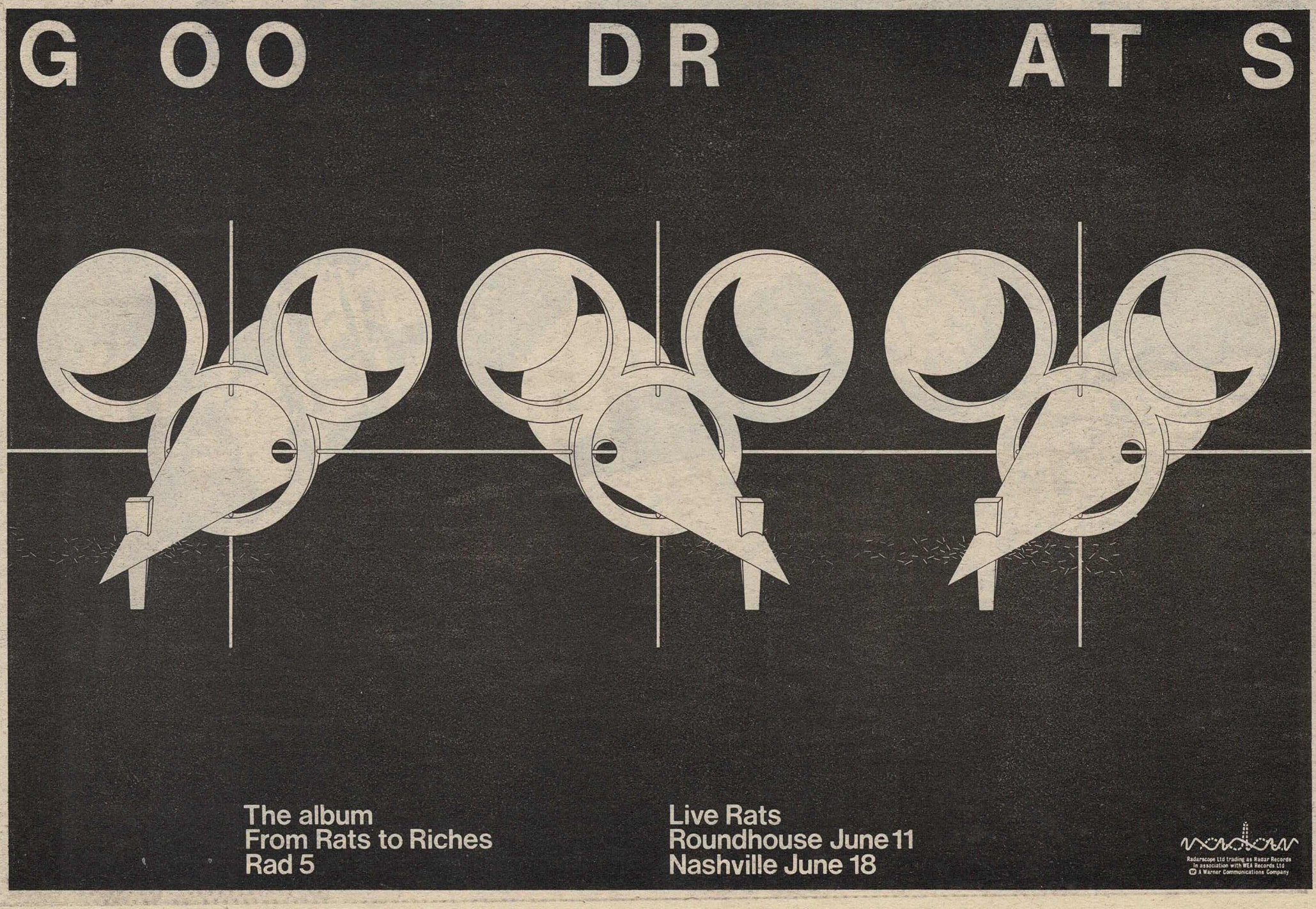
Lux chose his name from a list of the attributes of a recent Chevrolet model. His stage persona suggests a midnight liaison between James Brown and Frankenstein. One of his favoured tactics is to nosedive into an audience and then try to dance on their heads.

Cramps songs — from obscure nuggets like "Sunglasses After Dark" to originals such as "I Was A Teenage Werewolf" and "Mystery Plane" — bristle with teen-degenerate American trash culture imagery, and reveal a serious fixation with low budget horror movies. "The Creeping Terror", "The Blob" and "The Crazy Teenagers Who Stopped Living And Became Mixed-Up Zombies" are special favourites.

On first hearing at least, their songs have a tendency to sound exactly like one another. Crude, dense, unrepentant slabs of sound that bear a passing resemblance to rockabilly and are characterised only by the drooling vocalist's neat line in famous monster impersonations.

In fact, The Cramps, like The Ramones, have moulded for themselves a high maverick style, and are busy exploring the possibilities of

● *Continued on page 20*



DAVID GILMOUR

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D.J. Alan Freed was Rock 'N' Roll. They stopped the man, but they couldn't stop the music.
Chuck Berry
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1st. Anniversary Rock 'N' Roll Show
The Delights
TERRIFIC VALUE
features original 50's Hits from
BUDDY HOLLY, CHUCK BERRY, THE DRIFTERS, LITTLE RICHARD, JERRY LEE LEWIS, BOBBY DARIN AND MORE!!
American Hot Wax
This album is dedicated to the memory of Alan Freed-the man who started it all.
A specially-priced 2-record set featuring original 50's recordings by Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Buddy Holly, The Drifters and more, plus exclusive LIVE performances from the Paramount Film '1st. Anniversary Rock 'N' Roll Show'

LUX & IVY. Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

CRAMPS

● From page 18

that style. As I later discovered, its given name is psychotic punkabilly, or psychobilly for short.

And it didn't happen overnight either. It began, in fact, two years ago in New York when the impoverished Lux walked into a record shop and was offered a job by Bryan. Bryan, like the others, is not a native New Yorker. He moved there because, according to Lux, "he knew he was a star and he wanted to collect somehow".

From the cramped and dingy Upper East Side flat he shares with Ivy, Lux continues the story.

"A few days after I started working at the record shop I told Bryan I wanted to have a rock'n'roll band. I described the kind of band I wanted and he said that was the kind of band he'd always wanted to be in. I told him we already had a name for it: The Cramps. The next day he walked in with a guitar he'd bought for eighty dollars that had The Cramps stencilled on it, and the band was born."

The fact that only Ivy could play an instrument mattered little. Ivy taught Bryan some chords, Bryan's sister Pam Balam filled the drum seat, and they were off and running.

"At first it was so rough," recalls Ivy, "that it was hard to really dance to it" — danceability being a quality The Cramps hold dear — "but it didn't matter to us how rough we played . . ."

"It was how much we meant it," adds Lux. "We're more interested in our personalities and our energies coming out on stage than how well we play. How much we can drive the kids nuts and how much they can drive us nuts — that's what's important."

Pam Balam left because "she was young and wild and had other things on her mind, like boys", and Miriam Linna enlisted, only to drop out last spring to make way for Nick Knox. At that time The Cramps' repertoire consisted of titles like "Subway And Desire", "Hurricane Fighter Plane" and "Don't Eat Stuff Off The Sidewalk" as well as versions of "Surfin' Bird" and "The Way I walk", later popularised by The Ramones — who admit to getting the idea from The Cramps — and Robert Gordon, who probably arrived at his version independently.

Both songs later found themselves comprising The Cramps' first single, on Vengeance Records (not The Only Ones' label). Those who had heard the six songs recorded with Alex Chilton in Memphis at the sessions for the single were puzzled by the choice, considering the superiority of the other cuts, and the fact that, despite prior claim, they'd been beaten to the release post.

"In a way," says Ivy, "putting that single out was like our big flying fuck you. 'The Way I Walk' is representative of our sound but 'Surfin' Bird' . . . the attitude is, but the music isn't."

Unlike seemingly any band with even a moderate level of enterprise playing in New York, The Cramps have not been the subject of endless critical lathering. While media cognoscenti will fall over themselves to sing the praises of second-rate Patti Smith/Television imitators such as The Erasers, The Cramps are regarded as at best a joke, at worst an artless conniving fraud. Understandably, this conspiracy of ignorance leaves Lux a little peeved.

"Last year they called us a parody band, which we *were not at all*. This year we cut out some of the . . . I wouldn't call it satire, but we'd have some biting comments to make. Now we just go out and play straight and people say at least we used to be funny — the same people who put us down for being a parody band.

" 'Sunglasses After Dark', for instance, was written up last year as an in-joke about people down in the Bowery wearing sunglasses. That song is *not* a joke, and it was written in Memphis in '56 so it's certainly not about the Bowery. It's about anything that makes you stand out in a crowd — rock'n'roll abnormal behaviour."

The latter being a key theme in Cramps songs and stage moves — "Human Fly" for example (featuring the inimitable couplet *"I cry 96 tears with my 96 eyes"*). "Maybe that's what I am," offers Lux. "All my life people have told me I was a pest, something that looked ugly, smelled bad and ought to be gotten rid of, something that spoiled everybody's planned-out fun."

Planned-out fun, and often just no fun at all, was the prevalent atmosphree at most of the gigs I witnessed during my recent stint in New York. Which is why the outrageous and incendiary Cramps came on like fresh wind in a graveyard.

"Some of these audiences in America," Lux agrees, "they just sit there like they're at the opera watching a piece of art. A lot of the bands in New York, these" — he spits out the word — *"art* bands are contributing to the problem. I have nothing to do with these bands that call themselves new wave when all they are is a bunch of snotty-nosed little art students that don't know or care anything about rock'n'roll.

"For us, we've loved rock'n'roll all our lives, and this band is the end of it. We're not using the band to get into galleries or become mime dancers or anything. We want to be a rock'n'roll band, and I'll do it till past when I'm dead.

"We have a song about that called 'Rock'n'Bones': *'When I die don't bury me at all, just nail my bones up on the wall. Beneath my bones let these words be seen, this is the bloody gears of a boppin' machine'.*"

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

"Listen to that, men. Either our artillery have got the range at last or the band have started playing our entry in this year's Eurovision Song Contest!"

LET'S TOKE THIS SERIOUSLY NOW

IT WAS IRONIC that the Central Hall, Westminster last Saturday played host not only to the Legalise Cannabis Conference but also, in the next room, to the Anti-Common Market League, who were being addressed by no less a Tory than Enoch Powell MP.

In the large airy hall, plastered with 'No Smoking' notices, a haphazard crowd of some 250 people listened to the main speakers for about three hours, before engaging in some lively and constructive debate.

Ms Maureen Colquhoun MP chaired the meeting in style, her involvement in the campaign representing in itself a brave personal commitment.

First speaker David Offenbach, leading radical lawyer, set the mood of the afternoon with a hard-hitting assessment of the legal implications of the cannabis laws.

He told the crowd: "The legal status of cannabis is controlled by the Misuse of Drugs Act 1971, but in addition to this there are also Customs & Excise Acts, the Post Office Acts, the Conspiracy Laws, which are used against people who smoke cannabis, even the Obscene Publications Act."

As he pointed out, the prosecutions of *Cain's Book by* Alex Trocchi and *Last Exit To Brooklyn* by Hubert Selby provided the legal precedent whereby "obscenity is not restricted to sexual matters but can also include discussion of drug taking."

He commented: "That means a repressive government could use the drug laws as well as the obscenity laws to crack down on freedom of expression."

Offenbach also spotlighted other areas of abuse. "In licensed premises where rock and roll is played, many operators have been threatened by the police with having their drinking licence taken away because of the odd smoking of cannabis. One's entertainment is in danger.

"Under the Rent Acts it is now the law that if anyone is smoking cannabis they can be evicted by their landlord."

He pointed out that concert promoters are at risk, citing a successful prosecution against one promoter for "running a disorderly house" — all because a few people were puffing joints in one corner.

Offenbach's main concern was that the very existence of these drugs laws is leading to their abuse by the police. He attacked the wide powers of Stop and Search given to the police under the 1971 Act, pointing out that a survey had shown that three-quarters of the street searches were totally unjustified.

"The rise of the drug laws enables the police to have more weapons to use in the repressive way the police have became accustomed to over the years. "There is now a police computer especially for drugs offences, called the National Drugs Intelligence Computer — it is now sited at Hendon. It has a quarter of a million names on it! But consider: since 1967, if there have been an average of 10,000 convictions a year, that is only 100,000 people.

"Who are the other 150,000 people who are on this police computer?"

The second speaker, Don Aitken, who has spent many years researching into the background of the cannabis issue, traced the history of how cannabis became illegal in the first place, pointing out that this occurred in 1925 on the initiative of Egypt, who called the smoking of cannabis in their country "a national calamity."

Aitken claimed the evidence behind this decision had now been formally invalidated by both the present Egyptian government and the UN — yet the drug's legal position remains the same.

INSIDE DOPE has a day out

"The laws were drafted 40 years before there was any widespread use of cannabis in this country."

Medically he argued there is more than enough evidence to make a decision on the effects of cannabis — but it was not a medical issue.

Summing up, he said: "You are either for or against the proposition that the use of drugs as intoxicants is a normal, reasonable, acceptable thing to do — or you take the view that it isn't. That it is something that should be prevented, in which case you're not only against cannabis, you're against alcohol and tobacco."

The whole conference was an encouragingly positive event which demonstrated quite convincingly that this is just the beginning of what promises to be a major political issue in the near future.

DICK TRACY
THRILLS

"Hope you don't mind me sitting here, mate — I'm just waiting for the albums pages!"

THE END

OUT NOW!

. . . STILL TOURING WORLDWIDE

JUNE 9th SUNDERLAND — LEES CLUB
" 14th LONDON — ACTON WHITE HART
" 15th NORWICH — PEOPLES CLUB
" 16th RYDE I.O.W. — TOWN HALL
" 23rd LIVERPOOL — ERIC'S
" 24th HALIFAX — GOOD MOOD CLUB
" 29th LONDON — ROCHESTER CASTLE

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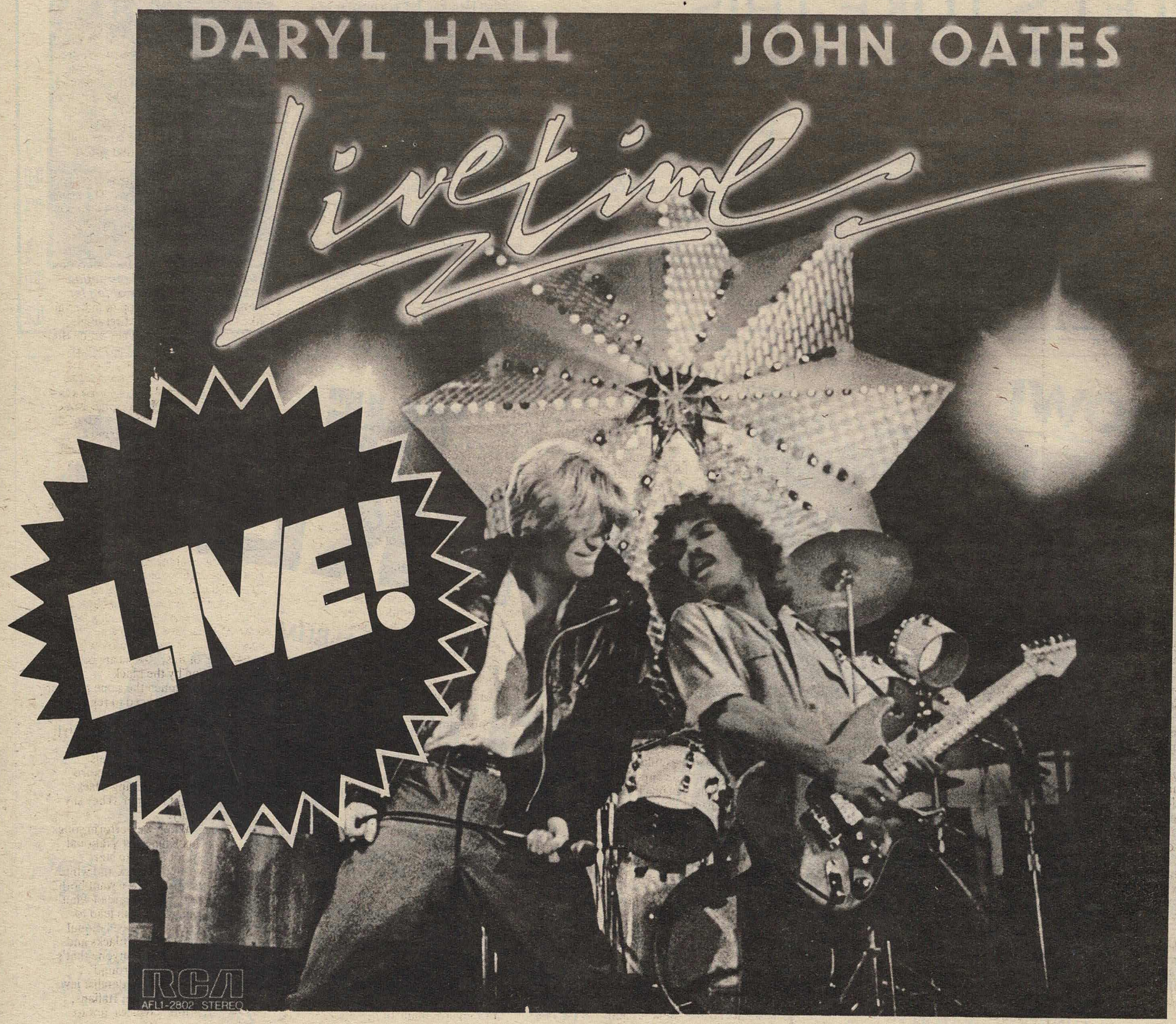

Rich Girl
The Emptyness
Do What You Want, Be What You Are
I'm Just A Kid (Don't Make Me Feel Like A Man)
Sara Smile
Abandoned Luncheonette
Room To Breathe

RCA Record: PL 12802
Cassette: PK 12802

CHAMPION ENTERTAINMENT ORGANIZATION INC.

Management and direction Tommy Mottola

Black Pride Don't Mean Black Racism . . . Meet—

Pic: DENNIS MORRIS

From Britain's Motor City: STEEL PULSE

The HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION

Steel Pulse guitarist DAVID HINDS talks to ROY CARR about the joys and vexations of a British reggae band.

SEEMS THAT MANY black West Indian families who settled in Britain during the early '50s and strived peacefully to integrate themselve into their new surroundings, haven't — in the present imflammable atmosphere of racial disharmony — taken too kindly towards Steel Pulse making waves by performing songs with titles like "Ku Klux Klan" and "National Front".

And, according to Steel Pulse's main man David Hinds, himself a first generation British born black from Handsworth, they haven't been reluctant to voice their disapproval.

"They feel," says Hinds, "That we're being too heavy, too outspoken,"

Apparently, after seeing Steel Pulse in a recent *Sight & Sound* programme attired in Klansmen's hoods chanting "Ku Klux Klan", friends of the families warned them of openly inviting trouble.

"They want to avoid any trouble with the white community . . . want to keep the peace and don't think Natty Dread helps keep the peace. See, the truth only stirs up trouble!"

If, in Hinds' opinion, speaking the truth causes a degree of trouble, so be it. Even if it means that despite its chart entry "Ku Klux Klan" was, with few exceptions, ignored by practically every radio station in this green and pleasant land.

"The radio stations don't ban records any longer because they realise it only helps to sell them and when such a record makes the charts, they're embarrassed because they're not playing it."

Hinds is talking during a break laying down tracks for Pulse's "Handsworth Revolution" album in Island Records' Hammersmith dug-out. He makes it clear he is not assuming the role of iron fisted black militant, neither is he prejudiced towards the white community. Quite the reverse.

It was the white community, in particular the punks, that extended support to UK reggae bands such as Pulse, Aswad and Black Slate. This too, has been a source of discontent amongst the more reactionary section of Hinds' community.

It could be that British reggae bands are falling foul of the kind of inverted snobbery that Jimi Hendrix had to contend with: accepted without bias by white audiences while viewed with deep suspicion by blacks told that you're O.K. — the respect isn't there to begin with.

"It's a very weird situation," he explains. "Because at the start, we didn't think we'd be accepted by whites either, didn't think punks liked reggae music. But at least it prompted blacks to come along to white venues."

However, Hinds is pessimistic about this being indicative of both communities integrating to share the same musical affinity.

"In the big cities, black and white mix as a matter of course. But, in the smaller towns, the black kids only turn up at white venues to see bands like us because they've never seen a reggae group before. And, they'll probably never go to that club again unless a black act is appearing. They aren't there to mix with white kids of their own age.

"I tell you," he continues, "it would be a very good thing if you got the black man — the one who really lives reggae music — to come to white gigs. It would help.

"Like, when Bob Marley played Birmingham, blacks were amazed to see so many white kids in the audience, to see them jumping around, having a good time and singing the songs.

"That," says Hinds, "confused a lotta people. Some resented it, some said 'Togetherness', a lot of them just didn't care one way or the other."

There's a new generation of British blacks, a portion of whom regard reggae music as the exclusive property of their community. The fear is that the recent blanding out of soul music into automated disco fodder could, due to avaricious exploitation (e.g. Boney M's "Rivers Of Bablyon"), happen to roots reggae. Should that happen it's felt there'd be little, in terms of cultural musical heritage for the black community to fall back on.

The writing is spray-canned on the corrugated iron. The fact that Bob Marley is now reggae's most bankable asset has, insists Hinds, resulted in a backlash from many of his most devout followers.

"Sure," relates Hinds, "everyone still says, 'Bob Marley — Original . . . the only one', but from what I can see, I don't really think that they're into his music as much as they used to be. You don't hear him being played in clubs or on sound boxes. Yet, they know, he's the best . . . still buy his records *because* it's Marley, But they say, Marley makes white man's reggae music and has lost the original JA roots sound."

HINDS IS adamant that Britain's new wave reggae bands aren't compromising their approach to make in-roads into the more lucrative white market, but calling the shots the way they feel them.

"What those people who chant us down don't realise," he begins on the defensive, "is that we're actually playing the same licks, It's just that the mix and the different methods of cutting a disc to make it sound a little different."

He draws comparisons with many JA studios and the two and three track record shacks which produced '50s rock and roll.

"In Jamaica, many of the studios aren't nearly as sophisticated as they are here in Britain, so you get overspill from each instrument and a cheap sound."

It's also Hinds' belief that many JA producer-engineers makes roaches out of the control board instruction manuals, ignore set recording procedures and work purely on instinct. *(Yeah, refreshing innit? — Ed.)*

"Now, I'm not saying those records aren't good," Hinds quickly adds, "because they are good. Just that when a band reaches Bob Marley or Third World standards of simple sophistication, they're no longer satisfied with that raw JA sound."

It's logical, says Hinds, to assume that reggae must eventually metamorphise into something relatively new. And, says Hinds, it's not without reason to believe that maybe these new roots could stem from Britain.

"Subject matter plays a very big part in reggae. I can't sing about what's happening in Trench Town because I've never been there and it would be phoney for me to try and sing about such a personal situation.

"My music," says the composer, "portrays the black man in Britain and, that one black man represents each and every other black man in the world. Probably, if I lived in America, the reggae music I'd be producing would have a bit more soul and funk in it, who knows!"

HINDS GOES onto insist that "Ku Klux Klan" — a song which he wrote exactly one year ago — is relative to the British black man's burden.

"Things gonna get worse before they get better. And, the black man *must* come to terms with the truth that in many communities he's just not wanted. So, I try to tell those people who chant us down that the only way we gonna mean something in this country is when *our* music is also recognised by the white community — but that doesn't mean that you're ignoring the blacks.

"You play to the white market so that the records, the music, the artists can be recognised 'cause everyone is enjoying it, buying it and putting money in the pocket of the black community."

Nevertheless, the older generation of British blacks would prefer Steel Pulse to stick to themes of "togetherness" and keep to material like "Nyah Luv" (their first single, released on Anchor). They argue that if they ignore the neo-Nazi retards they'll eventually slither under the rock from which they first emerged.

They claim, there's not such a thing as bad publicity and that songs like "Klu Klux Klan" only draw attention to the psycho-sickos. It's Hinds' opinion that turning the other cheek only means you get knocked down twice.

"For years, the black man has been put down, told he is nothing and so he feels he has to lose his roots to become something."

He cites the once prevalant practice of konking (dekinking) their locks and feels, rather angrily, that many British blacks are beginning to emulate their American brothers — thinking that equality can only be realised through materialism." "An easy way out of a bad situation."

Because of this, Rastas are often frowned upon by the black community, in much the same manner as WASP moralists used to regard hippies as being unwashed, irresponsible and a threat to society!

"The feeling towards Rastas is much stronger," Hinds reveals. "They don't think that Rastas are going about demonstrating Black Pride in the right manner. They say it's the dirty way."

He adds, "When we perform songs like "Klu Klux Klan' and 'National Front', we aren't trying to start trouble between the black and white communities, just that we want both black and white to be aware of what's happening and what it can lead to.

"Organisations like the National Front aren't just against blacks and Asians, they're against anyone that's not from a British background . . ."

Allow me to fill in the details: jews, Catholics, Irish, Chinese, Italians, Greeks, Cypriots, Gypsies, not to forget homosexuals, lesbians, rock and roll . . . and that you could be a marked man if you're left handed.

"Look, we're not against white people, just that we want black and white people to be aware of what happens to black people all over the world and that it could happen here.

"Songs like 'Klu Klux Klan' are a warning, not a solution. If there was a solution, someone would have found it years ago. It's just a state you have to accept like . . ."

Death and taxes?

"Yeah, like death and taxes!"

"My music portrays the black man in Britain, and that black man represents every other black man in the world."

RANDY TAKES THE

RANDY NEWMAN talks to BRIAN CASE

ON ONE OF those rare afternoons when London comes on like Los Angeles — sky an empty-headed blue, sun cooking like Klieg lamps, air inert with greenery and exhaust — I pay a visit on Randy Newman.

High above Hyde Park, he is sitting on the sundeck outside his suite, soaking it up. An Angelino, he can handle it. He can also handle all attempts at analysis, and will evaporate before a grilling can separate the sweet from the sour, retreating into the lowest metabolic rate outside the Sloth House on pursuit.

I opened up with "Short People" and misgivings. Had he heard the Lenny Bruce routine "Slap-A-Midget-For-Lenny-Today"?

"No! What album was that? I thought I'd heard all his stuff!"

The guy is positively avid for information, slapping his leg, chortling, and with a great sense of relief I launch into my narrative. Lenny had done it live at The Establishment before Henry Brooke had him deported. The improvisation began with Lenny plucking a bulky gilbert from his nose, borrowing a hankie, and labelling it Hot Snot Prop: use only in the event of a creative crisis.

From there, Lenny freewheeled. Had the audience ever thought that midgets could see all that socially embarrassing stuff up their nostrils, probably felt pretty damn superior about it? AND midgets ran under furniture peeling off the labels from underneath so that you couldn't EVER return the goods, stockpiled the labels in cellars and used them as currency, sneaky little bastards. How long were we gonna let 'em get away with it for, huh? Why not slap a midget for Lenny today?

"WOW!" roared Randy Newman. "No, I never heard that at all! NONE of it. That's really funny!"

Elation passed as I realised that what I had so far was a gang of me on the tape, and chortles off. I wilt into the neurotic two-step: "I wasn't trying to infer that you'd copied or —"

"No, no — God, no — I know you weren't. It's better than the song."

I retreat to the batting order on "Little Criminals". 'You Can't Fool The Fat Man'.

Randy is very open about individual songs, evasive when they're grouped.

"I didn't have much in mind. I was never crazy about the song. It was the last thing I wrote for this album and I just put it in there. He's a gambler, you know — I almost got it. It's a half-hearted effort in some kinda ways."

"I like it," I tell him, picturing very sharply the easy flow of pleasantries and the final rejection: the hype, the bite, the bullet.

"Do you? Jeeze, I'm sorry I said anything. See, I do that. People ask me about 'I'll Be Home' and I say, well — I wrote it for Mary Hopkin, 'I'll Be Home, I'll Be Home' — the lyric, who cares? I've gotta stop it, because you don't know what people will like."

Randy's delivery runs the same little ruminative skirmishes as Woody Allen's or Mort Sahl's, and it's a game. He can keep us all at bay, on the wrong foot, with that one.

And Randy raises the game, Post-Therapy-Worried-Of-Santa-Monica, lissen, are ya liking me so far? "I have prejudices about my own songs and I make mistakes about them. What I like and what I don't like."

Hmmm.

"How long did you work on the line *'here I am lost in the wind/round in circles sailing'?"* I venture.

"Well, I had it and then tried to get rid of it because I didn't know what the hell it meant. I had the lyric and I had a tune that I really liked, 'Texas Girl'. Why did you ask that?"

"The writing circles to suit the content."

"Yeah, thank you. It DID take a long time. Until I had the title I wasn't sure that anyone would understand what the song was about. It took a while. That song took me longest."

"And it ends too with one of your deliberately incomplete effects. *'Papa, we'll go sailing'*. It cries out for another line like the girl cries out to have her father back. You use the same effect at the end of 'In Germany Before The War' for the same reason. Why did the silly buggers who wrote the words on the sleeve repeat the last line?"

Randy, gulp, wrote the words on the sleeve.

"I might've been in the process of deciding about spaces on that song. That was the hardest part about it, besides the arrangement, of making where not to repeat and what to repeat. I might've given them that for the sleeve, and then changed my mind. I was always thinking about that in the song, whether I was gonna say the last *'she lies very still'* or whether I wasn't. Like, even when I do it live I still haven't decided. Hmm — I think I'll leave it out."

"Was it inspired by the Fritz Lang movie, *'M'?* The Dusseldorf Murderer?"

"I've seen it, yeah. I thought *'M'* was a great picture, and I don't like movies that much. I haven't seen it lately."

"Can you explain the line *'I'm looking at the river/but I'm thinking of the sea'?"*

"No. I just thought it sounded a little crazy." Randy looked up at the sun, looked down at the table. "Maybe it's some kinda German big feature kinda philosophic crazy thinking . . . I don't know what I had in mind."

"Well, Lang cuts direct from the killing of the little girl to a desolate rooftop strung with wire washing lines at kinda Francis Bacon angles. I wondered if your line about the river and the sea had the same force of desolation for you?"

"No — just absent, you know."

Case essays the long shot. "Every time you use images of the sea, seagulls, oceans, rivers, it's in the context of loss or desolation. 'In Germany', 'Texas Girl', 'Baltimore', 'Sail Away', 'Louisiana'. You remember Hitchcock's *Marnie?* I wondered if you used it like that, the grey empty sea in the porthole symbolising Marnie's inner emptiness?"

"Nah", says Randy, amused. "I live near it . . . I was hoping you'd mention James Joyce instead of Tippi Hedren." He chuckled at that. "No — I was a surfer and I was kinda cowardly at a certain point. I was good at it but I'd back out when it got to a certain size. I useta have dreams about big waves because I lived near it. I could hear 'em."

He's having a good time here on the old symbolic inners.

"I don't know whether I have any consistent attitude to the sea as being particularly desolate. I know what you mean — maybe. There's things that are subconscious that I'm NOT CONSCIOUS OF". He came right into the mike. "Make sure you have that one down." All right. Change gears.

"What's your attitude towards the child murderer in 'In Germany Before The War'? You field a lot of twisted lovers — 'You Can Leave Your Hat On', 'A Wedding In Cherokee County', 'Lover's Prayer', 'Marie'. I wondered if you thought almost any definition of love was better than none?"

"Gophers can love each other," says Randy. "No, that's something I hadn't thought of. In the picture he was a somewhat sympathetic figure. I had a certain sympathy for him, but sympathy for the illness, the not being able to help himself. But mainly horrified — you know, NOT a liberal calm dispassionate reaction to the guy. I think he's loathsome. That's all I had time to do without getting ugly in the song. Couldn't have done it. Like 'Sail Away' — I couldn't have done that. The song changes persons, third person, first person, but it's OK. I think people understand it but it's close. It's almost hard to get what it's about."

"Do you worry that you've left too much out?"

"Yeah. I think I've made a mistake when I've done that. I was worried about 'Texas Girl' because I don't like that kinda abstraction in songs much, but I think it's all right. I worried that 'In Germany' might be too obscure, but that's all right or I'd have — no, I'd have done that anyway."

BY NOW, I am reeling under the weight of the sun and my theories, and Randy's next songs pass under the hammer without incident. He explains the historical significance of whipping the Filipino in "Sigmund Freud's Impersonation Of Albert Einstein In America". The Spanish-American War of 1898 lasted only 115 days, but represented America's first imperialist annexation, excluding America itself of course. Victory gave America a stronghold in the Pacific, made Teddy Roosevelt, and launched Admiral Mahan's influential doctrines on sea power. The period of 'speak softly and carry a big stick'.

"Sure it's absurd, but we did it. And WE WON! We beat the whole armed might of the Philippines. A very proud time for America." Randy swigged his Perrier water. "I was making fun of Freud, you know, in some way. I've heard Freud criticized that he was a product of the Vienna of the late 19th century, which was a very strange place where there were gipsies.

"An American has never seen a gipsy in his life. My wife once told me she had a dream about gipsies coming after her. She's German. I was just making a little joke there, just to myself. I was thinking Freud was off-base about part of that dream. Americans don't dream about gipsies or gipsy knives — African appendages maybe, and maybe baseball. It's an odd song. One I like though."

"'Rider In The Rain'. I thought the idea of myself as a cowboy was funny. I mean, I can ride a horse, but it just doesn't seem like I could."

I replaced the gumshield and lurched off the ropes. "Does the 'Old Man On The Farm' praise himself in the last line because there's no-one else around to do it? *'I love the way I sing that song'*.

"Yeah. That's right."

We got onto "Good Old Boys". Robert Penn Warren wrote the novel *All The King's Men* based on the life of Huey Long, and Robert Rossen filmed it with Brod Crawford as *The Kingfish*. It was arguably the definitive American political novel before Doctorow's *Book Of Daniel*.

"No, I didn't like the book and I didn't like the movie, but I LOVED the biography by T Harry Williams of Long. The biography's more exciting than the novel, which picks funny kinda old-fashioned things in some ways. I just liked his real life much better. Just a case of preferring the real history to the fiction." He looks at me slyly behind his shades. "In that case".

"You like facts," I try. "I read somewhere that you read a lot of science."

"When there's something that I can understand about small particle physics or white dwarves or black holes. Arthur Koestler's book about astronomers I really loved, you know. I like general survey kinda stuff that idiots with no technical information can understand. I read a good book about Einstein. And that TV show, *Horizon*, that was the best show that was ever on. Scientists are the

Pix: TOM SHEEHAN

FIFTH AMENDMENT

happiest-looking people I ever saw in my life! Boy — they look happy with what they're doing! I couldn't believe it. They were so INTO it. Mmm . . . maybe they're miserable, but they looked happy to me. They're finding some answers maybe . . ."

Which put them ahead of me. I loaded another litmus. "You're an extremely reclusive man, stay at home, watch TV —"

"That's true".

"Do you get a sense of community from other writers?"

"I don't think I need a sense of community personally. Sometimes I think it'd be nice to know a lot of other writers and talk about songs, but the type of people who do what I do are very often reclusive kinda people. They're not gonna be forthcoming about their art or business or whatever you wanna call it. I'm not gonna go over to Jackson Browne's house and we talk about songs. Maybe he does it with The Eagles or something, but I've never been that way. Sometimes I miss it, but I don't feel I NEED it."

"I meant from other writers' work really."

"To some extent. There's things that'd surprise you and surprise myself that I probably haven't heard. I haven't heard Joni Mitchell's last two albums and she's a real serious good writer. I haven't heard Dylan's last coupla albums. I'm not into it — I mean when I'm not working, listening to music is like work to me in a lotta ways. I don't do it for fun. When I'm working, I listen. It's a funny kinda business for me to be in the way I treat it sometimes."

"I'd place your peer group back in history before rock 'n' roll. The '20s with Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Oscar Hammerstein, Ira Gershwin, Lorenz Hart," I tell him.

"Yeah, I love a lotta those songs."

"How about this, *'Some funny folks like to let off rockets/Others like to pick your pockets/Some of them kill when they feel the urge/Others are into larceny'.*"

"By whom? Sure I like it."

I couldn't remember who wrote it, turned out to be Hart, natch. I started another favourite quote — *'When love congeals/it soon reveals '* — and Randy took the ball from there '— *the faint aroma of performing seals'.* Yeah. 'I Wish I Were In Love Again'. Lorenz Hart — he's the greatest lyric writer."

Lorenz Hart, Richard Rodgers' collaborator, "Blue Moon", "Small Hotel", "Thou Swell", "Lady Is A Tramp", the lazy little genius who penned the deathless line *"beans could get no keener reception in a beanery"*, and, unlike Randy, felt the need to ring up Joshua Logan to recite his latest hilarity from "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered": *"couldn't sleep/and wouldn't sleep/until I could sleep where I shouldn't sleep".*

"Do you feel part of all that?" I persist.

. . .but BRIAN CASE does the talking

"Yeah. You know, I'm not ashamed to put my stuff next to it. Sure. We go about it in the same way. I don't think I write worse words than Ira Gershwin, but Lorenz Hart — I don't think so."

"And do you ever set yourself joke problems like Hoagy Carmichael did with that impossible first line of 'Hong Kong Blues' — *'it's the story of a very unfortunate coloured man'?"*

"It's nice to have that kinda fun with your work. About three years ago, I was worried I was getting too far outa the mainstream, so I said I was gonna write a song for Tom Jones — totally different. I did, and I never gave it to anybody. It was a song called 'Mary Ann'. No one ever did it. That kind of assignment, I'll do that again, because when you just write for yourself, it's restricting. Hoagy Carmichael's all right. 'Lazybones', 'Slowpoke', lotta stuff."

"Apart from TV, do you get inspiration from novels? For example, your songs dealing with losers — 'Davy The Fat Boy', 'Naked Man', 'Little Criminals' — would fit into Nelson Algren's books."

"That's a compliment to me. Thank you. I've read him. Stuff about Chicago, isn't it? See, I've always read more than I've listened to music and I think books influence me a lot."

ALGREN'S CHICAGO, city of the nameless nobodies nobody knows, *"with faces cut from the same cloth as their caps, and the women whose eyes reflect nothing but the pavement. Town of the blind and crippled newsies under the El and the pinboys whose eyes you never see at all."* I find it easier to identify Randy Newman with the mid-Western writing tradition than the indulgent, ego-tripping excessiveness of California.

"That's nice, Chicago. I like straight-ahead. I like the buildings, they're there —" he claps his hands on the table — "they're RIGHT there. It's like a book I liked for a while there, the guy who wrote *Another Roadside Attraction — Even Cowgirls Get The Blues —"*

"Tom Robbins".

"Yeah. It's great for a while. It's got things like *'her eyes were as red as a fire in a Mexican whorehouse'* and stuff like that, but it's just too much and it wears you out, and it doesn't get to it. I love Hunter Thompson almost all the time. I was reading another book that I thought that would happen to, *Dispatches* by Michael Herr. There's one chapter in there that looks like it's gonna be San Francisco kinda writing, but it pulls out of it. Great! I was complaining to my brother, he told me to read it, and I said, Shit! You know, the guy's gone, but it was early in the book."

"Didn't you wish he'd extended that idea about the Vietnam War and rock 'n' roll coming from the same pulse?"

"I didn't like to see him as interested in rock 'n' roll as he was. It hurt me that I wasn't in there, you know. Grateful Dead, Grateful Dead! This guy is so smart and LOOK at the stuff he's listening to! Jefferson Airplane! That's how I felt about it — this guy is really bright and THIS is the shit that's IMPORTANT?

"It made me wonder if the real power of this music may be in a field that I'm not in. Maybe there's something really powerful in The Grateful Dead that reached all those soldiers over there. I've read in other books that that's what they listened to. For me, you know, it hurts me a little bit."

"I can't mentally place you in the hippy thing at all, though you must have been right in the middle of the bubble. California."

"I went right through it. I was writing then, and drugs, I was into that, but I never changed too much I don't think. I've never been that optimistic that institutions were gonna change, that everything was happy and if I wore a flower things'd turn out all right. I tell you, I envied some of that kinda optimism, but I just . . ."

"You've written about some pretty shitty cities, 'Birmingham', 'Baltimore', 'Cleveland', so how come you haven't written about LA?"

"No, it's strange. Other people write about it. I've lived there almost my whole life, and I never write about Hollywood or rock or pop music, and I never write about Los Angeles. I think it just doesn't interest me much."

He gives me his sly up-and-under look. "Let's get to James Joyce".

I have the feeling Randy Newman has got two categories of interviewer, and the James Joyce shorthand stands for those who want to point out Joyce's dictum that the artist should sit above his work, paring his nails, indifferent. Randy Newman's posture.

"All right," I say, hissing faintly through my teeth: rumbled. "Almost all of your songs impersonate a narrative voice other than your own. Maybe you feel that if you define yourself, you confine yourself. Wearing so many different disguises, it could well be that your nightmare is non-identity. The American writer's predicament is to find a freedom which is not just a jelly, and at the same time establish an identity which isn't a prison.

"You've been everyone in your songs from God to a redneck. I think 'Last Night I Had A Dream' blows your cover. I think the nightmare you describe there, *'You said, "Honey, can you tell me what your name is?"/I said, "You know what my name is",'* is your predicament."

WOW! It kinda rocked him for a moment. Kinda rocked me too.

"I can just deny any of that. I — uh — take the 5th Amendment." He grinned. "I'll have to remember that when I'm asked about it. I dunno. In my ideal song I disappear completely."

Which is his right. We went back to generalities. Was he interested in doing a little mystery tale as a song, for example?

"Yeah. I've never done it. It's a difficult form to do something like that in. I've often thought about a mystery song or a detective kinda song. I've written songs like 'Naked Man'. That was a criminal case a friend of mine told me about in which his client was caught naked with this woman's purse.

"The story he told the court was that he was up on the roof, he'd taken his clothes off, he was in with this friend's wife. Friend comes home, he goes running off into the street like this. As he runs down the street, this OTHER naked guy comes from the other direction, says 'Here', hands him a purse, 'Hold this'. That's how it happened. I couldn't quite tell all of it, you know. I tried. I took a shot at it."

"And 'Jolly Coppers On Parade'?"

"I got the idea for that out of those Swedish detective novels — Martin Beck detective books. They're good. Anyway, there was a song in the book called *The Laughing Policeman* which they made a movie of — song was called 'Jolly Coppers On Parade'. I didn't run right out and write it, but when I wrote it, then I remembered where I got it and I looked to see if I'd stolen the lyric from it, but it was totally different luckily. I like the idea. My kids, you know, they're impressed by uniforms and I wanted to write something about that. Kinda fascist song, you know."

"That hadn't struck me."

"A guy kinda accused me of that, writing a fascist song." He has had to put up with charges from all points of the political and spiritual compass, and has developed his sense of irony to Olympic standards. "Short People" hasn't helped.

IN MY monomaniacal way, I'd wondered if he was a jazz fan. He's picked jazz bassists, Red Callender, Al McKibbon, Jimmy Bond. The opening of "Kingfish" is pretty close to Thelonious Monk's "Mysterioso", a walking bass line adapted for piano.

"You do jazz? You must be happy now. It's come back with a roar. It's got me a little depressed, frankly. I've heard a lot of Monk — more than I've heard any other jazz pianist. I know some of Monk's, so maybe I've heard it." He gazed at my freckled pate. "You gotta really watch the sun, you know. Remember what happened to Jean Harlow. Died. She got a kinda disease connected with it — narcolepsy?"

He conducted the music for the movie *Performance*, wrote the music for *Cold Turkey*. I was surprised he hadn't done more, with three uncles in the movie music business, and a

● **Continues page 61**

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Time 15 minutes

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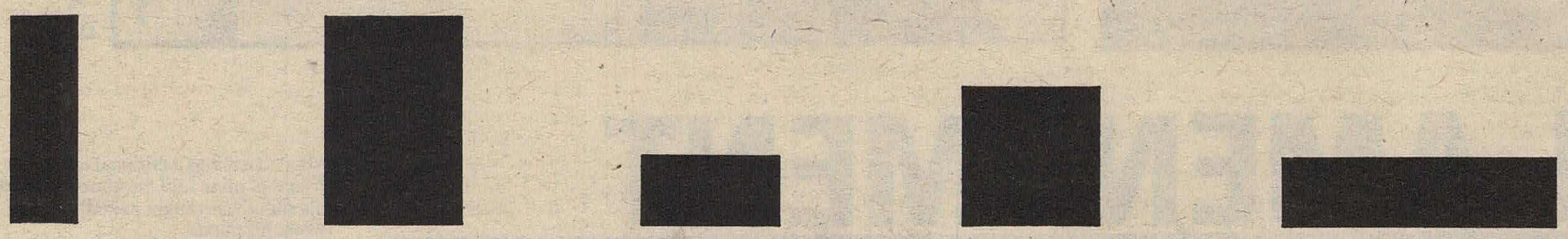

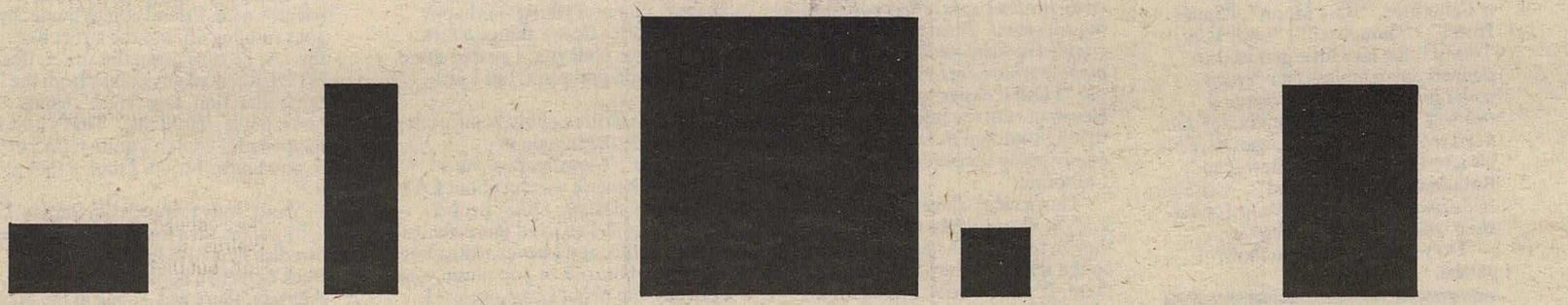

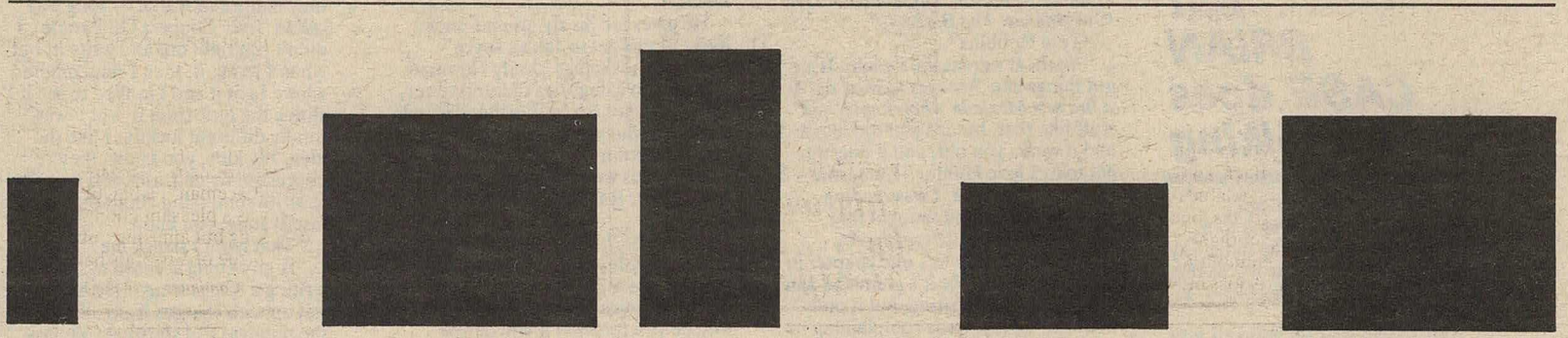

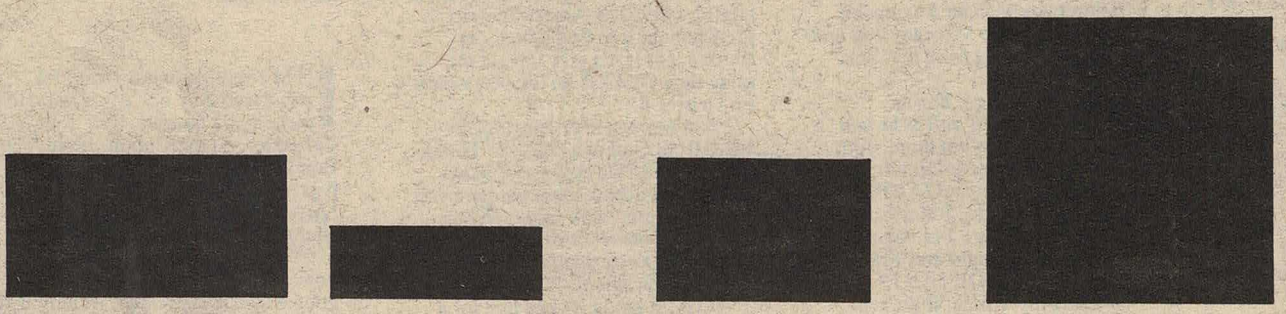

Answer:
Peter Gabriel.
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CHARISMA

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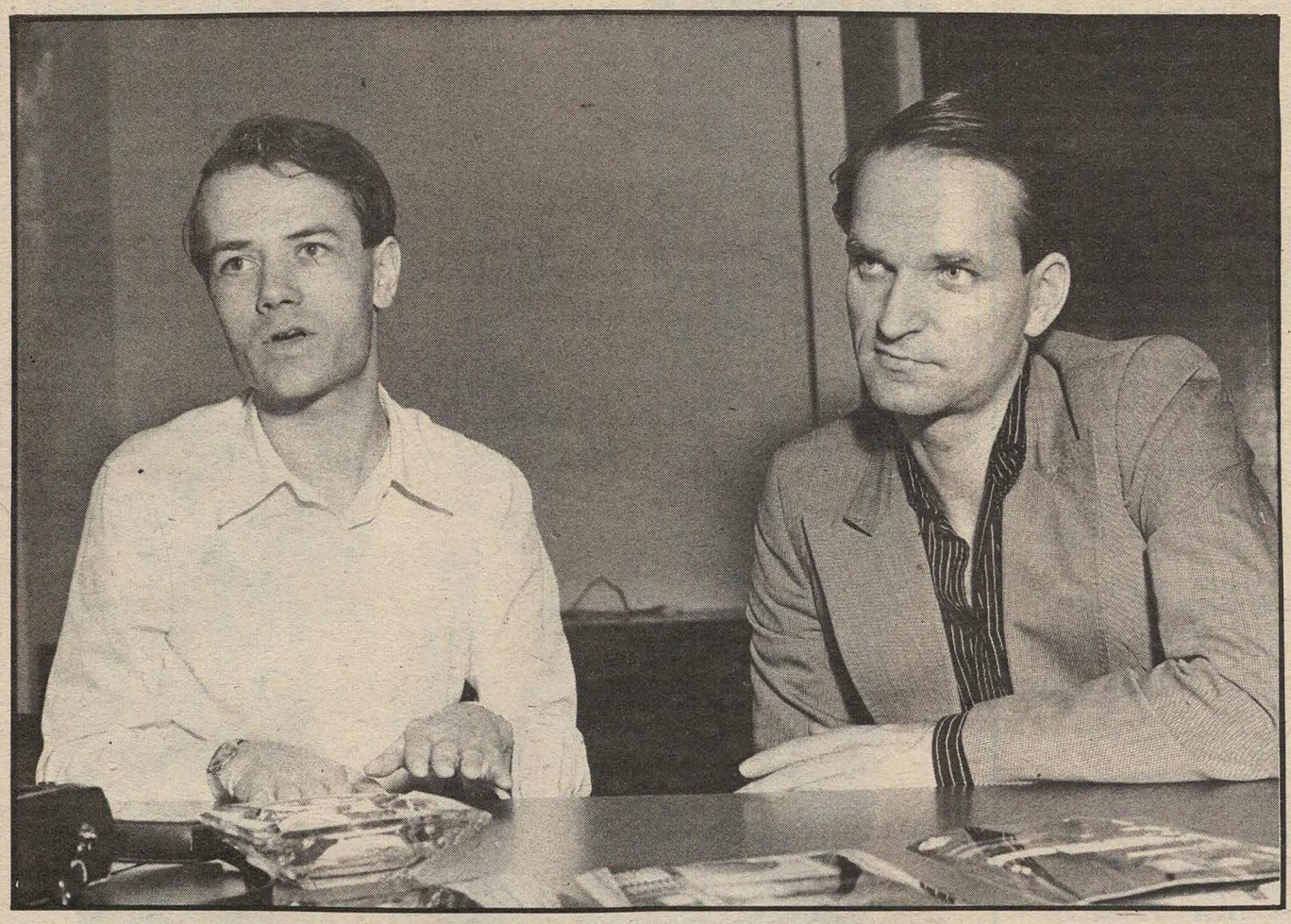

RALF & FLORIAN celebrate another stunning German victory. *Pix of Kraftwerk unt Monty by JOE STEVENS*

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

KRAFTWERK: The Robots (Capitol). Ralf and Florian give good mechanics. Don't know whether I go along with all the high-falutin' guff spoken about Kraftwerk, but for four supremely tossy looking geezers they sure can get the Fatherland's feet a-tapping.

"Trans-Europe Express" was pretty funny (especially the sublime "Show Room Dummies") and "The Robots" is similarly smile-inducing. What sounds like BBC Radiophonic Workshop drib-drabbling is underlaid by the familiarly hypnotictictic, er sorry, insistency of the electronic percussion while Hutter and Schneider intone *"We are the robots. . . "* over and over through an android Tannoy, like talking Drones. They are the only engineers extant working in this maligned field who can make the machines speak, maan. Edited down from the "Man Machine" album track, its length — like all Kraftwerk musick — is immaterial; their transmissions could bleep on into infinity without ever becoming monotonous. And the fun everyone can have making up silly walks to go along with this giant goose-step for mankind is limitless. It sounds great at 33⅓, too, though you have to dance in slow-motion, like a drunk. For you graphreax out there, "The Robots" comes in a foolish fold-out sleeve which is impossible for stupid people like me to put back together again.

BAD APPLES FROM NYC

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: Prove It All Night (CBS). The lay-off hasn't done Brucie much good. Amazing, really, that in 1978 Springsteen sounds like a duff Graham Parker, proving that in the end life will imitate artifice every time. Haven't heard the album yet, so maybe this is just a poor choice for the token single, but my hunch is that he peaked with "Born To Run". Either that or he's giving his best songs to Patti Smith and Southside Johnny. Anyway, there's the obligatory sax steaming half-way through but really, "Prove It All Night" is as lacklustre as a sackful of potatoes.

MINK DeVILLE: Just Your Friends (Capitol). Woops-a-daisy, a mistake, methinks. A Spector-less melodrama replete with "lost rainy day"lyrics, heart-zinging strings, bits of spic business (castanets and that) and a slice of Dylanesque toy harmonica which even outstrips the Zim for blush-inducing gaucherie. Embarrassing.

RAMONES: Do You Wanna Dance? (Sire). Da, er, Ramones are good for about two songs. This ain't one of them. "Cretin Hop", on the flip, is a runner-up but its companion, "It's A Long Way Back To Germany" (not available on any album, fax freaks, and I'm not surprised), spotlights their moronic, monolithic style. Style!? Huh — kiss my ass.

reviewed this week by Monty Smiff

PETER HOLSAPPLE: Big Black Truck (Car Import). Turn down the echo and you're left with a good-naturedly simple-minded rock'n'roller about exactly what the title says. Turn up the Glitter Band drums and you've got a good time, just about.

MARBLES: Forgive And Forget (Jimboco Import). This winsome twosome favour that arresting hollow gee-tar jangle, but the song itself is as soft-bellied as yours truly. For the guitar, I'll forgive; but what exactly is it I have to forget? Maybe their apt name.

BILLY JOEL: Movin' Out (CBS). I am about to tell you, in considerably less than a four-page pull-out, that Billy Joel is NY's male Carly Simon — that's right. . . Elton John! Radio programmers will love it, everyone else will have to lump it.

TALKING HEADS: Pulled Up (Sire). And the Yanks keep on looking down their noses at *us*. "Pulled Up" is OK but oh-so ordinary. If you've got the album you know what I mean. If you haven't got the album, save yourself a bob or two and get this for the B-side, "Don't Worry About The Government" — a sweetly ironic story which is as light-fingered as the tea-leafs working the terraces at Molineux. The band simmers but David Byrnes. . .

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS: I Need To Know (Shelter). Is Tom Petty from NY? *(No, Florida — Know-all Ed.)* He sure sounds like it and if he is, keep me away from his hairdresser. At last the truth can be told: T.P. and his H. Breakers are plain-jane pop pundits plundering pissant archives to come up with a pound of zilch. Dull? They ain't even that close to mediocrity.

BACK ON OUR SIDE OF THE POND AND SOME OF THE REST

THE BOOMTOWN RATS: Like Clockwork (Ensign). A definite improvement on the insubstantial "She's So Modern", this is the Rats going all-out for the Big One. The tick-tocking lends it an almost-novelty touch but the real power of the piece lies in Modest Bob's vocal intensity (you can choreograph his performance by just listening) and the sweeping kitchen sink production by Robert John Lange. The B-side is pretty nifty, too. That Geldof and cohorts are still writing good strong songs augers well for the imminent second album. Bet Abba wish they'd got their lillywhites on this.

ESSENTIAL LOGIC: Aerosol Burns (Rough Trade). And Raymond Burr walks. Actually, Lora's sax bleeping is as fetching as the ragamuffin on the pic sleeve and her songs are fairly cute, too. But the lads behind her are as pedestrian as a zebra crossing and about as expressive as a tractor. Ms Logic's wilful warbling would be better served by the likes of, say, Rockette Morton, The Mascara Snake and Antennae Jimmy Semens. Oh, shit! Has *everything* been done before?

VIBRATORS: Judy Says (Epic). *"Knock you in the head . . . "* is what she says as punk pretenders The Vibrators, bless 'em, pretend it's still 1977 and, delving further into the realm of science fiction, that they're still 17. Really lame.

THE RAMBLERS: We Want The World (Crystal Import). Even less appealing cocky-punky W German outfit who pretend, curse 'em, that it's still 1937: *"Vee vont ze vurld unt vee vont it NOW!!"* Jim Morrison never sounded like that. Oh well, five to one are just betting odds now.

AUTOMATICS: When The Tanks Roll Over Poland Again (Island). More Germanic connexions as guitarist-singer Dave Philp screams in Serbo-Croat above the standard punk-a-chunk-lunkhead backing. If you ever wondered what kind of band actually supports The Vibrators, this is it.

THE MEMBERS: Solitary Confinement (Stiff). I've heard life described as both a 'bowl of cherries' and a 'crock of shit', but never as 'solitary confinement'. Jeez, these guys must be boring if they really believe that. The couple of spoken interludes amidst the punky facade indicate a bit of suss but don't look down on yer audience, lads, and don't ever urinate on 'em. This is steam.

THE RUTLES: Let's Be Natural/Piggy In The Middle (Warner Bros) BONZO DOG BAND: I'm The Urban Spaceman/The Intro And The Outro/The Strain (United Artists). Neil Innes does a better John Lennon than Jeff Lynne but The Rutles still sound more like Liverpool Express or Klaatu than the Fab Four. "Piggy In The Middle" is close enough to "I Am The Walrus" to warrant litigation, sure, but that doesn't mean it's funny. The evidently popular *All You Need Is Cash* was mostly a host of missed opportunities, telling you nothing about The Beatles but plenty about Innes' ability to string together a few pop cliches. But his intended satire has always been ill-defined and insipid, witness his work with the Bonzos. "Urban Spaceman", a big hit in 1968, was a pleasant enough pop song but amusing only by virtue of Viv Stanshall's

● *Continues over page*

LORA LOGIC wins pic sleeve of the week.

SINGLES

● *Continued from page 27*

supporting performance. Stanshall's twin compositions on the B-side are clearer indications of the Bonzos' appeal: silliness and vulgarity. "The Strain", with Viv groaning and wheezing in ecstacy, is the soul dance everyone can do in the privacy of their own toilet.

KATE BUSH: The Man With The Child In His Eyes (EMI). "Wuthering Heights", I suppose, had a certain barmy appeal. I mean, it always gave us a laugh whenever it came on: "Is it Pinky, Perky, a Chinese drunk or that squeaky voiced old boiler again?" But this, a kind of aural *Sailor Who Fell From Grace With The Sea* (i.e. clumsy *and* pretentious), is just plain dull. Should be a big hit.

HARVEY ANDREWS: Soldier (Cube). A straightforward narrative protest song? Yes, and quaintly touching, too, as Harvey — sounding remarkably like the young Tim Buckley — laments the dim soldiers' plight in *"Another bloody chapter of an endless civil war."* A pricklier tale of Ulster woe than, say, Donovan would ever have come up with, and this was originally released in 1972. Sad, eh?

BIG A: Caribbean Air Control (Sonet). Already picking up airplay, this is a rip-off of that Coconut Airways wotsit, but disco-fied up and attempting to mesh the narrative control of Bowie's "Space Oddity" with mystical burblings about the Bermuda Triangle. The Devil made them do it, I guess.

BRYN HAWORTH: We're All One (A&M). Whether Bryn means "we're all one" in the Hari Georgeson or the Tom Robinson sense I don't know, and this brassy brash bash doesn't compel me to dig deep, maan. However, I retain a probably ill-founded suspicion that Mr Haworth can do better than this.

GALLAGHER AND LYLE: You're The One (A&M). Blimey, accusations are fair flying about now. Actually, the 'one' here is, I believe, the object of Benny and Graham's desire. An anaemic ditty which nevertheless manages to be so sickly sweet that they should consider calling themselves Tate and Lyle.

PATCHWORK: Nothing Wrong With Women (Wasp). They may well be Wasp on the Patchwork label, it's impossible to tell. Whatever they are, this is an exceedingly unpleasant slice of sexist rock *(Hold on, I thought Monty was doing the singles this week. — Ed.)*, all big tits and little willies, taken at a mid-60s R&B roll and delivered in a belchy Welsh leer. I wouldn't have minded if it was funny. And that's just the B-side. Top side is a rugby dressing room reject. The Wrexham Wurzels, I guess.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA: Whole Lotta Love (Anchor). Quite effective when relying purely on *Psycho*-like strings but the arrival of the horns and 'exotic' percussion finally tips it into the unholy realm of seaside cabaret. The things Andre Previn's old drinking partners will do for a small glass of sherry. . .

YELLOW DOG: Wait Until Midnight (Virgin). I preferred Kenny Young when he was Fox but then I suppose that big Aussie bint's voice would be more appealing than the weak whine of the stammering buffoon currently fronting Yellow Dog — you know the guy, he sounds like one of Marc Bolan's fairies. The extent of Mr Young's shameless opportunism can be gauged by the B-side title, "Down At The Vortex". Too late, Kenny, too late.

SOME MORE YANKS

ROBERT GORDON: The Way I Walk (Private Stock). My fondest memory of Mr Gordon remains his stunning performance of "Red Hot". He appears to have slowed down since then and not even Link Wray's presence can enliven this pedestrain (sic) version of Jack Scott's "The Way I Walk". As for "Sea Cruise", on the flip daddio, John Fogerty can do it a whole lot meatier all by himself. Even Frankie Ford does it better. (Don't write in, this is a joke.)

EDDIE FONTAINE: Nothin' Shakin' (Chess). Back in '58, I hear tell, the only thing shakin' was the leaves on the trees. Don't you believe it. Mr Fontaine, a contemporary — reluctant, no doubt — of V.P. Nixon, gives good shake, rattle *and* roll. I'm not sure, though, quite how much I crave the days of blokes with weak knees and gals who were a 'doggone tease'.

WARREN ZEVON: Nighttime In The Switching Yard (Asylum). He's the current US whizz-kid, is Warren, a Jackson Browne protege who forsakes neurotic "lonely at the top" bleating for obscurantist media in-jokes. This Doobie-like, er, 'funkiness' is about as meaningful as any on-going masturbatory exercise could be. At least Andrew Gold writes chewns, sometimes.

WALTER EGAN: Sweet South Breeze (Polydor). Do you suppose this inoffensive piece of Californi-yawn by the personable Mr Egan is as completely out of touch as are songs by the other 99 per cent of the inhabitants of that state? Clue: the producer is F. Mac's Lindsey Buckingham.

JOHNNY CASH AND WAYLON JENNINGS: There Ain't No Good Chain Gang (CBS). The unlikeliest pair of reformed rebels you ever could wish to hear (y'all) list their prison lesson learning: *"There ain't no good in an evil-hearted woman . . . You don't go writing hot cheques down in Mississippi. . . "* etc., to a bar-room tempo paced a shade faster than you can pour a pint. I'm keeping it.

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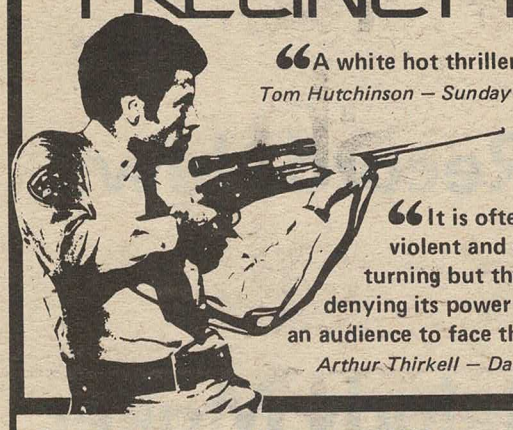

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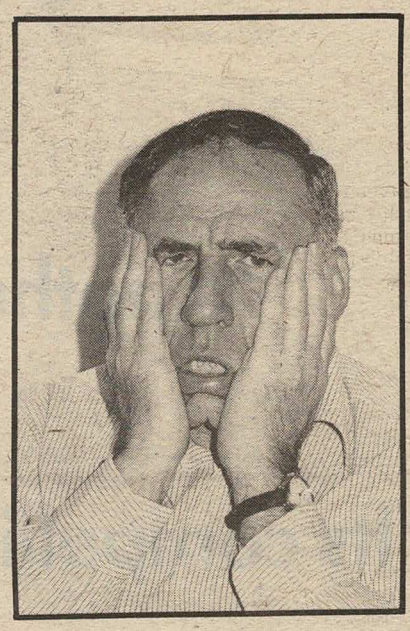

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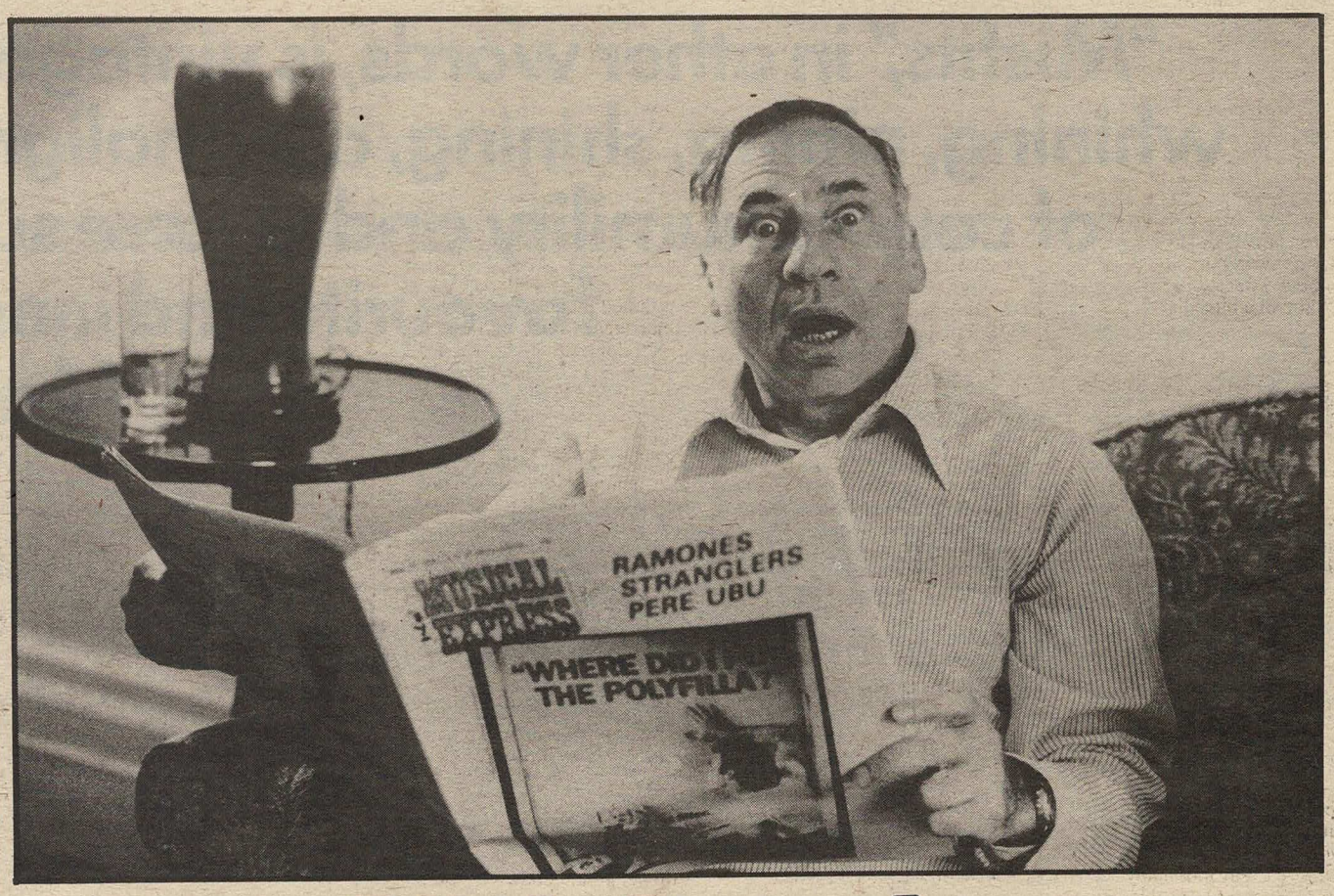

Mel Brooks, Consenting Jew

SILVER SCREEN

Monty Smith talks to the creator of High Anxiety

Snappix by TOM SHEEHAN

MEL BROOKS sets his small frame rigid, hands clasped but mouth — as usual — agape.

"Let me tell you something. I eat only once a day, I eat nothing but home-grown Japanese vegetables and I drink nothing but clear mountain spring water.

"George Bernard Shaw turned me on to vegetarianism and that's kept me very healthy. Since then I've never used anything like dope or grass. Japanese vegetables are the reason for my calmness, my simple aesthetic being, and I have no need for sex.

"Now that's a fucking lie. You may use all of it and ascribe it to me, but I want you to know that it's all made up so that I can give you more material to make an attack on me. And if you attack me, Monty . . ."

Brooks' blunderbuss humour has served him well through six films, ranging from the audacious black comedy of *The Producers* through the scatalogical set-pieces of *Blazing Saddles* and the stylistic consistency of *Young Frankenstein* (subjects of an NME Sideswipe last year, 26/2/77.).

A writer/producer/director who has taken increasingly large acting parts in his films, Brooks even composed the title song for his latest, the Hitchcockian spoof *High Anxiety*.

"I like to keep busy," he shrugs. "What can I tell you? If I could play basketball I'd be dribbling right now."

Pause for laughter. His timing is impeccable, right up there with George Burns and Jack Benny, but faster. To come face-to-face with this 50-year-old rubber-faced funny man is to play straight foil to a manic monologuist who, nevertheless, manages mercilessly to mug for the photographer.

"I like to mix a little of the Marx Brothers in with the wit," he confides, between 'takes'. "A cerebral chimp is what I am, basically."

Brooks, in London promoting *High Anxiety*, has been giving interviews all day, but his ceaseless energy and prodigious imagination have yet to be sated. He's restless, often walking across the hotel room to pour himself a tea or pop a cream puff into his mouth ("A sin! I'm eating a sin!"), but he remains attentive and good-humoured. the only thing that appears to needle him is if people don't treat comedy as the, ahem, Serious Business he considers it to be, which is well in line with Groucho Marx's famous comment: "People have no respect for comedy. They think it's easy."

Dapper in US Sta-Prest casuals, he seems a far cry from the Brooklyn slum kid whose unprepossessing appearance forced him into telling jokes and doing impressions back in the early 1940s. What I assume to be a couple of plonk bottles nestling in his waste-bin turn out to be empty Evian spring water, so maybe he *is* into Japanese vegetables after all. Whatever, he has the unusual ability to be amusing whilst actually giving discourses on the dialectics of comedy.

"Are you going to ask any personal questions?" he enquiries, with a feigned anxiety that is immediately disarming. I assure him that the innocuous stuff comes first, so that when he thinks I'm on his side I can suddenly toss in the rootsy queries.

"Right, right," he says, leaning back and affecting an absurdly effeminate English accent:

" 'So, Mr. Brooks, then you are indeed a homosexual?' "

He holds his head in mock shock.

"I'm a consenting Jew, let's leave it at that . . ."

Impossible to keep a straight face when confronted with such an unexpected routine — and nearly as difficult to remember that I'm here to ask questions. But I blabber purposefully and wonder aloud, regarding the scant respect afforded screen comedy, whether Brooks pays any mind to critics.

"Only if I read them does it bother me," he replies quickly in the kind of endearing wise-ass New York Jewish voice patented by Groucho Marx and a host of cigar-stub-chewing cab drivers.

"To be frank, I tell my friends not to show me or tell me about bad reviews, unless they feel it is based on constructive criticism. If it's just vitriol based on personal invective or someone working out their complicated neuroses, then I'm not interested in being soiled by it.

"Give me all the good reviews — I know that's not a very courageous attitude, but I don't mind being a coward at all. I don't want my creativity slowed up, my next picture to suffer, just because somebody that I really don't respect takes issue with my work."

Before I can blurt out my next . . .

"I thought you were going to start soft, but that's a tough question right up front. You lied to me, Monty. I thought you were going to ask if I shaved every day, things like that, easy questions.

"Son of a bitch liar!"

BECAUSE BROOKS comes from a background of gag-writing for Sid Caesar's *Show Of Shows* in the '50s (his colleagues included Woody Allen and Neil Simon), his films have been dismissed in some quarters are "ragbags of good and bad gags" and "no more than the sum of their parts."

He'll have none of it.

"My films are constructed very well. My story lines are better than most of the action-adventure crap I see in movies all the time.

"You could take the comedy out of my pictures and the story line would work beautifully. I would venture to say that many dramas don't have as tight a plot as *The Producers,* with central characters who relate so well to each other.

"*And Blazing Saddles.* How about the juxtaposition of a black sheriff in a redneck town? Fabulous idea, very tight plot.

"*Young Frankenstein* was Mary Shelley's brilliant plot. *Silent Movie* has to do with innocence against conglomerate corruption, with dreams coming true. Very tightly honed.

"And, of course, we worked very hard to get a Hitchcock plot for *High Anxiety*. We decided we had to get a plot which worked without comedy and *then* add the comedy. And we did.

"But critics think that because it's a comedy, it's just a pot-pourri collage of jokes with no centre, no base, no philosophical or psychological comment."

The stylistic accuracy with which Brooks imbued *Young Frankenstein* is even more pronounced in *High Anxiety,* with much of the humour emanating from lighting and editing effects peculiar to Hitchcock. Which is very clever, but will moviegoers fully appreciate it?

"The movie is doing splendidly in the States, which means there are enough non-cognoscenti who are not aware of the nuances of Hitchcock who are buying it like they bought *The Show Of Shows.*

"We were doing satires of Japanese movies in 1952 when America had never *heard* of Japanese movies.

BROOKS and KAHN: "Jeez, he asks dumb questions . . ."

Yet they were successful because the Japanese film was merely an excuse to examine human behaviour.

"And that's why it works, because I'm talking about how people react under given stress, and Hitchcock is just a wonderful excuse.So I'm never worried about exotic specifics, because they're meaningless, they're colour, they're texture — the heart of the matter is how human beings behave.

"I take offence at the critics who say because it's a comedy, it's frivolous. They say, "When are you going to do a serious film?' I say, 'You fucking asshole, they *are* serious. They are not dramatic but they are *all* serious.'

"And then they say, ' What's he getting so upset about? The guy's fucking bananas you know?'

"Chaplin was a little more blatant and always pointed out that his films were serious, but Keaton had a lot more dignity and *never* pointed out that they were serious. The silliest ones, the Marx Brothers, had one lousy gag after another, but they always had something to attack, always a good palpable enemy.

"Comedy is a serious art form. It outlives drama every time. Let's talk about movies. D. W. Griffith — the greatest Eisenstein — the greatest. Well, you wanna see *Potemkin* or you wanna see *Intolerance* or you wanna see *Greed,* you gotta know a friend at a museum. But if you wanna see *The Gold Rush* or *The Navigator,* you'll find them somewhere. They're alive, they're not *dead* not museum pieces.

"Comedy has more muscle and steel because, I'll tell ya, it's not fake-fucking-make-believe stupid little stories — it mimics the eternal verities of human behaviour, if it's good, and that's why it's more important than drama.

"And that's why I couldn't do a drama, because I'd be embarrassed by the falsity involved. At least I can comment on current insanity and if it's good it'll live for a while."

Much of Brooks' work is triumphantly tasteless — though even he has limits, admitting that he has no stomach for pornography — and Warner and his fabulous Brothers begged him to remove the famous camp-fire flatuence scene from *Blazing Saddles.*

"There are things you don't joke about in a given era that seem silly *not* to joke about ten years later and *ludicrous* not to joke about a hundred years later.

"If I were living in Victorian times, I would've been Oscar Wildean in my approach to comedy, perhaps more elegant, more vocal, less physical — and certainly less vulgar. But I'm allowed the excesses that Wycherley and Sheridan and Goldsmith were wont to commit — that's pretty vulgar and lewd stuff if you want to truly examine Restoration comedy."

Does Brooks' wife, the esteemed actress Anne Bancroft, enjoy his vulgar jokes?

"Some yes, some no. It just depends on how funny they are."

ONE MAN WHO appears to have come good in the world of screen comedy is Woody Allen ("The Champ", Brooks calls him), whose *Annie Hall* is the perfect vehicle for his idiosyncratic style.

Does Brooks think he's attained that near-perfect marriage of form and content?

"I don't think I have yet. I'm on my way to something, I'm not sure what it is. I may have *passed* it, you know what I mean? I may be segueing into the wrong field but I'll find out, then double back and eventually get there.

"I'm very proud of the films I've made."

Is he proud of the fact that two of his 'repertory actors' — Gene Wilder and Marty Feldman — have gone on to direct their own movies?

"It's dangerous. You hire these people and then they take off and open a store across the street. Not only are they using up all the goddam genres on me, but they've taken my composer (John Morris)."

More seriously, he wishes them "great good luck". But does he miss Gene Wilder?

"Gene Wilder's a fag, you know that? He's living with a guy in Akron, Ohio — they've just picked out drapes.

"No, that's a dirty lie. Gene Wilder is the opposite of a fag. What's that — a priest? No, Gene fools around with ladies a *lot.* He has every right to, he's not married.

"But, yes, of course I miss him. But I need a Promethean role for Gene and I'm working on a large part for him in my next epic."

He's not kidding either, because Brooks' latest notion is *The History Of The World . . Part One.*

"My job is very simple," he says. "Just to observe, make some deductions and comment on what we are."

● ***Charles Shaar Murray reviews High Anxiety in the next Silver Screen.***

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GABRIEL: THE IM GETS A TWEA

THIS IS ABSOLUTELY ridiculous. It's a blistering hot Saturday afternoon and I'm stuck in a highway service station set-up along with about 200 other people who seem to have chosen to spend their time in this hideous limbo fall-out zone/plastic fun palace for the purpose of actual pleasure-fulfilment.

The hire car's broken down and I'm spending my time eating plastic food, talking to another man's wife I've just met an hour ago, wandering around the labyrinth playing the *Star Wars* machines, looking for a shop that sells Marlboros and having four mug shots for 20p.

They look terrible — I look terrible, so I go back to my female companion because after all we've both got two things in common. We're both stranded and we're both waiting for a bald-headed man to come and rescue us, to drive us both to the cool clear calm of his Bath country cottage.

There we will both go about our business: hers is pleasure, actually the pleasure of reacquanting herself with old friends, and mine is strictly business — the business of interviewing the bald-headed man, better known as Peter Gabriel. I've never met him before, but the aim is to glean some essence of a truth and a story and have it written up all in one day.

This is the most ridiculous aspect about it. I've never met Peter Gabriel before but — more heinous — I've never been overtly interested in him, his career, his talents or his music. I have written about him once before, in a live review that was so lacking in perspective I've more or less successfully blanked it out of my memory bank. As a quick crammer course, I've spent the previous couple of days fairly idolently listening to a plethora of Genesis albums — not a particularly gratifying experience, though the last effort in which Gabriel took part, "The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway", had a compelling appeal that often transcended the hoary weightiness of the mammoth concept that held the equally mammoth four sides of vinyl together.

Gabriel's two solo albums were also played over and over again — a considerably more agreeable function, as his first effort is a fine record with at least one 24-carat irresistible classic in "Solsbury Hill" and a strong supporting cast of material that, all in all, in a year besmeared with great albums (1977 for the uninitiated) was, in retrospect, sorely underrated.

The new release, though, was harder to get a grip on — to the point, in fact, where its brazenly left-field veneer left me cold at first, and it's only now that its strengths are starting to come across.

All of which is a somewhat wimpish long-winded way of saying that the encounter with Gabriel was one I was just going to have to wing my way through. No strong pre-perspective had been garnered, but at least I had no preconseptions.

The bald-headed man wanders into the cafeteria up the stair-case, and my new-found female companion recognises him immediately. Having been informed of Gabriel's shaven dome, I was expecting a Robert de Niro "Travis Bickle" style entry, as when the *Taxi Driver* hero had just gotten his "Last Of The Mohicans" special in readiness for the big shoot-up at the film's climax. My imagination kept flashing to the vision of De Niro-Bickle with his Mohican and shades in the crowd scene just before the big gore-in itself — that same disarmingly sinister presence — trying to imagine a similar aura surrounding Gabriel.

Instead, I'm greeted by a quiet, softspoken type in totally nondescript casual wear. The shaven dome is at first disconcerting but it grants Gabriel's choirboy puckish features an almost monk-like innocuousness.

GABRIEL IS in fact immediately likeable. His manner seems rooted in a genuine shyness as we drive for some 40 or so miles talking our way into an acquaintanceship. More to the point, all the classic rock star and interviewer encounter wariness — traits which manifest themselves so often in most interviews I've done (typical example: the artist prefaces interview by wearing shades, by being aloof, curt and cynical) are totally absent.

But then Gabriel is not yer ahem .... average rock star.

An odd proposition all told — having come from the theatrics and extravagant technology of Genesis where he never really allowed his own character to show itself, his own unmasking in the name of a solo career has been an intriguing spectacle to behold with, generally, integrity rating and strong critical support both in the States and the UK.

Yet as he enters into the proverbial second chapter, his image refuses to find a steady focus, choosing, like the elaborate picture design bedecking the second album's inner sleeve, to stay hutched without an identity.

The music has to do all the work now, Gabriel appears to be stating, and in many respects it does that work with a strength and thoughtfulness that may well bear a sturdier essence than that of the flashy-fizz brilliance but ultimately somewhat facile essence of his most obvious fellow performer, David Bowie.

When studied in parallel, both artistes' careers are remarkably alike, even down to the timing of the dispensation of alter egos/characters/ masks on both's parts. More dramatic, both Gabriel and Bowie seem adamant about pursuing their individual directions — directions that again coincide (note even the incestuous nature of the Fripp-Eno axis that both utilise) in that they are becoming more determinedly uncommercial with each release.

Already the buzz within the industry on Gabriel's new album is one of . . . well, let's say slight confusion — in the form of how best to 'sell the product'. The American company, Atlantic, has openly stated that it is unhappy about an apparent lack of 'commercial', 'immediate' single material, while in England the single "D.I.Y." seems destined to sink without trace only three weeks after its release.

Gabriel himself is not so much adamant as — well, thoughtful is probably the most accurate term for his awareness of the situation. He'll admit that, for the second album, he went totally against the nudging whispers of certain record company bods who wanted "another album full of 'Solisbury Hills' and 'Modern Loves' ". But at the same time, where Bowie takes a ruthlessly maverick stance in interviews these days, Gabriel acknowledges that he is in business to sell himself — and his records — and that considerations of all things commercial aren't to be ruled out.

"I am concerned that people think that there are no obvious singles on the album," he confesses. "I thought possibly that there were a couple of potential ones there . . . I don't know . . . I still believe in 'D.I.Y.' commercially.

The Yanks appear not to. In fact, promotion on this album seems at once a trifle odd. There's no tour planned for a start, though Gabriel claims to have a virtually complete band at his disposal (basically the bunch he last played Britain with: a strong mixture of players from the Bob Ezrin stable with whom Gabriel clicked personally when Ezrin produced his first solo album — plus some hot additions).

Instead, there's to be a host of American radio stations to be visited in the coming month — that's taking care of business, US style — whereas last year it was a grand tour with the expensive likes of session guitarist Steve Hunter and a similarly costly crew of heavy professionals, and with Television as support.

The tour was not overwhelming successful — Gabriel hazily names a loss of between 30 and 60,000 greenbacks — though it wasn't a failure either, with a steady clique of the curious unusually keeping the halls packed. The big failure, as far as Atlantic were concerned, was that "Solisbury Hill" didn't take off, thus not carrying the album in its wake.

AND IN Britain? Well, this is what Mr. Gabriel and I are doing here. An exclusive interview for you all.

"Exposure / Exposure / Exposure / Exposure / Space is what I need / It's what I feed on". (From "Exposure", lyrics by Peter Gabriel).

"I think I get caught up in habits and routines which get . . . comfortable . . . and once in a while I'll make an effort to kick myself away."

That's Gabriel explaining the shaven head which, by the way, he told me was done primarily "not to get attention" but as a "self-improvement" mechanism — for both spiritual and practical reasons. That sentence about being "comfortable" is a classic Gabriel statement, though — every word chosen with care to describe a part of himself.

He will go on to concurr with the same statement when I ask if it was the same reason that made him leave Genesis at the very point where they'd really broken through to the big time after seven years or so of being in the group's vanguard, building the fabric on which the group has finally — despite the setbacks of Gabriel's departure and, more recently, that of guitarist Steve Hackett — reached platinum status.

Gabriel will talk quite candidly about his split from Genesis now — objectively, with no malice (not that there ever seemed to be any) and only the merest hint of anger about the 'democratic' nature of the group's construction which ended up at odds with his almost singlehanded work on the concept of the "Lamb / Broadway" album. That plus the feeling of going through the motions on stage, even though he still feels that the "Lamb" album was the finest thing he did with the band.

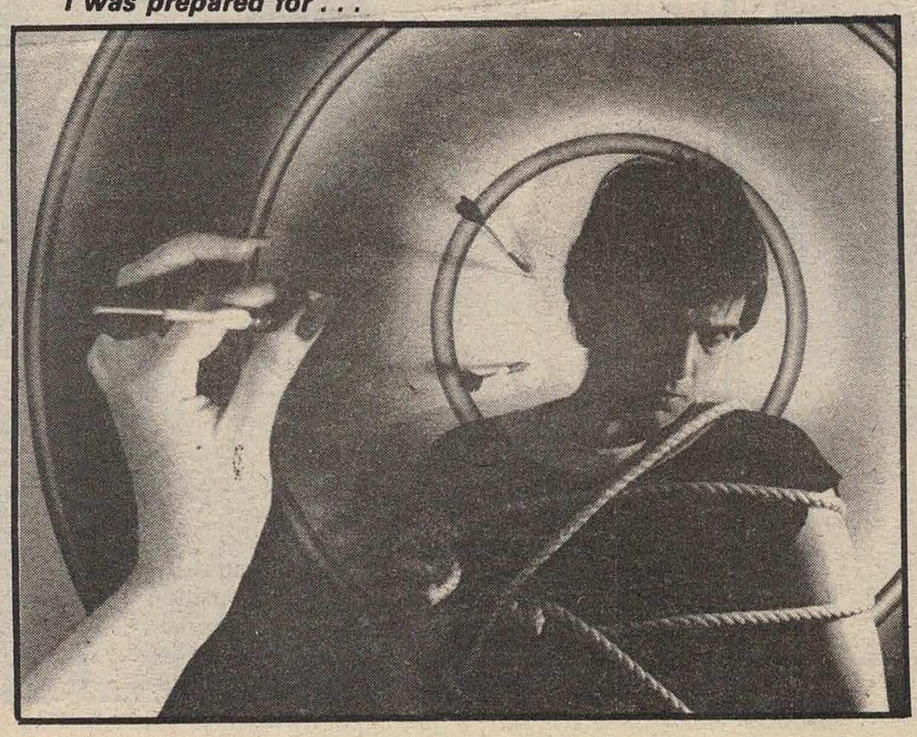
To understand Gabriel at all, one has to start with his childhood — a subject he talks of willingly, but with more coldness in his tone. It transpires that his childhood and, particularly, his adolescence were not exactly happy years.

"I was from a typical . . . upper middle class background, I suppose. My father's father was a very wealthy timber merchant and manufacturer and though he broke away from all that in a sense, there were still traditions to be handed down."

The most vehement of which was that the young Gabriel be sent to the same school as his ancestors — Charterhouse public school. Gabriel's images of first entering what he now describes as

The Crazy Baldhead of Bath Meets NME's Sublime Subterranean— NICK KENT to you.

I was prepared for . . .



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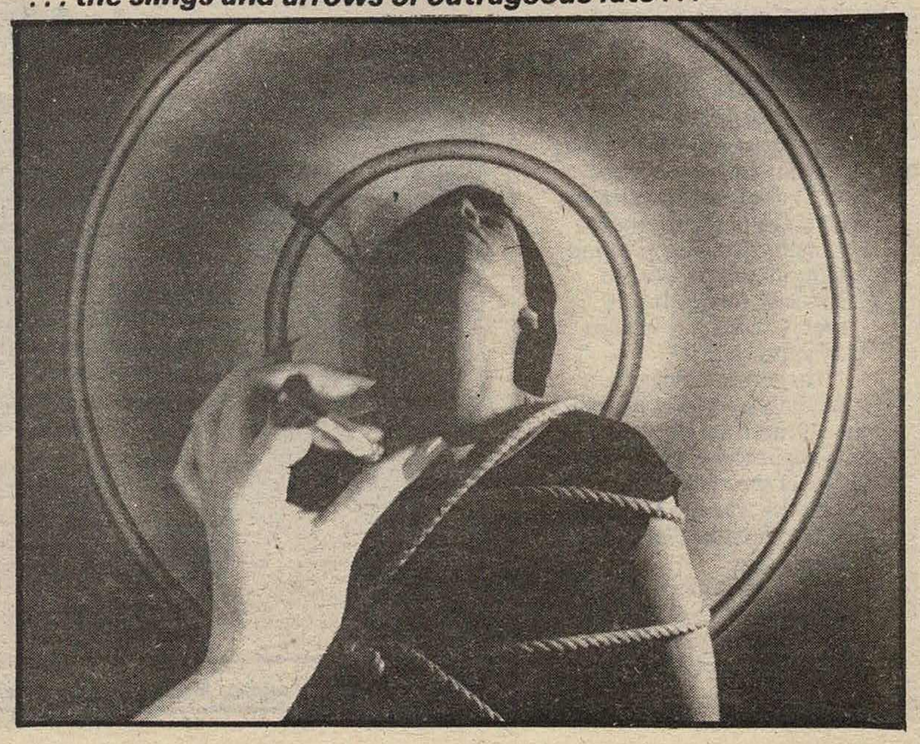

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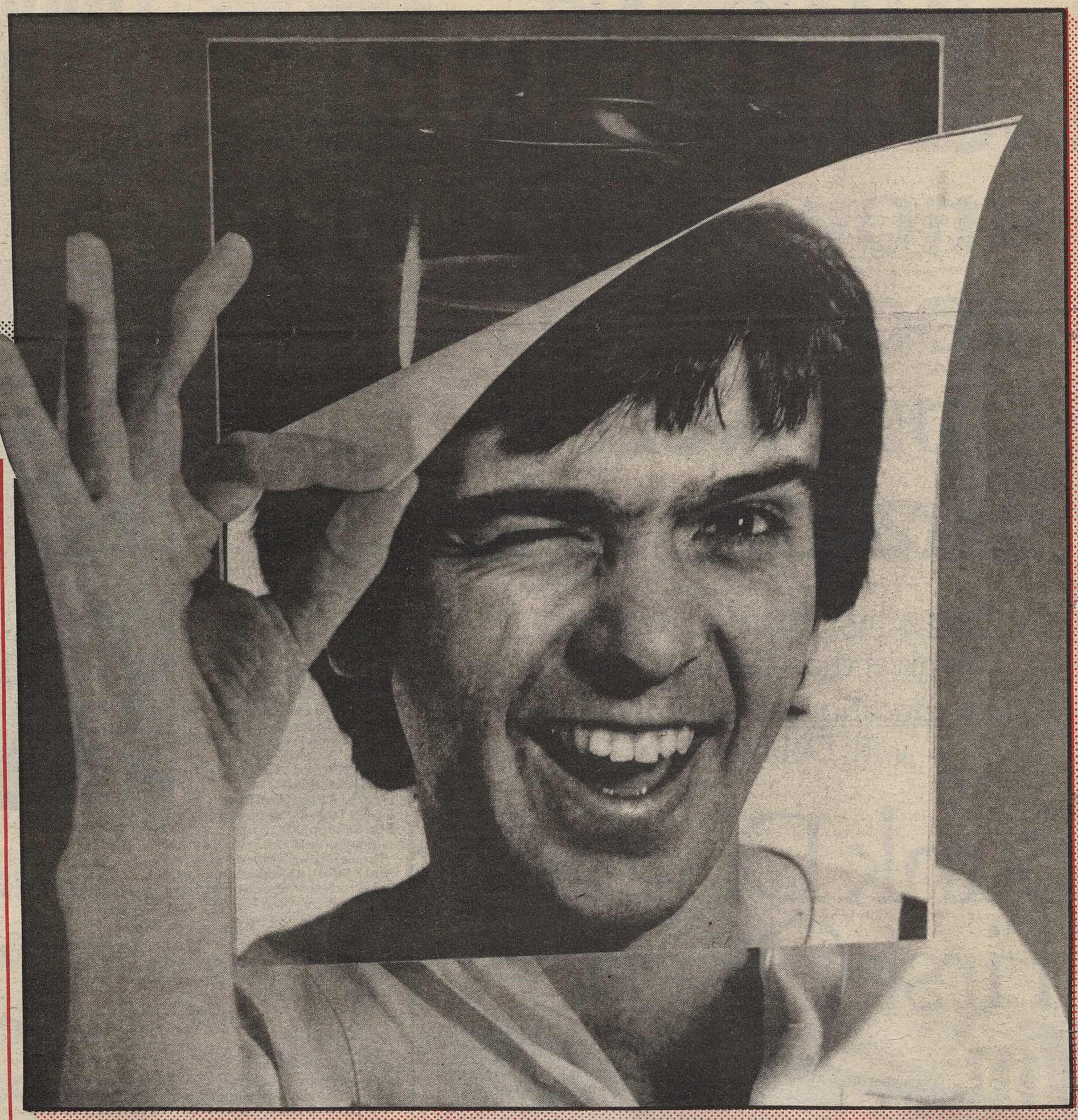

a "fearsomely repressive institution" are tersely and grimly recalled as if the pain of the time is still echoed in his life to this day.

"My first night in the school is still vivid in my mind. There were no curtains on the windows and the lights from the cars passing on the road would reflect across the ceiling. It just reminded me of a sky full of bombs, and there were lots of boys crying uncontrollably — it was their first time away from home. It was just all such an incredibly ugly thing to recall . . .

"They always say you can tell an ex-public school boy in prison because he takes to it like a duck to water."

Gabriel went on through the classic public school numbers: the neuroses; the homosexual frustrations ("There was always that, yeah. The awareness of the pretty boy and there being this certain feeling of lust. I was more the short, spotty type, so I was never one of them, though."); the incredible hang-ups about encounters with the opposite sex ("It just all set you up for conceiving the woman as only two things — the whore or the princess.").

Worse still, "although I think now in many ways it taught me a lot about survival — I actually learnt how to survive there." Gabriel wasn't particularly strong either academically or on the sports field. Life was miserable until the advent of rock music or, more precisely, the young Gabriel's first exposure to it.

"Music, you see, was suddenly something I could identify with. It was the only thing that could obliterate the feeling of sheer misery and uselessness."

First it was The Beatles and then sprightly into soul with Otis Redding very much the main influence. Gabriel though initially conceived of an active role in music-making — albeit on a purely amateurish school-bound level — not as a singer but as a drummer. There follows the naming of innumerable Charterhouse groups that Gabriel went through — there's The Garden Wall and The Milords for starters — and finally on to the actual seeding of Genesis with Gabriel, Tony Banks and Michael Rutherford (plus early Genesis guitarist Anthony Phillips) forming a nucleus as all three / four were stuck inside the same school and chose finally to forego the sham security of a possible university degree in search of techno-rock world domination.

Genesis' history is long and not something I wish to entangle myself in at all, mainly because the group virtually always left me cold and anyway it's all for the biographies now . . .

. . . but not this!

BUT GABRIEL intrigues. Intrigues because there's the paradox of virtual non-image to be weighed against the strength of someone who's been one of the very few who've had enough personality and single-mindedness of artistic purpose to be produced by Bob Ezrin and not be swamped by the latter's penchant for almost complete takeovers of the artiste(s) in question (I'm thinking of Lou Reed's "Berlin" primarily and, of course, pathetic old Alice Cooper).

Gabriel actually talks about Ezrin with great respct. The latter was initially one of five names on a shortlist that included Todd Rundgren and Jack Nitzsche, whom Gabriel chose for his work on the *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* soundtrack. Another album with Ezrin was even on the cards tentatively. The eventual coalition with Robert Fripp was formed through friendship and mutual respect.

"It's strange though, because Robert really thinks that I didn't somehow give him enough musically. He kept drawing parallels with Eno because, well . . . Eno's just done Talking Heads and Devo and Fripp's produced my album and Darryl Hall's. Eno claims that Devo didn't give him any room to breathe, while Talking Heads were exactly the opposite and so Robert draws this parellel with me not giving him enough space whereas the Hall project was very fulfilling."

It's strange that Fripp should feel in the least frustrated by the work on Gabriel's second record because, once past the disarming non-focus veneer, there's a quietly remarkable talent at work — quiet in the manner of the slow fuse burn of "Mother Of Violence" with Roy Bittan's piano work outstripping anything he's turned out for either Bruce Springsteen or David Bowie. Closer to the root of the album, there's a purity, a strength to the songs individual enough to mark Gabriel out as a man whose creative zenith is close at hand.

Meanwhile, while listing down the positive aspects he perceives in the record, Gabriel still refuses to "see it as anything more than just a pop album. That's what I went in to make and that's what it is."

And Gabriel expresses an earnest desire to keep in touch by means of singles — at least one every three months.

Another album is even talked about by his business associates, to be made brusquely on the heels of this one. To Gabriel it's keeping your finger in, to the company it's product that will hopefully put them in a stronger bargaining position with certain continental markets.

Meanwhile, Gabriel — while finding the term 'product' itself abhorrent and being definitely a rock activist (though often he's too subtle to be noted as such) when the lines of big business are drawn up against the artiste attempting change amid the rock medium — is still realistically down to earth in his rhetoric about the biz and where he fits into it.

"My manager I would imagine considers me currently as a fair long range bet . . . nothing too extravagant."

And his bank balance, he claims, is mostly made up of royalties from Genesis ...

"If I consider my current financial situation realistically, I would say that I'd be able to survive in this cottage with my wife and two children living fairly decently for five years. No more than that — and that's being generous — and therefore I am concerned about selling records and being a success. Right now I'm just not compromising — that's all.

"It's like . . . you asked me about my ego drive. Well, a girlfriend of Robert's said we were both, and I quote, 'passive aggressives'. And I can see something in that because I can float along quite happily but when I get moved to do something then I can get quite . . . 'obstinate'."

"Exposure / Exposure / Exposure / Exposure / Out in the open." "Exposure."

(Lyrics by Peter Gabriel)

All you've ever wanted to know about rock music, but were afraid to ask.

Naughtier than the Bonzos.
Funkier than Derek & Clive.
More educational than an evening in with Debbie Harry.

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Every schoolgirl's dream.

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Record: PL 25138
Cassette: PK 25138

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

WHO WERE the musicians who provided the back-ups on "Whole Wide World" by Wreckless Eric? Do I get a record token for asking? — **R. FORAN, Cork, Ireland.**

● **The back-upperers on Eric's global-encompassing ditty were Steve Goulding (drums) plus Nick Lowe, Nick Lowe and Nick Lowe. Next week, the said Mr Lowe provides his impersonation of the Halle Orchestra, in the meantime there'll be no handouts from this column. Bloomin' nerve — ever since Lynott and Geldof elbowed their way onto that Blast Furnace EP, we've had nothing but trouble with uppity Irishmen!**

COULD YOU tell me which group Gary Wright played with before going solo? Also, which albums has he made, apart from "Dream Weaver"? — **DOUGLAS RODGER, Edinburgh 4.**

● **NEW Jersey-born Wright gigged with a band called New York Times back in the mid-'60s. Later, following a tour of Norway, where the band played support to Traffic, he met Chris Blackwell of Island Records and moved to London where he formed Spooky Tooth with Mike Harrison (keyboards, vocals), Luther Grosvenor a.k.a. Ariel Bender (guitar), Greg Ridley (bass) and Mike Kellie (drums), appearing on six of the band's seven albums for Island and Good Ear. His first solo albums, "Extraction" (A&M AMLS 2004) and "Footprint" (A&M AMLS 64296) were recorded during a break from Spooky Tooth during the early '70s. Later, in 1974, Wright returned to the States and cut "Dream Weaver" (Warner Bros K56141), since which time he has recorded "The Light Of Smiles" (Warner Bros K56278 — 1976) and "Touch And Gone" (Warner Bros, K56435 — 1977). A compilation of early Wright material titled "That Was Only Yesterday" is available on A&M import SP3528.**

WOULD YOU print an Easybeats' discography and also tell me where I can lay my hands on a copy of the band's "Who'll Be The One?" single? — **N LEVIN, Pimlico, London.**

● **Hell . . . I can't go through everything that the Easys were involved in — I mean, the list just goes on forever! However, I hear that Ken Barnes and Glenn Baker have compiled a nigh-rundown on Vanda - Young in the current edition of *Bomp,* so perhaps you can grab yourself a copy of that from your nearest greengrocer's. In the meantime, here's a listing of the band's British releases.**

Singles: "Come And See Her"/"Maker You Feel Alright" (UA UP1144, 1966), "Friday On My Mind"/"Made My Bed, Gonna Lie In It"(UA UP1157, 1966), "Who'll Be The One"/"Saturday Night" (UA UP1175, 1967), "Heaven And Hell"/"Pretty Girl" (UA UP1183, 1967), "Music Goes Round My Head"/"Come In, You'll Get Pneumonia" (UA UP1201, 1967), "Hello, How Are You?"/"Falling Off The Edge Of The World" (UA UP2209, 1968), "Land Of Make Believe"/"We All Live Happily" (UA UP2219, 1968), "Good Times"/"Lay Me Down And Die" (UA UP2243, 1968), "St Louis"/"Can't Find Love" (Polydor 56-335, 1969), "Who Are My Fiends?"/"Rock And Roll Boogie" (Polydor 2001-028, 1970).

To these can be added a whole kangaroo's pouchful of Aussie singles, plus myriad other items that Harry Vanda and George Young, the band's mainmen, recorded under such names as Paintbox, Tramp, Grapefruit, Band Of Hope, The Marcus Hook Roll Band etc, the most recent of these being "St Peter"/"Walking In The Rain" as Flash And The Pan, on Ensign, with a newie, "Down Among The Dead Men"/"The Man Who Knew All The Answers", another Ensign release, being scheduled for July release.

Albumwise, The Easybeats had a trio of British releases, these being: "Good Friday" (UA SULP1147, 1967), "Virgil" (UA SULP1193, 1968) and "Friends" (Polydor 2482 010, 1970), while "Hard Rock" (Polydor 2480 249, 1974), by former Easybeat Stevie Wright, produced by Vanda and Young, is a personal favourite that's worth picking up if you can spot a copy around.

Finding the "Who'll Be The One?" single nowadays could present a fair problem and I guess the best thing to do is merely keep your mincers on Rock On or similar collectors' shops. However, the song does appear as a track on "Let's Dance With The Easybeats" (Sunset SLS 50 162 Z) a German compilation currently being imported by wholesalers Stage One. Any good import shop will order a copy for you.

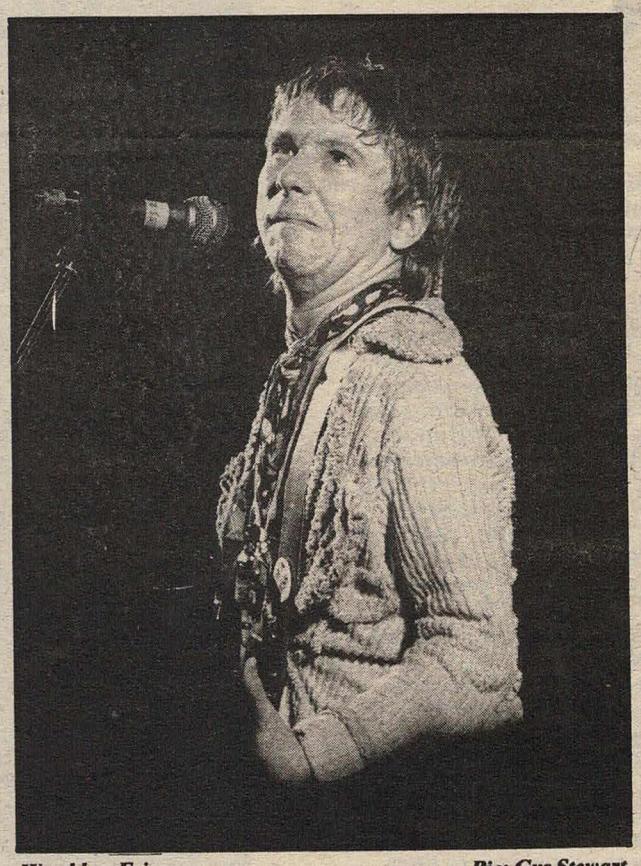
OKAY, SO "Little Orphan Annie" has been converted into a musical — but what I want to know is, has Dick Tracy ever made it onto the big screen? — **SILAS J PARAMOUNT III, Universal Flicks, Wigan.**

● **Yep, even before Tracy signed to *NME* Features Inc., he'd made it big in Hollywood, appearing in *Dick Tracy,* a 1945 movie starring Morgan Conway, Jane Greer, Mike Mazurki and Anne Jeffreys; *Dick Tracy vs Cueball* (1946), in which Morgan Conway reappeared; *Dick Tracy Meets Gruesome* (1947) with Ralph Byrd, Boris Karloff, Anne Gwynne and Edward Ashley; and *Dick Tracy's Dilemma* (1947) another Ralph Byrd starrer.**

In the original film, the box-jawed dick tracked down Splitface, a disfigured maniac, while the Gruesome adventure found Tracy sniffing along a trail left by a gang that employed a paralysing gas. Republic made several serials employing the Tracy talents, while a cartoon series appeared during the '50s. The original Tricky Dicky has also appeared on a number of records, a Dick Tracy radio show being documented by a release on the Mark 56 label (No 589), an item available through most good import shops.

I'VE BOUGHT "Legendary Master Recordings" (Sonet) by The Seeds and I know that Sky Saxon and his merry men had a hit with "Pushin' Too Hard". But did the band ever have any other chart records? — **N KANE, Huntingdon, Cambs.**

● **Apart from "Pushin' Too Hard", which reached No 36 in the Billboard charts at the beginning of '67, the band had three other mild hits that same year, namely "Mr Farmer", "Can't Seem To Make You Mine" and "A Thousand Shadows", which reached 86, 41 and 72 respectively. All were on Gene Norman's Crescendo label. Incidentally, Saxon (known to his mum as Richard Marsh) is still around and was last heard recording under the name of Sky Sunlight.**



Wreckless Eric. *Pic: Gus Stewart*

Lowe-down on Wreckless wrecording

ALBUMS

So where does it hurt, Mick?

THE ROLLING STONES
Some Girls (Rolling Stones Records)

THESE LAST two or three years, the Stones haven't really been that important to rock and roll. Items that were once their primary stock in trade — being the walking blueprints of Teenage Rebellion, supplying the cranked up energy and sleazy grandeur demanded from The Greatest Rock And Roll Band In The World, standing at the forefront of the proud campaign to enable Britain to lead the world in raunch — are now purchasable from far more reliable sources with much greater regularity.

Instead, they've gone from being studs to being pimps. For guitar dynamite everybody from Thin Lizzy to The Bishops have the Stones whipped; for youthful rebelliousness and the beat of the streets, the Pistols showed them the way home; Bob Geldof does Jagger's moves almost as good as Jagger, and in the white R&B field they'd have trouble staying in the same room as Graham Parker and The Rumour.

Instead, we've had jet-set romance and the trials and tribulations of a millionaire junkie: all *de trop* at San Trop, the wives of presidents and an increasingly patronising attitude towards black music. No baby, it ain't rock and roll.

They haven't made a decent album since 1972's "Exiles On Main Street" and what with Mick's divorce, Keith's bust and that truly pathetic live album, the Stones seem to be at their lowest ebb right now.

"Some Girls" is their first album for EMI — and the prefix of the catalogue number changes from COC to CUN; witty, huh? — and it represents a serious attempt by the Stones to come to terms with their current circumstances and their new limitations.

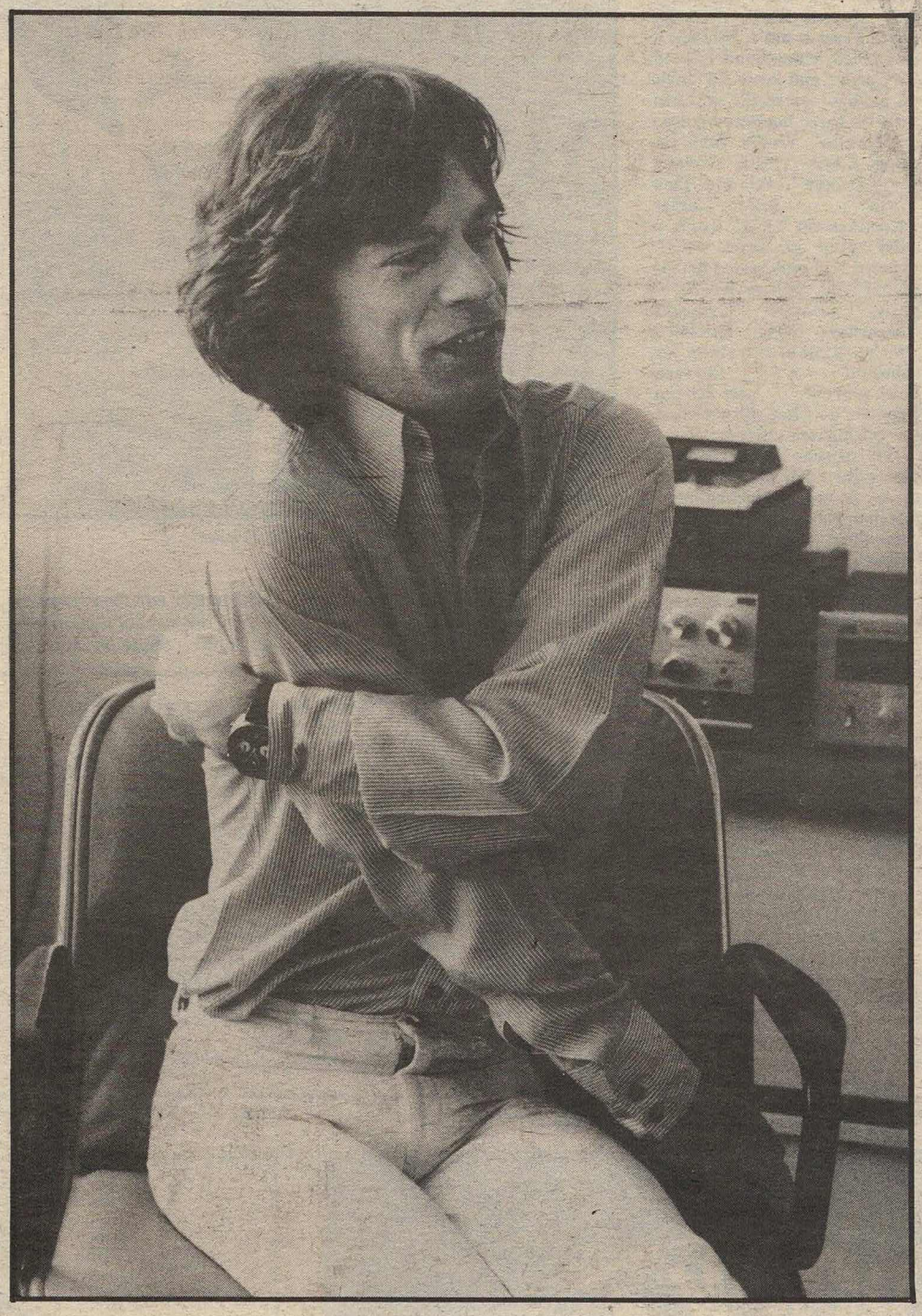
Gone is the conventional "good production" multitrack gloss of "Black And Blue", gone (thank you, Lord) is Billy Preston and his infernal funky clavinet, gone are Wayne Perkins and Harvey Mandel- (whatever happened to Wayne Perkins and Harvey Mandel?) Instead, we have Ian McLagan (electric piano on one track, organ on another), Mel Collins (one guest spot on alto sax) and Sugar Blue (harp on two tracks). The rest of the way it's the five Stones out on their own, recorded with a ramshackle immediacy that leaves no room to hide.

As most bands go on to ever-increasing technical facility with instruments and studios alike, the Stones' instrumental prowess seems to be in a state of rapid decline. The guitars are at best competent and at worst downright feeble; only Charlie Watts, drumming with a power and passion that's still an object lesson to every rock drummer currently functioning, maintains his dignity as a musician. What makes "Some Girls" more than just-another-duff-Stones-album like "Goat's Head Soup", "It's Only Rock And Roll" or "Black And Blue" is the creative revitalisation of Mick Jagger.

Jagger's taken his lumps over the last few years, and justifiably so. If there is a way to grow older gracefully within high energy rock and roll then Jagger's hi-society prancing certainly wasn't it.

On this album, he suddenly seems interested in what he's doing again: we seem to be hearing songs written and sung by a person instead of around a persona. The person isn't necessarily admirable of even likeable, but what the hell, this is rock and roll, not children's television. Just as the Stones haven't disguised the sloppiness of their playing (too many guitarists, too many overdubs, too much booze'n'pills'n'powders) and singing, Jagger hasn't disguised the basic unpleasantness of many aspects of his character.

On the title cut, he delivers the most comprehensive putdown of woman (all races and nationalities get a one-line jab here and there) extant in rock and roll. Ten years ago, his misogyny had the exuberant boorishness of a young stud whose ego has gotten out of control; now it's the seasoned bitterness of an old *roue* who's had too many women and no satisfaction (remember?) from any of them. Plus he's way past the stage of wanting to seem *nice*. No-one who'd sing the line *"Black girls just wanna get fucked all night but they rarely get the chance"* can want to come on like a good guy in the Tom Robinson Age.



Pic: ELAINE BRYANT

At the other extreme, "Miss You" depicts Jagger as waiting on the phone for That Special Girl to call, and all he gets is a bozo friend offering to come over with *"some Puerto Rican giels just dyyyyyyyin' to meetcha . . . I'll bring a case of wine and we'll have some fun just like we* used *to."* The Stones' lifestyle seems considerably less than enviable.

The area where the Stones would seem to be strongest is in fact where they're weakest. The rousing Chuck Berry-style workout — always the riff they'd pull out to liven things up a taste — flops dismally on "When The Whip Comes Down", which features some overlong jamming on a two-chord riff and a non-existent song is definitely under par except for Watts' furious drumming, and "Respectable", their raucous putdown of Margaret Trudeau, palls after a couple of plays.

"Lies", which is based around Ronnie Wood's patented loping Faces groove, is purest filler.

An overly fast and sloppy version of the Temptations' 1971 hit "Just My Imagination (Running Away With Me)" enables Jagger to deliver a straightforward, unembellished, almost innocent vocal; just like the way he used to sing on the Stones' first three albums, a chilling indication of just exactly what has been eroded over the last 15 years.

Keith Richard seems pretty subdued all the way through this album — indeed, Jagger joins in on electric guitar on fully half of the album — and on his vocal feature "Before They Make Me Run", he sounds like he's singing his own obituary.

The lyrics seem to be half about himself and half about his late friend Gram Parsons, and while Keith's declining musical powers and murderous legal problems would seem to make him a sitting target for cheap shots, it'd take someone with a far greater capacity for kicking a man when he's down than I possess not to feel very, very sorry for the poor bastard.

Still, it's not all misery and pathos on "Some Girls". "Faraway Eyes" is the best parody of country music since the National Lampoon's "Clap Is Just The B-side Of Love" on the "Radio Dinner" album, with Jagger delivering an outrageous pastiche of redneck narrative over Ronnie Wood's spare but competent pedal steel and Jagger-Richard piano.

As ever, they've saved the best shot for the closer. "Shattered" is the first real Modern Stones track, incorporating flashes of much of what's happened since The Stones last deigned to take any notice of the rest of the rock scene: a thudding robotic beat with menacing deadpan backing vocals and an exuberant Jagger performance that's half JA toasting adapted for a Bowiesque *motorik* beat and half Patti Smith rants-in-my-pants. The Stones finally meet the New Wave: *"Love and life and truth and sex are alive again on the streets and look at me!!!! I'm in tatters . . ."*

Which just about sums up the whole album. I suspect that it's as near to a Mick Jagger solo album as we've ever had or are likely to get again from The Rolling Stones.

So it's Mick's turn to carry the weight. It sure as hell isn't Ronnie Wood who's going to keep the Stones functioning, so it's just as well for them that Jagger actually seems to care about what he's doing again.

The Stones have new limitations now. It's as well that, with "Some Girls", they have also revealed new capabilities.

Charles Shaar Murray

So where you been, Bruce?

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Darkness On The Edge Of Town (CBS)

POOR OLD Bruce Springsteen. Through no particular fault of his own, he finds he has more to live down than most musicians ever have to live up to.

That doesn't mean he hasn't got an awful lot to live up to as well; it merely emphasises his prickly position.

Springsteen, you may remember, is no stranger to the bloated claims of shortsighted critics and short term loan publicity machines. After a good, if somewhat patchy and sometimes indulgent first album and then a steadily maturing second effort, he was unlucky enough to be proclaimed the New Bob Dylan, class of '73. John Prine held the title in '72, and Elliot Murphy won it in '74 — everybody ignored them too.

Then, in the winter of '75, came "Born To Run". The New Jersey Devil's backstreet romance scenario was given full reign. Then, after the hype, came the backlash. It manifested itself in an almost universal and to my mind undeserved thumbs down for his debut British gigs. It became cool to be unmoved by "Born To Run" — to actively hate it would have given the game away.

All of which served to obscure the true nature of things. "Born To Run" was a good album — certainly fresher and more exciting than much of what was around at the time — but not without its faults. Tha fanciful imagery was prone to excess (like spreading half a jar of peanut butter on a slice of bread) and the canyon-like production didn't help (adding half a jar of jam too).

Since then Springsteen has had lengthy legal squabbles freeing himself from his former managers, instinctively dodged any press encounters, taken to performing mostly old R&B songs for fear of bootleggers getting hold of his new material, written songs for Southside Johnny, Patti Smith and Robert Gordon, and recorded a new album over a period of nine months. Promotion this time is distinctly low profile. The budget has been limited by his order, and no words of hyperbole adorn the ads — just 'Bruce Springsteen, his new album'.

And in the mighty opening rush of "Badlands" you feel — if nothing else — it's good to have him back. The first Southside cadence; the cavernous guitar sound; Clarence Clemons' rasping sax solo; the chord changes: it's a rousing textbook Springsteen anthem — as is its counterpart on the second side, "The Promised Land". Four lines in and he squares up to the events that have overtaken him since the release of "Born To Run": *"I'm caught in a crossfire that I don't even understand."*

The adrenalin level intensifies for "Adam Raised A Cain", a brooding slow burner that in tandem with side two's "Factory" reveals an enigmatic twist in his lyrical preocupations. Both songs are about his father, whom he romanticizes as someone whose hopes were crushed by the system, and whose life coloured the fears and aspirations of his son; *"You inherit the sins, you inherit the flames".*

In fact, the sombre sad evocation of the working life in "Factory" and "Cain's" baptism of hellfire emerge as the killer standouts.

And then there's "Candy's Room", a song about being in love with a whore where Springsteen — as with the above pair — momentarily exceeds his musical and vocal confines, in this case with an intoxicating circular hook and some Bowie-like intonation.

"Something In The Night", "Racing In The Streets", "Streets Of Fire" and "Darkness On The Edge Of Town" are standard windscreen vehicles where he narrowly escapes self-parody. The songs themselves, though strangely subdued and sometimes even Jackson Browne dirge-like, are all-too-classic Springsteen from subject matter right down to "Be My Baby" backbeat.

That leaves only "Prove It All Night". It's the direct choice for a single and confirms lurking suspicions that "Because The Night" had a lot more to do with Bruce Springsteen than Ms Patti Lee Smith.

So, "Darkness On The Edge Of Town" walks a fine line between the outrageous claims made on Springsteen's behalf and his tendancy towards a grandiose, epic feel that encouraged those claims in the first place. The blockbuster production techniques of "Born To Run" have been studiously avoided, and the conquer-the-world romantic of before sounds oddly disillusioned, frustrated even.

Paul Rambali

Blue Collar, Black Neck

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Blue Collar — Original Soundtrack (MCA)

HOW MUCH longer are we going to take all this crap from Ry Cooder?

First off there's "Jazz", the latest and most charming trophy of Professor Cooder's pilgrimages into neglected zones of American music, and now — at the other extreme of his range — his humming, swooping, incendiary electric slide guitar is liberally smeared all over this album, the soundtrack from the new Richard Pryor flick *Blue Collar*.

This much good music from one man inside a fortnight? It verges on the obscene.

The *Blue Collar* soundtrack was written, arranged and conducted by Jack Nitzsche, and if the pairing of Nitzsche and Cooder on a soundtrack assignment flashes you back a decade to *Performance*, then you should have a rough idea of the quality of the contents.

The musical territory covered is strictly roots: fierce Chicago-style blues and early '60s uptown R&B. *Saturday Night Fever* it ain't. Nitzsche's assembled a fine band fronted by Cooder and Jesse Ed Davis on guitars, spiced the selection up with three borrowed tracks — Howlin' Wolf's firebreathing Chess classic "Wang Dang Doodle", Ike and Tina Turner's hell-for-leather "Goodbye So Long" (with a nifty drop of Ike's underexposed and underrated boogie piano) and, rather incongruously, Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Saturday Night Special", which is a cut or two above yer standard Suvvern belch'n'grunt post-Allman Brothers garf but still overdoes the constipated riffery.

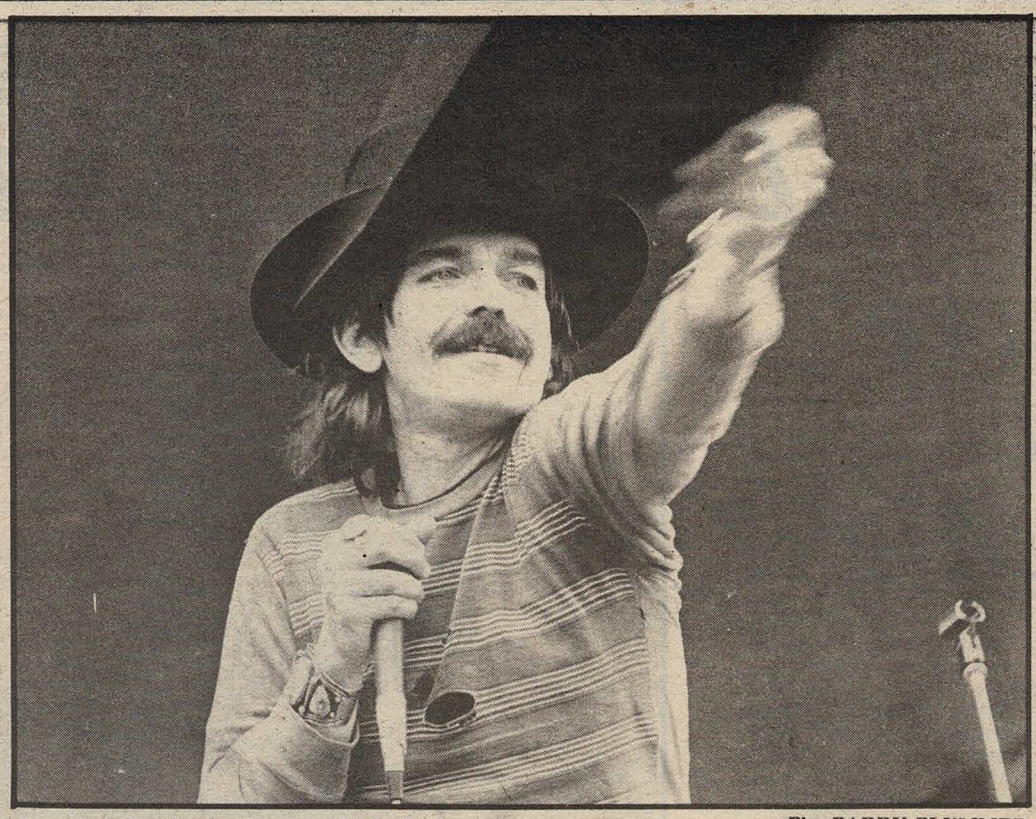
But Nitzsche delivers his best shot right up front: the sound of a pounding jackhammer metamorphoses into the band whomping out the patented "Hoochie Coochie Man" riff with more deliberate, crunching power than anyone since the Muddy Waters "Hard Again" studio band. Cooder enters with a menacing, hovering whine, the band cuts out to leave you with eight bars of jackhammer and then re-enters to pave the way for an astounding vocal tribute to Howlin' Wolf from Captain Beefheart. "Hard Workin' Man" — written by Nitzsche and Cooder — is a performance of astonishing power, and after that the band jams that make up the rest of the non-borrowed selections sound a little empty. In passing, Nitzsche and Cooder may have created a new category: easy listening Chicago blues.

Apart from "Performance", the only soundtrack album that's used blues material as creatively within a movie context is the Butterfield-Bloomfield "Steelyard Blues" record of 1972, and "Blue Collar" is well worth getting into your home just for the Beefheart, Wolf and Turner performances . . . and to hear Ryland P. Cooder strutting his stuff in a style that he rarely uses on his own records these days.

I bet *Blue Collar*'s a hell of a movie, too.

There's only one insect in the lotion: this album is cursed with an irritating and omnipresent degree of surface noise that may well provide that air of '50s authenticity that we blues freaks are supposed to love and value, but I for one could do without it. Whassamatter, EMI quality control — you wouldn't let a Tom Robinson or Kate Bush album go out to the shops in this condition, let alone a Cliff Richard . . .

Charles Shaar Murray



The Good Captain plays Saturday Night Frisbee. *Pic: BARRY PLUMMER*

IMPORTS

THE OPENING lines of the sleeve notes on **The Shadows Of Knight**'s "Gloria" album (Dunwich) read: "You have in your hands an authentic collector's item. One day you may want to bronze it, put it in a time capsule or give it to your heirs."

Truly prophetic H G Wells stuff, in fact. For "Gloria" became as hard to get as a man-hater in a chastity belt — and stayed that way until last week when Virgin shipped in copies retailing at the non wallet-breaking price of £3.99.

Totally mind-boggling this — and made doubly so because alongside "Gloria" in the Virgin racks could be found copies of the even rarer **13th Floor Elevators**' "Live" album on the International Artists label! But despite such shocks — worse than San Francisco, 1906 as far as my ageing collector's heart's concerned — I continued to totter around the rest of Importoria in search of goods worthy of Thesaurus checking.

"Come And Get It" (Gordy) by **Rick James' Stone City Band** seemed one release with possibilities. James is a black bassist and vocalist who once kicked around Toronto with Neil Young, the two of them forming The Minah Birds, a folk-rock unit. Nowadays, he tends to swap licks with the likes of the brothers Brecker, his album revealing splashes of bass-solid funk; Fatback-type party-down foraging and suchlike, interspersed with the occasional goodbye-to-the-ghetto floater such as "Hollywood".

Countrywise, **Bobby Bare**'s "Bare" (CBS) is an honours winner. Bare, who rocked in the million-sellers with "Detroit City" back in '63, is now considered an upper-class citizen of Nashville — which means that his studio Seventh Cavalry includes Willie Nelson, Chet Atkins, Waylon Jennings, Ray Sawyer and Dennis Locorriere plus Shel Silverstein, the latter penning most of the material on "Bare".

"May the man who has his finger on the button have a lovely day today", the lyrics run at one point. Amen to that, brother, and so on to the next object, which is — "Rhino Royale", a cock-eyed compilation from Rhino Records, that includes "Walk On The Kosher Side" by **Gefilte Joe And The Fish** (really!), "Be True To Your Shul" by **Little Stevie Weingold** (equally really!) and other less kosher cuts by **Wild Man Fischer, The Winos, Temple City Kazoo Orchestra,** all-in-wrestler **Fred Blassie** (the finest singer in the world and he'll crush the first guy that says different!) and **Ruben Guavara,** publicised as the son of the man who once led a 742 mariachi band and whom Zappa freaks will remember from his days with Ruben And The Jets.

Finally, a newie from Rounder in "Duets" on which **Richard Green** (Seatrain and points East) provides a series of true twosomes with the aid of, individually, Dave Frishberg (piano), David Grisman (mandolin), Tony Trischka (banjo), J J.D. Crowe (banjo), Tony Rice (guitar) and David Nichtern (guitar).

Fred Dellar

RARE ROCKABILLY

VOLUME III
RARE ROCKABILLY
20 ROCKABILLY CLASSICS
Including:
BUDDY COVELLE · LORRAINE
ROY HALL · DON'T STOP NOW
AUTREY INMAN · (IT WOULD BE) A DOGGONE LIE
MOON MULLICAN · MOON'S ROCK
BILLY HARLAN · I WANNA BOP
ROCKIN' SAINTS · CHEAT ON ME BABY
REX ALLEN · KNOCK KNOCK RATTLE
JERRY ENGLER · SPUTNICK (The Satellite Girl)

"Rare Rockabilly Volume III" is the latest in MCA's series of rockabilly compilations. This album explores a wide range of fifties C & W-based music, along with selections of country boogie and rock 'n' roll.

"Rare Rockabilly" takes us from the pioneering roots of Lonnie Glosson in 1950 to the fully developed sounds of The Rockin' Saints in 1960. Undeniably, there's a growing demand for rockabilly music, and this album contains twenty tracks of the best.

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Seven Deadly Sins (Pye)

THE WAY albums are being rushed out now reminds me of that old chestnut about the Weimar Republic and how a wheelbarrowful of money barely paid for a loaf or bread. For anyone outside the music business it's hard to comprehend — that the huge profits a record company makes on one massive album allows that same company to churn out a multitude of dead-loss albums (the above will be lucky if they sell fifty copies each, and I *mean* it) without ever feeling the hint of a pinch.

In short, the muse-biz has inflated its own ego so bad that having an album out doesn't mean anything at all to anyone but your relatives. You could still starve or work a night-shift.

Next to discoists, singer-songwriters come off worst of all. There isn't anything else Chris Rea could be as he poses rugged on the front cover and vulnerable on the back. He wears a scarf and (a touch of daring) a brown leather jacket (fashion tip: brown leather jackets don't make it). His hands are thrust deep into his pockets. He fools no one.

His songs are about mundane heterosexual affairs, the sordid record industry (who's a bitter boy, then?) and that's your lot. What billions of people take in their stride day in, day out he makes a federal case: a typical singer-songwriter tactic from Dylan onward.

Jim Rafferty — this year's Mike McGear — is the same, and must surely have been humoured in his album-making attempts solely because of his brother Gerry's luscious "Baker Street" (saxophones have never sighed like that before, nor will they again). Like Rea, Jim chooses a "sensitive, solvent, own car and flat, no gays" persona from which to project his ponderous banalities:

"The changes I see around me only get me down/I got nothing to contribute anyhow/Another summer over, another wrinkle on my brow/ Looks like all the dreams I planted yield a Bitter Harvest now."

I hate to be a wet blanket, but that about sums it up. Well produced by his brother and it sounds like a Stealers Wheel reject. Once again, the windmills of my mind go haywire as I think how easy it is for any old thing with a mouth and two legs to get a record out these days.

Begone, you discreetly butch beast, and make way for New York City's Dorian! He looks like a podgy Hamlet, dreams of dripping werewolf blood, is published by *Alabaster Music*, is a *Zero* production and says "I have no one to thank for this album but myself." He obviously reckons that's a recommendation — to me it seems like a confession at knife-point.

Vocally, he's Tim Buckley in drag — everyone's ripping off Tim Buckley these days, incidentally — but lyrically and musically I suppose he's like Jobriath must have been.

"He smiled, you curtsied, he bowed quite meekly/Then you blew him and you slew him/ Holy Mary, Mother of God/ Pray for us sinners now . . ."— That's "Men's Room". Then there's "Silver Stringed Marionette":— *"How I luv my marionette, my crazy little stupid pet/How I luv my marionette, my crazy little sly pet."*

Utilizing all the standard homosexual stereotypes, Dorian helps the Western World's closet queens to get a few nights' sound sleep. File under Irresponsible Garbage.

All three albums have lyric sheets and me, I'm just wild about lyric sheets — it staggers me that these people not only mouth their damn tommyrot but actually have the nerve to pin it down in cold hard print! Unfortunately for us all, Laurin Rinder and W Michael Lewis have made a instrumental album: I'm sure their lyrics would be a riot to read.

From Hollywood, USA, they send us seven little tunes about seven little sins played on seven little synthesizers. I doubt if even Laurin and Michael could tell their own crumby little compositions apart.

I know — it's only a tax loss. But Pye / Amerama / Decca / Magnet like it, like it, yes, they do!

Julie Burchill

The Longest Road

The pilgrim in Richmond Park Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

IJAHMAN
Haile I Hymn (Chapter One) (Island)

DURING 1976, precursory to a pioneering role in the development of "lovers rock" and that movement's remarkable commercial denouement, Dip label-owner Dennis Harris was the premier endorsee of indigenous reggae productions in the UK — issuing from the man's own Eve Studios, Lewisham — as well as purveying its most fulsome outlet via his Lucky and Concrete Jungle subsidiary labels.

Among some dozens of releases in this period, including seminal waxings from such as Steel Pulse ("Kibudu-Mansatta-Abuka"), The Blackstones ("Can't Get No Money"), Castro Brown ("Babylon A Button"), and Dennis Bovell's African Stone group ("How Long Must I Wait?"), there emerged a trio of singular titles from one Ijahman Levi: "Chariot Of Love", "I'm A Levi" and "Jah Heavy Load" — all three of distinguished vintage, as much the result of their producer's innovative modality as of the singer's heartfelt projection.

Later that same year, I-man was stepping through the streets of Notting Hill Carnival in studied avoidance of both police and thieves, and "Jah Heavy Load" reached my ears. Turning a corner, I came upon Ijahman, diminutive man draped in a distinctive red, gold and green scarf of the Twelve Tribes, strumming an acoustic guitar and performing before a small but appreciative audience.

I've maintained a great respect for the man ever since; and when Island's Leslie Palmer told me that himself and Chris Blackwell were considering signing the artist, I made eulogistic noise in fulfilment of the same — much as I've since been moved to regret it.

Two years later, Ijahman makes his LP debut for the company with a set of four songs that Mr. Blackwell has been reported as claiming "reggae's answer to 'Astral Weeks' ".

Van Morrison fans might be at a loss to make comparison with the Belfast Gypsy's superlative arrangements on that legendary set and this too pitiful production. Apparently, Ijahman delivered the unmixed fruits of his Island sessions to the company, as agreed, for them to be mixed accordingly: in other words, this ghastly multitracked mess.

The album opens with an uptempo reworking of "Jah Heavy Load", to which a snarling lead guitar predominates on a backing track that boasts a consistency as vigorous as mud. Ijahman's vocal performance hovers somewhere between the two stagnant extremes.

"Jah It's No Secret", following, is of similar tempo, although not quite as dreadful in its musical accompaniment, except that its repetitive chorus extends by some extra *ten* minutes' duration.

Side two is infinitely better. Taken at an agreeably lesser pace than the opening side, the sizeable "Zion Hut" track boasts a lush and lavish production in exposition of the First Psalm, in much the same way as "Jah It's No Secret" takes its own inspiration from the 137th, recently popularised by Boney M.

The album closes with a further reworking, "I'm A Levi"; my favourite of all Ijahman's song, but here as inferior to the Concrete Jungle version as "Jah Heavy Load" to its original definition.

Ijahman is a committed artist and cerebral entertainer with an abundance of potential. What his record company should have done is put him in the studio with his acoustic guitar and amazing voice, merely. As it stands, "Haile I Hymn (Chapter One)" is a joke, a serious thing.

Penny Reel

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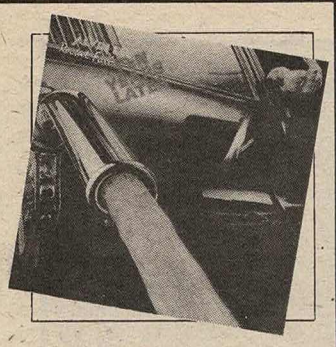


ALVIN LEE/
TEN YEARS LATER
Rocket Fuel (Polydor)

YOU heard of swamp-rock, right? On this new album, Alvin Lee proudly presents concrete-rock.

Listening to "Rocket Fuel" is some sort of musical equivalent to walking four miles through damp, knee-deep concrete. This kind of Mandrax-paced power-chord sludge was fairly prevalent in the wake of Jimi and Cream mine or ten years ago and very little of it was worth a busted A-string then, so why Alvin feels it necessary to churn it out now is beyond all mortal comprehension.

Ten Years After were always more impressive than enjoyable (mainly due to the fact that Lee's guitar, vocals and persona seemed more dedicated to demonstrating his technique than with using that technique to move people), but at least their roots were in the right place: blues, rock and roll, R & B, Kansas City swing.

Ten Years Later sound more like Ten Years Too Late. Purest heavy metal garbage fit only for dedicated addicts of same — Hipgnosis cover and all.

Charles Shaar Murray

EARL KLUGH
Magic In Your Eyes
(United Artists)

A PARABLE.

The musician Klugh was a disciple of Benson. He was able to understand the selling-potency of emptiness, the viewpoint that nothing exists except in its relationship to passivity and further passivity.

One day Klugh, in a mood of sublime emptiness, was sitting in a recording studio. Dollar bills began to fall about him.

"We are praising you for your compositions on Emptiness," the gods whispered to him.

"But I have yet to play", said Klugh as the dollar bills continued to fall in ever increasing numbers.

"The ease of playing music, and the ease of listening to it, these are supremely relative things. True enlightenment lies not at the end of your road but in the middle," the gods replied.

A Parenthesis.

Who is this 'Earl Klugh', and where has he come from? He smiles. He is groovy, perhaps, laid back even. He does not sing at all, he simply plays the acoustic guitar. He plays it in repetitive, cocktail jazz arrangements. He plays the acoustic guitar with such potency, such passion, so much (so much), so much harmonic vibrancy that it sounds, for two whole sides of an LP, like an electric fan . . . Huuuummmmsssswwiisshhuumm.

This is, perhaps, 'avant garde'? In America especially they listen (or not) quite a lot of the time to the air-conditioning. "Do you like George Benson . . .?"

File underwater.

Ian Penman

ROY HARPER
Harper 1970-75 (Harvest)

BY CHANCE, I was reading Roland Barthes' "Image — Music — Text" during the period I was listening to this album and in one of two chapters about music he remarks that most criticism and ordinary conversation on music consists simply of adjectives — comments may be descriptive or interpretive, but either way Adjectives Rule, OK!

The sleeve notes to "Harper 1970-75" bear this out. There is talk of Harper's "uncompromising vocal technique", of lyrics "suffused in lethal and convincing vitriol", of "a powerfully sustained and utterly ferocious attack". And that's only one track.

There are also (wait for it) "brief moments of calm and lucid reassessment", a "savagely direct but ultimately poignant reappraisal" and a "tender celebration of a past love affair that views its transience not with bitterness and regret but as part of the inevitability of change, with optimism and hope for the future" (phew!).

All of which tells you less what the music *sounds* like, more that the record company, not surprisingly, have hired a Roy Harper fan to write the sleeve notes. I'm not a Roy Harper fan, so I'd use adjectives like "dull", "contrived" and "indulgent" instead.

So where does that get us? Well, Barthes suggests there's a relationship between the adjectives used and musical "ethos" — a possible consequence being that particular genres or styles of music *engender* particular sets of adjectives and exclude others. It would, for example, rarely be possible to describe or interpret Donovan's music as "rousing" or the Eagles' as "profound". (Which leads to numerous fascinating speculations, like maybe most writers don't like most disco because, being a purely functional music, you best describe and interpret disco through the way you dance to it rather than by what you write about it. Have you read a review that expresses the Bee Gees' music as well as John Travolta's dancing does? But back to the plot ...)

So, by the same token, looking at the dollop of adjectives above, you'd probably get a good idea of the *kind* of music Roy Harper plays. I mean, it doesn't sound much like rock and roll!

It's as though there are sets of orthodox responses to the various elements of a musical language — A Flat Major is "haunting", "*jingle jangle morning*" is "poetic" and so on — and by clever manipulation of these elements an artist can create an image or myth corresponding to the kind of person he wants to be seen as.

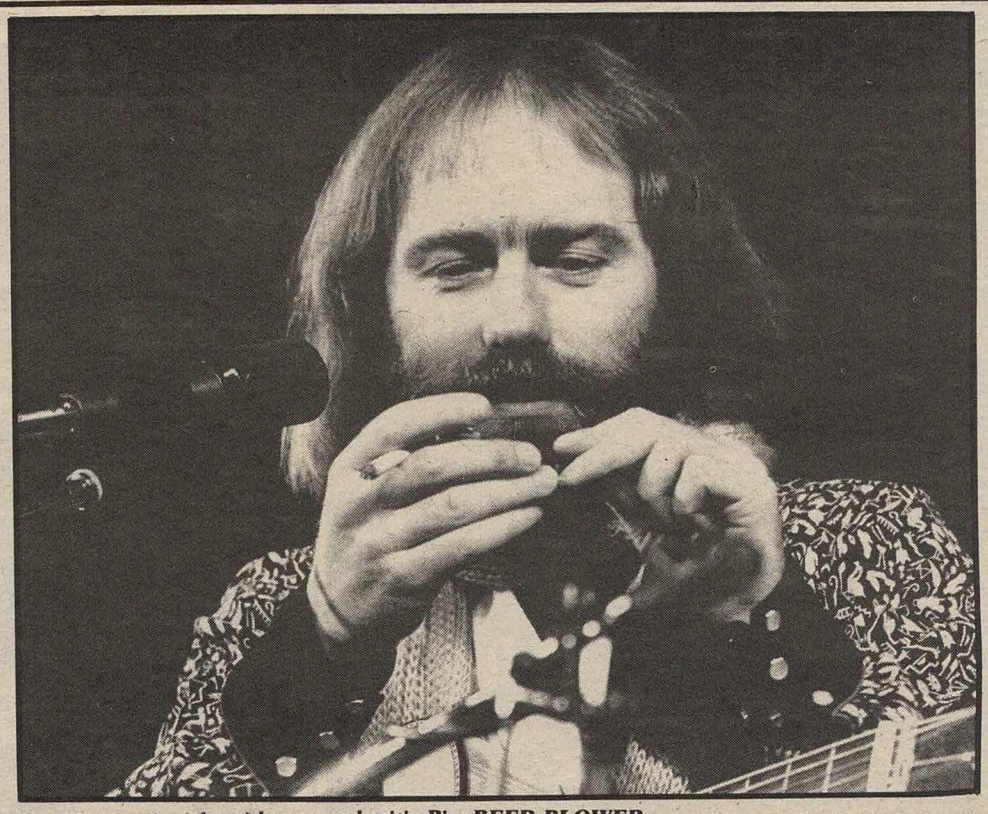
Which means that words like "honest" and "sensitive", which are often applied to Roy Harper's music, can't be taken literally, since more often than not they're merely the standard response to, say, someone who writes a lot about failed relationships and calls leaves "emerald" instead of green. I mean, what word would you use to describe a man who sings about lovemaking (or is it the sunrise?) as being "*licked by the flames of eternity*"? Romantic? Pretentious? Barmy? The choice is yours.

Now, for light relief, a few facts. This is a compilation album. There are no hit singles, previously unreleased or presently unavailable tracks included. Harper's notorious longer pieces and his recent electric stuff are not well represented, if at all. The album has a playing time longer than the usual and a selling price less than the usual. So if you're into *quantity* and *cheapness* ...

Finally, there is the curious phrase "Back to Reality" which adorns the album sleeve. Since the music merely consolidates the myth, I can only assume it refers to the marketing policy of the record company — i.e. it all comes down to economics in the end.

This is just another case of exploiting old music for fresh profit.

Graham Lock



Roy Harper nit-picks with wayward critic Pic: BEER BLOWER

So What's In A(ny) Word?

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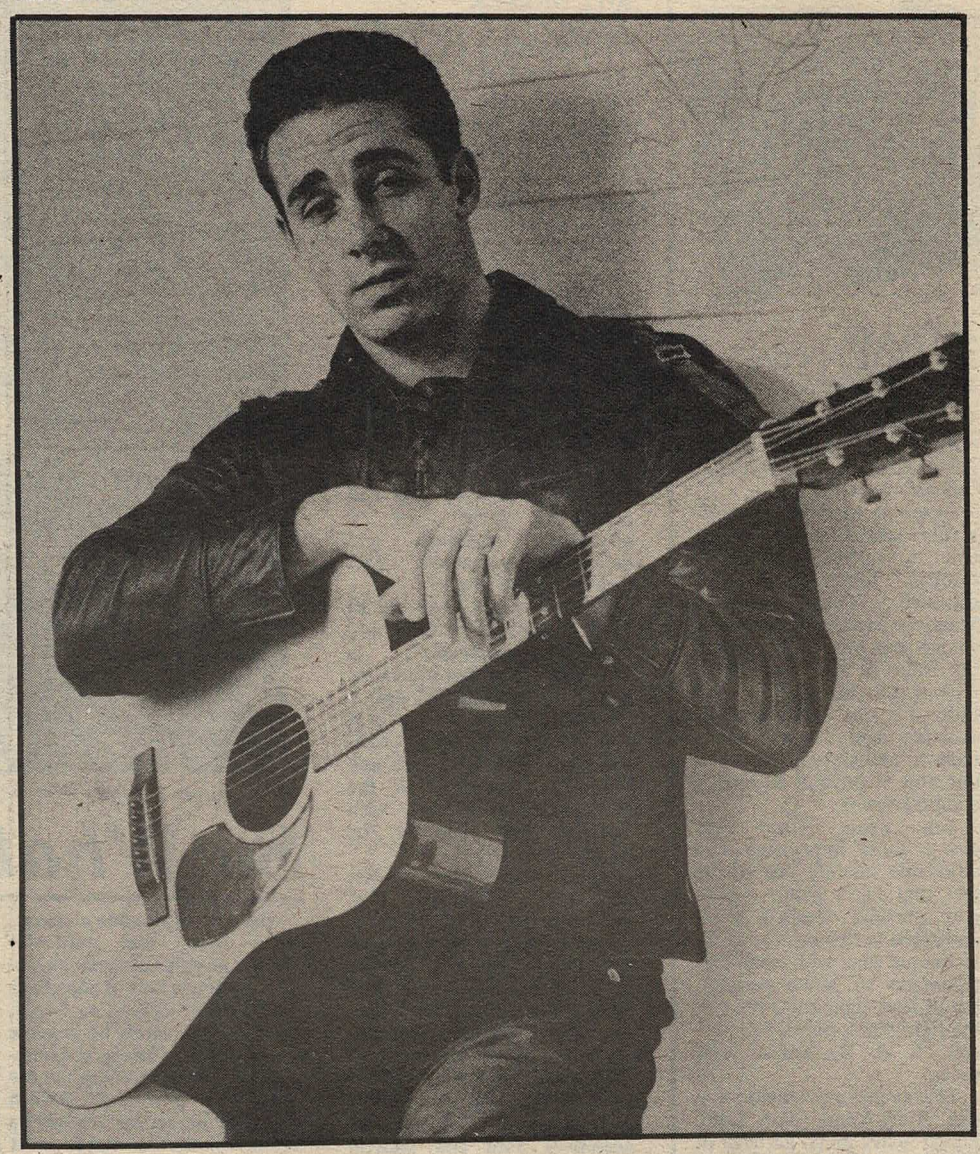

In Search Of Lost

ROY CARR Stops Time Singlehandedly

JOHNNY BURNETTE & THE ROCK 'N' ROLL TRIO
Johnny Burnette & The Rock N' Roll Trio (MCA Coral)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Rare Rockabilly Volume 3 (MCA)

CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
Live At The Rainbow (Charly)

WARREN SMITH, BUDDY KNOX, CHARLIE FEATHERS, JACK SCOTT
Four Rock 'N' Roll Legends — Live At The Rainbow (Harvest Heritage)

SOME SAY The South's gonna rise again.

Though rockabilly itself was never directly politically motivated, 20 years on it is now regarded by extreme right-wing Anglo-rednecks as gloryfiying some highly distorted manifestation of beer-swillin', nigger-hating Southern pride.

Furthermore, due to the music's original regional roots and the fact that a few rockabilly singers have recorded some of the most obscene racist material under various pseudonyms, these fascist fanatics assume that *all* rockabilly artists are bigoted KKK card-carriers.

Never have so few been so wrong about so many. It's to Jack Scott's credit that during last year's Sun Sound Show at the Rainbow, he publicly threatened to curtail his bill-topping performance if the more thuggish elements of an otherwise well-behaved audience of rockabilly devotees didn't quit chanting "We hate niggers — Vote National Front".

However, one shouldn't allow the misplaced politics of hate to cloud one's enjoyment of the music. A hybrid of innumerable musical forms — R&B, hillbilly, boogie woogie, Western swing and bluegrass — rockabilly was, for a period, predominantly the folk music of honky tonkin' white Southerners: a stop-gap between country music and commercial rock 'n' roll. In its most primitive form, rockabilly still retained fiddle, slapped bass, steel guitar and stetsons whilst in a more urban guise incorporated piano, sax and Fender bass.

Parallels can be drawn between soul and reggae: though untold thousands of artists made it onto record, few were prolific and even fewer enjoyed more than local one-hit-wonder status. However, not everyone was confined to regional store-front labels. Enthused by the tearaway success of Presley and his contemporaries, such majors as CBS, Coral, Brunswick, Imperial, Capitol, Cadence and ABC (to cite but a few) were only too eager to invest studio time in an effort to corner the interest in this new and much wilder brand of *country* music. Despite market saturation, few managed to sign an act which had both commercial appeal and longevity.

To the casual record fan, the late Johnny Burnette is best remembered for a succession of chart-slanted pop singles he cut for Liberty. To the initiated, it was the material he cut for Coral (prior to Liberty) under the aegis of The Rock 'N' Roll Trio upon which his reputation as a quintessential rockabilly performer has been founded.

A contemporary with Presley — Burnette attended the same school and drove a truck for the same electrical company as El — The Rock 'N' Roll Trio (comprising his brother Dorsey on bass and Paul Burlisson on electric guitar) had the distinction of being given the thumbs-down by Sun man Sam C. Phillips for being, in his opinion, Elvis, Scotty and Bill imitators. This didn't deter the Trio, for in May '56 they signed with Coral. Unfortunately, despite coast-to-coast media exposure to back up their excellent recorded ware, the Trio failed to repeat the 'overnight' success of Presley, Cochran, Vincent and Holly.

Though the instrumentation was the same — electric lead, acoustic rhythm, bass (plus a drummer) — by no stretch of the imagination was The Rock 'N' Roll Trio an Elvis, Scotty and Bill xerox. Johnny Burnette was in a league all his own: a singer possessing great presence and as an uninhibited as they made 'em. However, the Trio wasn't a one man band.

When extolling the virtues of seminal rock guitar heroes, the names of Scotty Moore, Cliff Gallup, Carl Perkins, Link Wray, James Burton and Eddie Cochran are coughed up with predictable regularity. For reasons that elude me, Burnette's guitarist Paul Burlisson is persistently excluded from this pantheon. Furthermore, the fact that after the Trio broke up in '58 Burlisson vanished into obscurity means that the potential he demonstrated on these sides was never realised.

However, Burlisson was an unsung innovator having, as it transpires, a profound influence on Mick Green in much the same way as these recordings indirectly inspired The Pirates' Second Coming. Check for yourself, but to date, The Pirates have recorded their own

MAGGIE RYDER
Maggie Ryder (Polydor)
HELEN SCHNEIDER
Let It Be Now (Windsong)
MARY MASON
Angel Of The Morning (Epic)

PRODUCT THAT falls into that area of highly sellable, undeniably entertaining, astutely artless middle class female 'rock', is exploited to varying successes by such as Helen Reddy, Carol Bayer-Sager, Martha Reeves, Melissa Manchester.

Schneider, Mason and (to a lesser extent) Ryder are aiming bravely for that type of effortless yet disciplined musical diversification few achieve. Everything must be expertly encompassed: cocktail-colloquial jazz; shifting disco rhythms; beefy rock rompings; meaningful sliding ballads; bubbly funk — all handled stylishly with passion, humour, sorrow, grit, etc. You've got to be classy (and emotionally secure enough) to be so inhumanly detached and melodramatic, to be able to pull off such unspecialised specialisa-

The Johnny Burnette Trio featured in an early dental health campaign

(But Living) Legends

To Bring Back The Best Of Rockabilly

personalized interpretations of no less than four cuts off this one album: "Honey Hush", "Lonesome Train", "Sweet Love On My Mind" and "Drinking Wine", whilst a fifth, "All By Myself", rests in the can. Finally, another Burnette bopper, "Tear It Up", is a permanent fixture on all Pirates gigs.

Whenever possible, Burlisson steered away from straight single string country pickin' and experimented with the low register of the guitar and some quirky double-stoppings. This greatly fleshed out the Trio's basic sound which, 20 years on, gives it a remarkably contemporary quality. In fact, you don't have to be into rockabilly to appreciate this album.

The facts that many British labels are frantically rummaging through their vaults and making available — often for the very first time — some of the finest rockabilly sides ever recorded and that the artists are to say the least extremely obscure (except to the fanatic) may deter the first-time buyer from investing in one or more of the many compilations. But these collections are being assembled and annotated by such experts in the field as Bill Millar — in itself, something of a Seal Of Aproval.

Volume Three of MCA's "Rare Rockabilly" series maintains the standard set by its companions. The 20 gems Millar has collated run the gauntlet from ethnic country hoke (Lonnie Glosson's "Pan American Boogie", Red Souvine's "Juke Joint Johhny") by way of honky tonk (Roy Hall "Don't Stop Now") and score with such all-out assaults as Billy Harlan's two prizewinners "I Wanna Bop" and "Schoolhouse Rock" as well as Buddy Covelle's "Loraine", Red Foley's "Crazy Little Guitar Man" and "Hey Ruby" from Arthur Osbourne.

Though it's often the front man that takes all the kudos, the thing that forever amazes me is the inspired work of the sidemen most of whom, I'm sad to say, pass uncredited. More often than not, a rockabilly rebel was only as good as his back-up and this album abounds with the kind of bop that just won't stop.

Which brings me to a couple of albums which constitute both the British and American contributions to The Sun Sound Show which Graham Wood staged over one April weekend last year at the Finsbury Park Rainbow.

Maybe coming from Wales has its own rewards, but Crazy Cavan is probably the only British revivalist capable of sharing the stage with his mentors and not getting trounced by the audience for such impertinence. Surprisingly, the sound quality of the Cavan LP has the edge over its companion which highlights the billtoppers.

Whereas Cavan's own material measures up favourably to the obscurities they interpret (but why do "Tongue Tied Jill" in the first half when you know that Feathers will feature it in the second?), The Rhythm Rockers run into the same recurring problem that seems to afflict most British bop bands — the rhythm sections just don't swing in the prescribed '50s manner: surely the first prerequisite for anyone flying the rockabilly banner.

For a country so adept in rock tradition, I've yet to hear a British drummer to square up with either D. J. Fontana, Dickie Harrell or those guys who slapped skin for Cochran and Ricky Nelson. As to whether the likes of Cavan will cross-over into a much wider market or forever remain Ken Colyer-type revivalist figureheads is open to debate. Time and time again I've said this, but the leaders in the field still lack the visual glamour and Zen cool one instinctively associates with the progenitors.

And so to the Guv'nors. Warren Smith cruises through his own hits "Ubangi Stomp" and "Rock 'N' Roll Ruby" with dignity and enthusiasm and includes "Blue Suede Shoes" and "I'm Moving On".

Buddy Knox was ill-starred on the night, Jack Scott the complete professional and Charlie Feathers, the man everybody wanted to see, less than legendary. Suspicious of the recording equipment (he's sold more bootlegs than official releases), grossly under-rehearsed and despite his featuring "Everybody's Lovin' My Baby", "One Hand Loose", "Tongue Tied Jill", "I Forget To Remember To Forget", "Peepin' Eyes" and "Good Rockin' Tonight", Feathers only suggested his true capability. Though a commanding pesonality, I still feel Feathers could learn a lot from Warren Smith.

It needs to be remembered that unlike the rapidly dwindling ranks of surviving bluesmen, most original rockabilly stars are still only in their mid and late 40s. Yet in many instances it seems that they've either had the stuffing knocked out of them or lost their drive. Though now only a part-time performer, in roughly 20 minutes Warren Smith demonstrated that, in front of the right audience, it's possible to recreate the spirit that has sustained his reputation over 20 years of sporadic activity.

So let's just keep lame-brain political propaganda out of this. OK?

Roy Carr

tion. None of these ladies quite make it; Schneider promises most.

Such observations follow for each record, although such aesthetics as emotion are irrelevant. Force and tension are what matters. It's a peculiar art(ificial) form.

Mason's "Angel of the Morning" is the most immediately attractive record, simply because its material is laced with a few pompously translated standards.

Schneider's "Let It Be Now" is my favourite of the three, and it'll got next to my Midler, Manchester, Reeves and Streisand albums. Certainly there are traces of irony, her voice is often seductive, the songs this side of overkill and well chosen. It's a flamboyant record, different escapism.

Ryder's album is the only one of the three that actually asks for serious attention. A lyric sheet is included, revealing the pretension. It's not as consciously shallow as the other two, nor as entertainingly versatile.

So, altogether now — POLISH NOT PASSION.

Paul Morley

the SM!RKS

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45 RPM

the most fun....

MARQUEE

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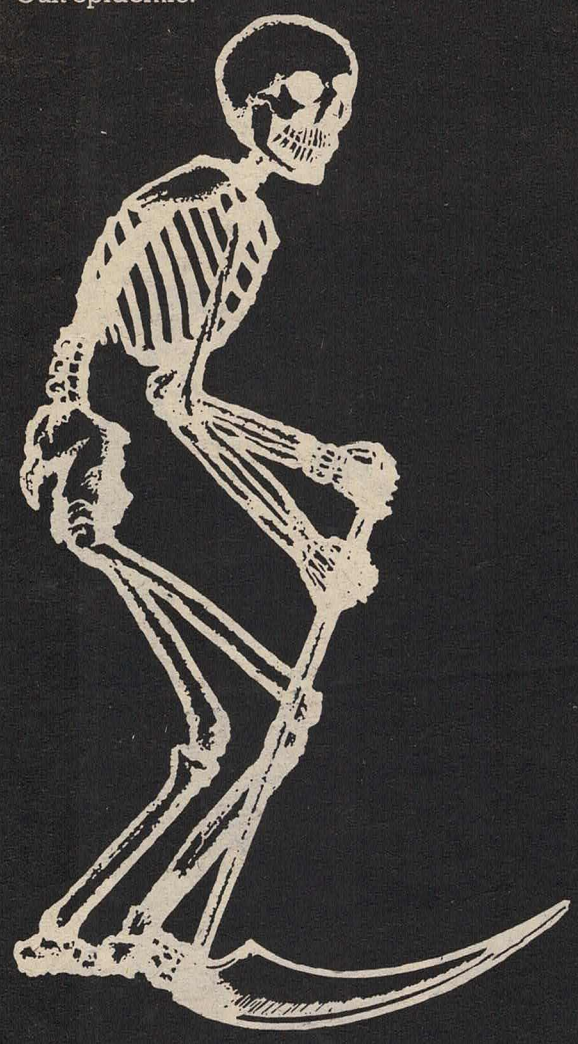
JUNE 10

Beserkley home of the Smirks 45RPM

The CULT are taking over

'Agents Of Fortune' is the name of the blistering Blue Oyster Cult album which features 'Don't Fear The Reaper'.
If you haven't already caught the Cult virus, you'll sure as hell get it when you listen to this album. Along with 'Spectres' their latest LP, 'Agents Of Fortune' is causing a Cult epidemic.



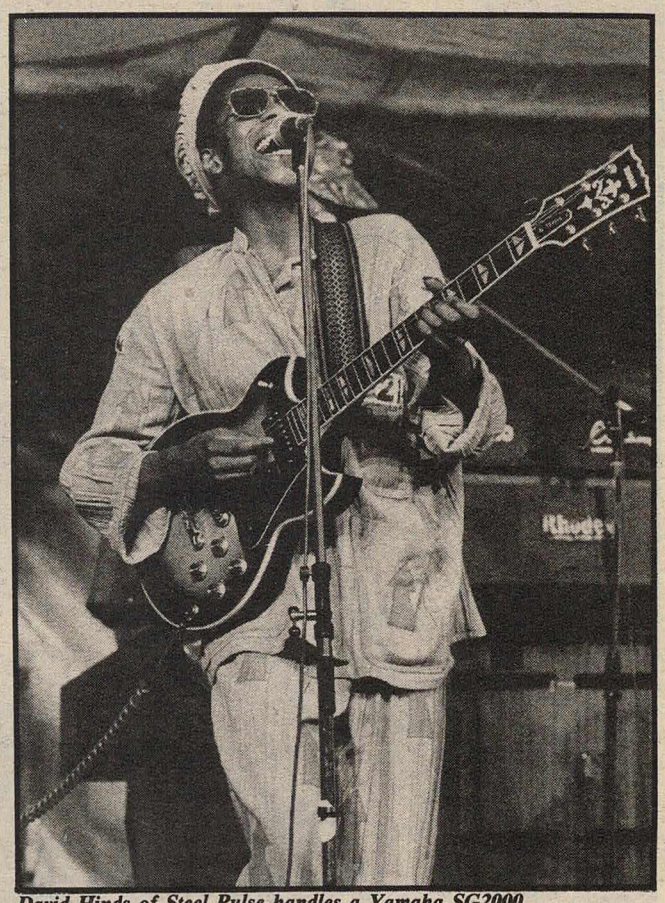
AGENTS OF FORTUNE CBS 81385

SPECTRES CBS 86050

BLUE ÖYSTER CULT
AGENTS OF FORTUNE

CBS Records & Tapes

TOOLS OF



David Hinds of Steel Pulse handles a Yamaha SG2000.
Pic: CARLO CHINCA

If I had a Yamaha

(I'd play it in the evening)

BUT WHAT about the Japs?

Yeah, *what* about them?

Over the last few years, about the unhippest thing a musician (or anyone else, for that matter) could be seen doing was playing a Japanese guitar.

The lowest of the low, the tackiest of the tack, cheap as hell, fall to bits if you breath on 'em and besides . . . they're only *copies.*

That was the killer bit, the fact that a Jap guitar would most likely be a copy of a Les Paul or Stratocaster, an earnest xerox of one of those eminently desirable axes that gleam in shop windows as an unattainable ideal to boracic young guitarists.

Early Jap copies of great Gibson or Fender originals were totally ludicrous; made more to be looked at than played, but they got better quite rapidly, and it was only a matter of time before a Japanese company would weigh into the prestige guitar market with a series of originals, designed to compete with the Gibsons of this world on their own level and price range.

Yamaha's SG series (the initials stand for "Solid Guitar", just like the Gibson SG series) is competition for Gibson's Les Paul range; evidently designed to do all the same things and do them better.

Players as disparate as Carlos Santana and Steel Pulse's David Hinds find that the Yamaha SG 2000 and 1000 (same features, but the 2000 is the deluxe model) fulfils their requirements more than adequately.

It's a heavy, chunky guitar: there are solids and solids, but this one is *solid.*

It weighs a small ton, and the high density of the body is one of the contributing factors to the excellence of its tone and sustain.

Another neat trick employed in the construction of the SG is the fact that the neck continues right the way through the body of the instrument, whereas most mass-produced guitars feature necks either glued or bolted to the body (the advantage of a bolt-on neck is, of course, that you can bolt it off if anything goes wrong with it and it needs to be repaired or replaced).

The final blow in the Yamaha's master plan to out-sustain the Les Paul is the solid brass bridge, which means that the end result is that virtually none of the string vibration is dissipated through the body or through the neck/body joint — because there *isn't* a neck/body joint, dig it?

This particular construction brainstorm has been in the vogue for custom-made guitars built by individual luthiers and by California's Alembic company — who make the Grateful Dead's guitars — but it's nice to find this feature in a mass-production guitar.

The pickups and controls are derived from the classic Gibson system — a pair of double-coil humbuckers each with its own tone and volume control with a three-way selector toggle switch to give you either pickup or both — but with one additional feature again derived from Gibson, but only included on their top-of-the-range guitars.

Each tone control has a push-pull arrangement that enables you to short out one coil of the pickup, enabling you to move from the full-bodied, rich, thick humbucker sound to the thin, piercing attack characteristic of Fender's single-coil pickups: a fair facsimile of the sound of a Telecaster or Stratocaster, in fact.

If you set the controls right, you can play rhythm on the bridge pickup with a thin, clipped Steve Cropper sound and then go straight to a sweet, singing B.B. King tone at the flick of a switch.

The fingerboard is ebony: fast, responsive and comfortable, though the neck is a trifle chunkier than some of the ultra-thin necks that Gibson have favoured at various times over the years.

The body is well balanced (considering its weight, it would have to be) and comfortable, the back contoured to fit into the player's body in a vaguely similar

THE TRADE

Six-string product: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY discusses the merits of the Gibson S-1 and the Yamaha SG series.

manner to that of the Fender Stratocaster.

The controls are well-set-out, which demonstrates elementary courtesy to the player (you'd be amazed how many guitars make simple mistakes like positioning the jack socket so that the lead impedes easy access to the controls) and it's clear that Yamaha have spent an awful lot of time and trouble (not to mention yen) on making this a top-of-the-range axe to be proud of.

Trouble is, it lacks the sheer visual glamour of a Les Paul, and its price (£550 for the 2000) restricts it to the relatively well-heeled pro musician. But anyone currently considering investing in a Les Paul would do well to give very, very serious consideration to the current line of Yammies.

And if you're still prejudiced against Japanese guitars after an hour with the 2000, you're an obvious nurd and I feel very sorry for you.

FROM YAMAHA laying down the gauntlet to Gibson, we move to Gibson's challenge to yet another great guitar institution: the Fender Stratocaster.

The Gibson S-1 — endorsed in Gibson's ads by Ronnie Wood, though it must be pointed out that every time I've seen onstage photos of him since that endorsement he's been playing Strats — is a tough, versatile little guitar costing around £319, about the same as a Strat.

Its circuitry betrays the typical Gibson ingenuity and flair for getting an enormous range of sound out of conventional components, without resorting to battery-operated pre-amps, FET systems of any other despicable cad's tricks.

What you get are three single-coil pickups governed by a 4-position selector switch and master tone and volume controls.

The selector gives you front and centre pickups combined for a humbucker effect, back and centre combined similarly (giving you equivalent sounds to those obtainable from a pair of humbuckers), front and back out-of-phase (that jagged, snarling noise you get when you lodge the pickup selector switch of a Stratocaster *between* positions) and all three together for a smooth, balanced rhythm sound.

The secret weapon is a switch that enables you to knock out all the pickups except the bridge unit for a super-sharp trebly attack that'll take the top off a soft-boiled egg at twenty paces.

You can get to this sound by flipping the special switch wherever you happen to have the 4-way selector; the idea being that you can set up the guitar to sound however you want it for the riff or rhythm part of a song and then go straight to total Scream City for the solo, dropping back to your original sound afterwards without having to reset all your switches and knobs in the middle of a number, which is a heaving drag to have to do.

The S-1 comes with either a maple or rosewood fingerboard (this option has long been a Fender standby) and which one you pick is entirely a matter of individual taste.

Rosewood or ebony fingerboards are softer: you can feel the wood under your fingers and it's far more responsive if you're playing in one of the B. B. King-derived styles that depend on string bending and finger tremolo.

You need an extremely strong grip, spectacular control and relatively sweat-free fingers to get all that stuff off on new maple neck.

Maple necks are hard and lacquered, very easy for skidding around on, which is why funk guitarists love Stratocasters.

I own a maple-neck Telecaster myself, but it's nine years old and the previous owner(s) did a fine job of wearing away the excess lacquer so the fretboard wasn't quite so hostile to slurs and bends.

I found the maple version of the S-1 as hard to tame as I do the equivalent necks of new Strats and Teles, but — as I said — that's a matter of taste, and that's why most Fenders — and neo-Fender Gibsons like the S-1 and The Marauder — offer an option. Seen?

Anecdote: Eric Clapton once sent the neck of an old Stratocaster back to the Fender factory for refretting.

The Fender people, noticing that the lacquer on the maple fretboard was all but totally worn away in places, relacquered it before sending it back and were quite perturbed that Eric wasn't surprised and delighted by their thoughtfulness and generosity.

So what don't I like about the S-1? *(Go on, do tell — Ed).*

First of all, the balance and weighting of the body makes the guitar disproportionately heavy at the body end, which can be annoying while you're playing.

Secondly, the rotary selector switch means that you have to go through two tones you don't want to get to the one you do want, which can be distracting if you have to change tones while you're singing, in mid-air or having a mock fight with the bass player.

Thirdly, if you go straight to the lead pickup for a solo, you may have to roll a lot of the excess treble off it with the tone control unless you want to drill skulls with it, which defeats the usefulness of having your lead sound right there at the flick of a switch.

Be warned: the lead pickup of the S-1 is even sharper and brighter than the lead pickup of a Strat or Tele, but if that's the sound you want, enjoy it.

ON BALANCE, Yamaha have done a better job of reproducing the traditional Gibson virtues than Gibson have of reproducing what makes Fender tick.

But then, Fender are laughing.

They can keep on churning out Jazz basses, Precision basses, Telecasters and Strats from now till doomsday and as long as there's electric guitar rock and roll they'll be selling as many of those as they can make.

Weather Report...

... one of the major influences in contemporary jazz get the star treatment in the June number of Black Music & Jazz Review. There's an interview with sax player John Surman and a profile of Howard Johnson, bringing the tuba back into jazz. Plus all the soul, reggae and blues news and a guide to gigs and concerts in June.

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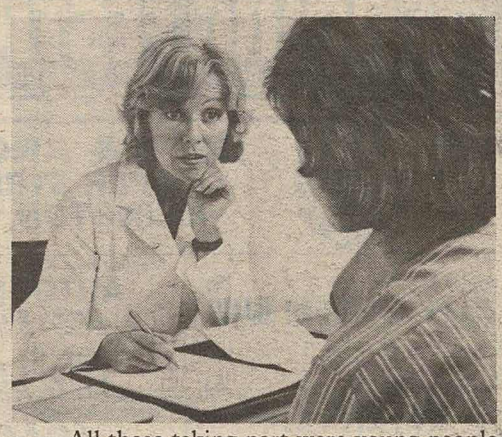

All those taking part were young people and, in a high percentage of cases, the doctor in charge reported really positive improvement.

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GAGS

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Tuesday June 13th 75p
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GAGS

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CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS

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Saturday, June 10th
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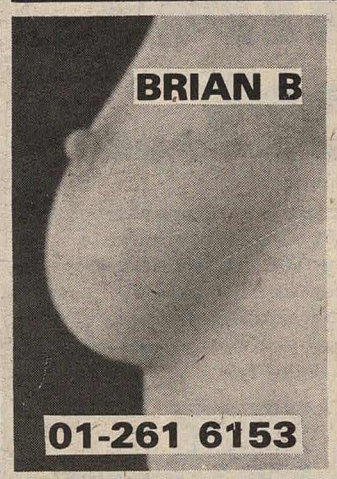

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Sunday June 11th 40p
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Tuesday June 13th
FILTHY McNASTY
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CHRIS THOMPSON
STEVIE LANGE
30p each night

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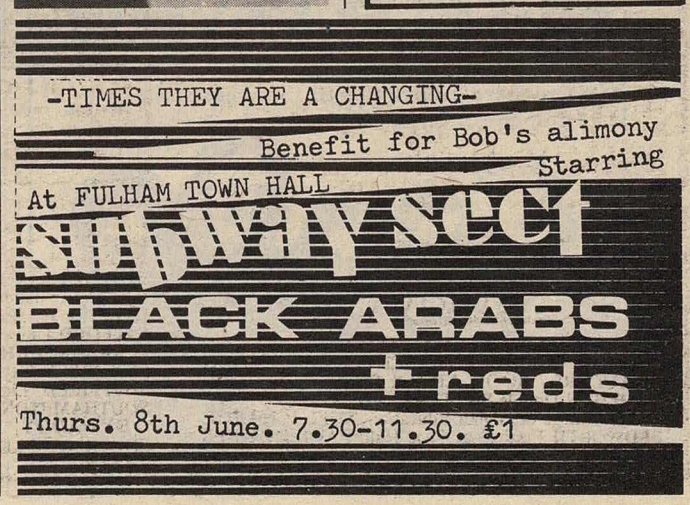
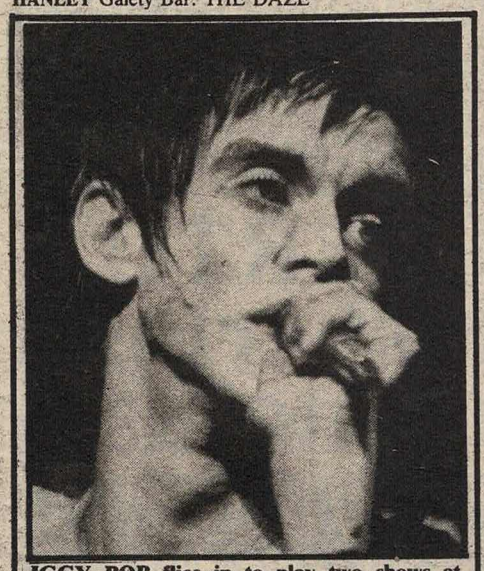


NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

AYLESBURY Civic Centre: JASPER CARROTT
AYLESBURY Kings Head: BULLY WEE
BASILDON Double Six: TRAPEZE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: JOHNNY COUGAR
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BOX Fiveways: HERE & NOW / ALTERNATIVE TV
BRADFORD Mecca World: DAVE BERRY
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: DARTS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: PTARMIGAN
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THE HOTPOINTS
BRISTOL Granary: THE MOVIES
BRISTOL Polytechnic: THE TOURISTS
BRISTOL Tiffanys: STEELE PULSE
CANVEY ISLAND Bardot's: STEVE HOOKER & THE HEAT
COLCHESTER Leisure Centre: SHAM 69
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: SON OF A BITCH
COVENTRY Bulls Head: LANDSCAPE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
DEWSBURY Turks Head: RED EYE
DURHAM Coach & Eight: BLEAK FUTURE
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
HANLEY Gaiety Bar: THE DAZE



IGGY POP flies in to play two shows at London Camden Music Machine on Monday and Tuesday. Robert Gordon and Link Wray have a one-off at the same venue on Wednesday.

HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE BANNED
KORNFORTH United Club: ZHAIN
LEEDS 'F' Club: THE SOFT BOYS / ELEVATOR
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: WHISKEY GROG
LINCOLN Silvergate Ballroom: BEANO
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MERGER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SONJA KRISTINA'S ESCAPE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WARREN HARRY
LONDON FULHAM Town Hall: SUBWAY SECT
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BUSINESS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: MISTY
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TANZ DER YOUTH
LONDON Marquee Club: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON Maunkberries: DANA GILLESPIE
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: GREGORY ISAACS
LONDON PLAISTOW North-East Polytechnic: U.K. SUBS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: THE CRUISERS
LONDON STOCKWELL The Plough: SWIFT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE VIPERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MONOS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: ICEBERG
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: THE ONLY ONES
MANCHESTER Rafters: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
MANSFIELD Miners Club: STRANGE DAYS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: THE CRESTERS (for three days)
MERTHYR TYDFIL Tiffany's: JENNY DARREN BAND
NEWCASTLE City Hall: GERRY RAFFERTY
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE CORTINAS
PAISLEY Three Horseshoes: CHARLEY BROWNE
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES / RADIO BIRDMAN
PONTYPRIDD Glamorgan Polytechnic: REDBRASS
PORTSMOUTH Collingwood Club: PINUPS
POYNTON Folk Centre: REBEC
PRESTON Guildhall: BLACK SABBATH
RETFORD Porterhouse: SASSAFRAS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: KRAZY KAT
STOKE Inset Club: CYANIDE
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE BOYFRIENDS
SWANSEA Nutz Club: THE CHI-LITES
WOLVERHAMPTON Albion Hotel: JOHNNY COPPIN
YORK Oval Ball: MATCHBOX

Friday

BAGSHOT Pantiles: J.A.L.N. BAND
BARROW Civic Hall: THE CRUISERS / FLYING SAUCERS / HOOK, LINE & SINKER
BASILDON Double Six: TRAPEZE
BATH College of Higher Education: SUPERCHARGE
BEDWORTH Festival at Civic Hall: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER (for three days).
BICESTER Nowhere Club: DOUBLE XPOSURE
BIRMINGHAM Arts Labs: NICK TOCZEK & JOHN ROW
BIRMINGAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall: THE CIMARONS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: THE HUMANOIDS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: FIVE HAND REEL
BLACKWOOD Institute: JENNY DARREN BAND
BRADFORD Norfolk Gardens: RAY KING BAND
BRADFORD St George's Hall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
BRIGHTON Sussex University: RAISED ON ROBBERY
BRIGHTON Top Rank: HEATWAVE
BRISTOL Nethan Playing Fields: HERE & NOW / ALTERNATIVE TV
CARLISLE Silloth Stanrock Club: PIN-UPS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: AFTER THE FIRE / SON OF A BITCH
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: PENETRATION
DAGENHAM Longhouse Youth Club: THE INMATES
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE ONLY ONES
DUNDEE University: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
DURHAM Nevilles Cross College: THE REAL THING
EDINBURGH Art College: THE VALVES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: BREAD
GUILDFORD Pig & Tater: JASMINE PIE
GUILDFORD Royal Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
HANLEY Victoria Hall: DARTS
HEDNESFORD Anglesey Hotel: VIDEO
HUNTLEY Christy Park Festival: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND
ILKESTON Festival Inn: STRANGE DAYS
IRONBRIDGE The Crown: JOHNNY COPPIN
KEMPTON PARK Folk Festival; THE CHIEFTAINS / FIVE HAND REEL / BOB DAVENPORT / MARTIN WYNDHAM-READ / ROY HARRIS / FLOWERS & FROLICS / KITSYKE WILL / GLADSTONE'S BAG / etc (for three days)
KIDDERMINSTER Market Tavern: WAX RESEARCH
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: RED EYE
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: STEEL PULSE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JENNY HAAN'S LION / THE NEWS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: THE MONOS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE RETAINERS
LONDON DALSTON Cubies: NEW HEARTS
LONDON EDMONTON Picketts Lock Centre: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON E.15 North-East Polytechnic: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON HACKNEY Chats Palace: OXY & THE MORONS / SURVIVORS / HACKNEY DYNAMITE
LONDON HIGHBURY North Polytechnic: POISON GIRLS
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: DESMOND DEKKER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE BISHOPS / THE KILLJOYS
LONDON KENTISH TOWN North Polytechnic: DIRETRIBE / THE METHOD
LONDON Marquee Club: THE REZILLOS / THE MEKONS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: PAUL MILLNS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON Queen Elizabeth College: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: GONZALEZ
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ROOGALATOR
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PUMPHOUSE GANG
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: EXHIBITION
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East London Polytechnic: LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: ELECTRIC LIHGT ORCHESTRA
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: ALTON ELLIS / KING SOUNDS / BRIMSTONE
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE SOFT BOYS
MANCHESTER Russell Club: JOY DIVISION
MILTON KEYNES Open University: RENO
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: IAN GILLAN BAND
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
NEWPORT The Village: JOHNNY COUGAR
NORTHAMPTON Nene College: OVERSEAS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS

IAN GILLAN and his band begin a short British tour at Newcastle (Friday), Birmingham (Saturday) and three nights at London Marquee (Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday).

NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: APOSTROPHE
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: LEFT HAND DRIVE
OXFORD Westminster College: THE MOVIES
PLUMPTON Agricultural College: THE HOTPOINTS
RETFORD Porterhouse: SHAM 69
RUGBY Emmaline's Club: FREEBIRD
RYDE I.o.W. Sloop Inn: BULLY WEE
SALFORD University: SAILOR
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: TONIGHT
SHEFFIELD City Hall: GERRY RAFFERTY
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: STADIUM DOGS
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
SOUTH BENFLEET Bread & Cheese: JERRY THE FERRET
STEVENAGE Gordon Craig Centre: LABI SIFFRE
STEVENAGE The Swan: SOUNDER
SUNDERLAND Lee's Club: THE LURKERS / STRAW DOGS
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES / RADIO BIRDMAN
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: IAN CAMPBELL GROUP
TORRINGTON Plough Theatre: REDBRASS
WAKEFIELD Newton House: MATCHBOX
WALSALL West Midlands Collage: THE BOY FRIENDS / LITTLE ACRE
WEYMOUTH College: ROY HILL BAND
WITHERNSEA Grand Pavilion: SUZI QUATRO
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: DIRE STRAITS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: THE ALBION BAND

SUZI QUATRO is back on the road with gigs at Withernsea (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Halifax (Sunday), Douglas (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Portsmouth (Wednesday).

Saturday

ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: JAILER
ASHFORD Stour Centre: THE DIRECTORS / RADICALS / TRICKY SWITCH
BANGOR University College: HOT WATER
BEXHILL York Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: IAN GILLAN BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: RIPLEY WAYFARERS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BLOXWICH Nags Head: CRYER
BLYTH Golden Eagle: ZHAIN
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
BOSTON Norprint Club: STRANGE DAYS
BRACKNELL Sports Centre TRASH
BRIGHTON New Regent: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
BRISTOL Granary: ROY HILL BAND
BRISTOL Polytechnic: SQUEEZE / THE CIMARONS
CAMBRIDGE Strawberry Fair: THRID EAR BAND
CHESTER Field Farm: THE REAL THING
CIRENCESTER Corn Exchange: PRESSURE SHOCKS
CROYDON Red Deer: STEVE BOYCE BAND
DUDLEY J. B.'s Club: DIRE STRAITS
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: HEATWAVE
EXETER Rougemont Gardens: HERE & NOW / ALTERNATIVE TV
FALKIRK Maniqui Disco: CHARLEY BROWNE
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: SAILOR
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: SUZI QUATRO
HARLOW Town Park: BRYAN CHALKER & THE NEW FRONTIER / KELVIN HENDERSON'S COUNTRY BAND / HICKORY LAKE
HAYES Alfred Beck Centre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
HINCKLEY The Club: FREEBIRD
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: TANZ DER YOUTH
KEMPTON PARK Festival: THE CHIEFTAINS / FIVE HAND REEL etc. (see Friday)
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LEEDS University: THE MEKONS / GANG OF FOUR
LIVERPOOL Hyton Hillside Crescent Club: MAINLINE STATION
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HUNTER / THE ORPHANS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin: MENACE / PATRIK FITZGERALD
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON CITY University: MISTY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE RETAINERS / BEANO
LONDON DALSTON Cubies: ROSKO ROADSHOW / SCARECROW
LONDON EAST DULWICH Eric's Dungeon: BAD BLOOD
LONDON EPPING Hall: POISON GIRLS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SASSAFRAS
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: THE CRUISERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLACK SABBATH
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: GYPP
LONDON Marquee Club: THE SMIRKS
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmiths College: U.K. SUBS
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: ICEBERG
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: JOHN SPENCER'S BAND
LONDON ROEHAMPTON Froebel Institute: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON SOUTHALL Hambro Tavern: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SORE THROAT
LONDON TWICKENHAM College: THE TYLA GANG
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: EXHIBITION
LONDON WATERLOO Action Space: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: GERRY RAFFERTY
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: STEEL PULSE
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: THE BLADES
MARGATE Bowlers Arms: STAG
MILTON KEYNES Stantonbury Theatre: THE ALBION BAND
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BREAD
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: THE INN THING
NOTTINGHAM Folk Club: WATERFALL
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
OXFORD College of Further Education: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES / RADIO BIRDMAN
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: DOUBLE XPOSURE
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: THE MOVIES
PRESTON Guildhall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
RETFORD Porterhouse: SUPERCHARGE
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
STAFFORD Riverside: RAY KING BAND
TAUNTON Brewhouse Theatre: REDBRASS
TORQUAY 400 Club: BLACK GORILLA
TURRIFF Marquee Festival: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND
WAVENDON The Stables: LANDSCAPE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WORKINGTON Westfield Centre: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE

Sunday

BANFF Fyffe Lodge Hotel: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND
BARROW Maxim's Disco: CYANIDE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: MUD
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: POISON GIRLS
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: HEATWAVE
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: JOHNNY CURIOUS AND THE STRANGERS
BRISTOL Crockers: WATERFALL
CAMBUSLANG County Inn: CHARLEY BROWNE
EXETER Rougemont Gardens: REDBRASS
FLEET Country Club: DYNAMITE
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: TELEPHONE BILL AND THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
HALIFAX Civic Theatre: SUZI QUATRO
HARLOW Town Park: THE HILLSIDERS/LITTLE GINNY BAND/ANN AND RAY BRETT
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: THE CRUISERS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES/RADIO BIRDMAN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LANDSCAPE
LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE White Swan: STEVE BOYCE BAND
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: GERRY RAFFERTY
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: FUN FACTORY
LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Open Theatre: JULIE FELIX
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLACK SABBATH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE INMATES

THE JAM begin their latest tour next week, kicking off at Blackburn (Monday), Keighley (Tuesday) and Colwyn Bay (Wednesday), fronted — of course — by Paul Weller (above).

LONDON LEYTON Lion and Key: MYSTERY TRAIN
LONDON LEYTONSTONE Red Lion: URCHIN
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: WARREN HARRY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: STEVE GIBBONS BAND/JOHNNY COUGAR
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LONDON WELBLEY Conference Centre: LINDISFARNE/ALEXIS KORNER/BILL ODDIE, etc. (Anti-Nazi League benefit)
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: MIKI AND GRIFF
MANCHESTER Ashton Spread Eagle: ANY TROUBLE
MANCHESTER Rafters: SUBWAY SECT
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: STEEL PULSE
NEWCASTLE Royal Hotel: TONIGHT
NEW MILLS Bear Knees: THE INN THING
NORTHAMPTON The Racehorse: TIME MACHINE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NUNEATON Trocadero Night Spot: FREEBIRD
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: FIVE HAND REEL
POYNTON Folk Centre: STRAWHEAD/GRAHAM COOPER
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: SAILOR
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS/THE CURE
SOUTHEND Roots Rock Club: IDIOT/ACNE
STROUD Marshall Rooms: HERE AND NOW/ALTERNATIVE TV

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

WHITEHAVEN Mirehouse Club: NORMAN JAY AND VINTAGE
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES

Monday

AMPTHILL Folk Club: LEW HOLDEN
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: GERRY RAFFERTY
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BLACK SABBATH
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: THE REAL THING
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: THE JAM
BRADFORD Talk Of Yorkshire: ZHAIN
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: ROLL-UPS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: EXECUTIVES
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CAMBRIDGE Emmanuel College: THE ONLY ONES
CAMBRIDGE Trinity College: LANDSCAPE / THE TYLA GANG
CHADWELL HEATH Snoopy's: HERITAGE
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
COVENTRY Warwick Univeristy: HERE & NOW/ALTERNATIVE TV
DONCASTER Outlook Club: STEEL PULSE
DOUGLAS I.o.M. Palace Lido: SUZI QUATRO
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
LEEDS Mexborough: SHEENY & THE GOYS
LEEDS Polytechnic: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KESTRAL/FAST DRIVER/FLYER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: IGGY POP
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON Marquee Club: IAN GILLAN BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RUNNING SORES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MAGNETS
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: STEVE BOYCE BAND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THIEF.
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: LEYTON BUZZARDS
MACHESTER Ardwick Apollo: BREAD
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: GUESS
MANCHESTER Cavalcade: GAGS
NETTLEFOLD Bull Inn: BULLY WEE
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: QUILL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: DARTS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THOMPSON TWINS
ST. ELMSALL Moorthorpe Recreation Club: BEANO.

Tuesday

AYLESBURY R.A.F. Halton: CHEAP FLIGHTS
ANGLESEY Plas Coch: HOT WATER
BATLEY Coach & Six: ARC ROUGE
BELFAST Ulster Hall: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUBWAY SECT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: INTERLECKTUALS
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF THE EARTH
BRIGHTONThe Richmond: THE THRILLERS / NICKY & THE DOTS
CAMBRIDGE Corpus Christi College: MUSCLES / THE CRUISERS
CAMBRIDGE Pembroke College: MUNGO JERRY
CAMBRIDGE St Catherine's College: MATCHBOX
CAMBRIDGE University May Ball: MUD
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ZHAIN
IPSWICH Odeon: DARTS
KEIGHLEY Victoria Hall: THE JAM
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: HERE & NOW
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: LANDSCAPE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
LONDON BRIXTON The Telegraph: FIRST AID
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: IGGY POP
LONDON Marquee Club: IAN GILLAN BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SHOWBIZ KIDS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SPLIT RIVET
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON WEBMLEY Empire Pool: ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
LONDON WOOLWICH Public Hall: THE YETTIES
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: AFTER THE FIRE / FISH CO.
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: BREAD
MANCHESTER Ashton Tameside Theatre: SUZI QUATRO
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: SAILOR
REDDITCH Tracey's: THE TIGHTS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: CYANIDE
SHEFFIELD University: DIRES STRAITS / THE MOVIES / JAB JAB
SMETHWICK Blue Gates: CRYER
ST. NEOTS Kings Hotel: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
STOKE Trent Polytechnic: J.A.L.N. BAND

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Ruffles: JENNY DARREN BAND
BELFAST Ulster Hall: THIN LIZZY
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: ALBERTOS
BIRMINGHAM Westhill College: MATHEWS BROTHERS
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRISTOL Colston Hall: GERRY RAFFERTY
BRISTOL University: THE ONLY ONES
BROXBORNE Civic Hall:FIVE HAND REEL
CAMBRIDGE King's College: MATCHBOX/THE ALBION BAND
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
COLWYN BAY Pier: THE JAM
CUMBERNAULD The Kestrel: CHARLEY BROWNE
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES / RADIO BIRDMAN
HANLEY Victoria Hall: U.F.O.
HULL University: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: ARC ROUGE
LIVERPOOL Masionic Hall: THE GERMS
LONDON ACTON White Hart: THE LURKERS
LONDON BRIXTON Telegraph: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GEORGE THROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ROBERT GORDON & LINK WRAY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: OVERSEAS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BREAD
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: GAGS
LONDON Marquee Club: IAN GILLAN BAND
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON SOUTHWARK Guys Hospital: MISTY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: ICEBERG
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND
LONDON WOOLWICH The Broom: ZHAIN
LUDLOW The Globe: JOHNNY COPPIN
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: BLACK SABBATH
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.: HERE & NOW
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DAVID BOWIE
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: THE BOYFRIENDS
NOTTINGHAM Heart of the Midlands: THE REAL THING
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: SUZI QUATRO
READING Target Club: THE HEAT
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: EAST COAST/ SANDY & THE BACKLINE
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
TORQUAY 400 Club: PINUPS
TORQUAY Town Hall: SAILOR
WARRINGTON Padgate College: MAINLINE STATION
WORCESTER Bank House: THE TYLA GANG

HOTTEST

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Friday June 9th
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STRAIGHT 8
Monday June 12th
ZAINE GRIFF
Tuesday June 13th
PLEASURE ZONE
Wednesday June 14th
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Thursday June 15th
Friday June 16th
Saturday June 17th
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JUNE
Thurs. 8th: Bull's Head, Binley Rd., Coventry
Sat. 10th: Stables, Wavendon, Milton Keynes
Sun. 11th: Rock Garden, London, WC2
Mon. 12th: Trinity College, Cambridge
Fri. 16th: Brentwood
Wed. 21st: Music Machine, London, N1.
Sat. 24th: Battersea Arts Centre
Mon. 26th: Phoenix Theatre, Leicester.
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THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS
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Summer Party
Thurs, June 8th
The Nags Head
Hackney Rd., E.5
Sat., June 10th
The Grove
Washington Rd
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Admission Free

OUTLAW PRESENT
HEATWAVE
Bradford St. George's Hall
Tuesday 20th June
Cardiff Top Rank
Tuesday 27th June
Bristol Colston Hall
Friday 30th June
ALBERTO y lost trios paranoias
Birmingham Town Hall
Wednesday 14th June
Guildford Civic Hall
Friday 30th June

ODEON — HAMMERSMITH
FRI. 16th + SAT. 17th JUNE
FREDERICK BANNISTER
presents
DARTS
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GONZALEZ
Saturday June 10th
ROBBIE VINCENT
Wednesday June 14th
Capital Radio's Deejays night out with
ADRIAN LOVE

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AN ALL NIGHTER RELEASE BENEFIT
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SORE THROAT
+ The Shooters
Saturday June 10th £2.00
MEAL TICKET
+ Ritz
Monday June 12th & Tuesday June 13th
IGGY POP
+ The Members
Advance tickets from the box office £2.25
Wednesday June 14th
ROBERT GORDON & LINK WRAY
+ The Bishops
Advance tickets from the box office £2.00
Thursday June 15th
SAILOR
+ Window
Pay at door £1.50
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Saturday 17 June Glasgow Apollo 041 332 6055
Sunday 18 June Manchester Belle Vue 061 223 2927
Tuesday 20 June Newcastle City Hall 0632 28520

PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL

SUNDAY JUNE 18th
ALEXANDRA PALACE
Evening Gigs

Great Hall 7.30 pm
THE CIMARRONS
SUBWAY SECT
CRAZY CAVAN & THE RHYTHM ROCKERS

Edinburgh Rooms 7.30 pm
JOHN STEVEN'S AWAY
QUATERNITY
GUY-RILEY-WACHSMAN

Throughout The Day
Leon Rosselson
Hamish Henderson
Pete Brown
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Adrian Mitchell
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22nd The Cock, Edmonton
23rd Old Forresters Club, Theydon Bois

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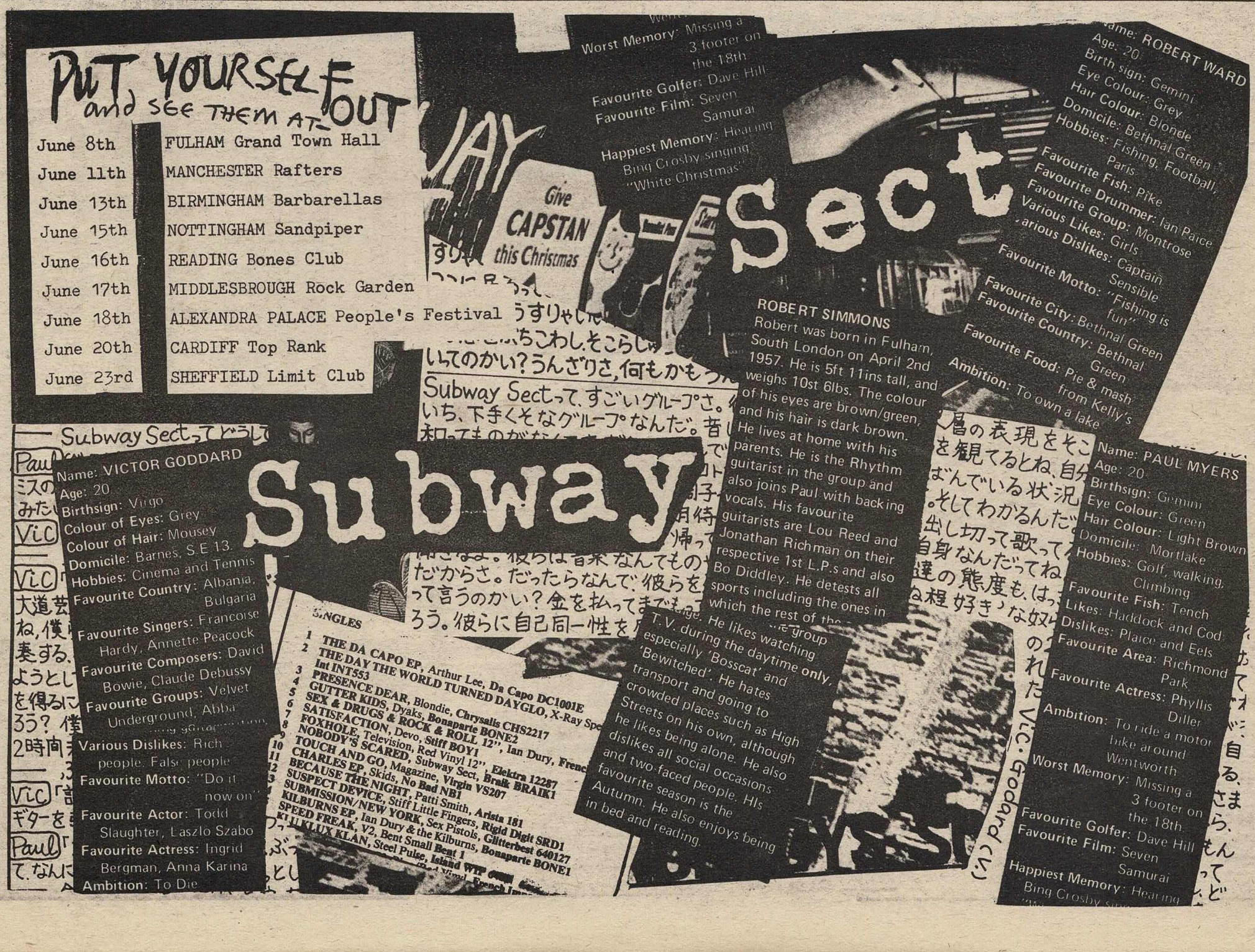
Sect
Subway
Name: ROBERT WARD
Age: 20
Birth sign: Gemini
Eye Colour: Grey
Hair Colour: Blonde
Domicile: Bethnal Green
Hobbies: Fishing, Football, Paris
Favourite Fish: Pike
Favourite Drummer: Ian Paice
Favourite Group: Montrose
Various Likes: Girls
Various Dislikes: Captain Sensible
Favourite Motto: "Fishing is fun"
Favourite City: Bethnal Green
Favourite Country: Bethnal Green
Favourite Food: Pie & mash from Kelly's
Ambition: To own a lake
Worst Memory: Missing a 3 footer on the 18th
Favourite Golfer: Dave Hill
Favourite Film: Seven Samurai
Happiest Memory: Hearing Bing Crosby singing "White Christmas"
ROBERT SIMMONS
Robert was born in Fulham, South London on April 2nd 1957. He is 5ft 11ins tall, and weighs 10st 6lbs. The colour of his eyes are brown/green, and his hair is dark brown. He lives at home with his parents. He is the Rhythm guitarist in the group and also joins Paul with backing vocals. His favourite guitarists are Lou Reed and Jonathan Richman on their respective 1st L.P.s and also Bo Diddley. He detests all sports including the ones in which the rest of the group
T.V. during the daytime only especially 'Bosscat' and 'Bewitched'. He hates transport and going to crowded places such as High Streets on his own, although he likes being alone. He also dislikes all social occasions and two-faced people. His favourite season is the Autumn. He also enjoys being in bed and reading.
Name: VICTOR GODDARD
Age: 20
Birthsign: Virgo
Colour of Eyes: Grey
Colour of Hair: Mousey
Domicile: Barnes, S.E.13.
Hobbies: Cinema and Tennis
Favourite Country: Albania, Bulgaria
Favourite Singers: Francoise Hardy, Annette Peacock
Favourite Composers: David Bowie, Claude Debussy
Favourite Groups: Velvet Underground, Abba
Various Dislikes: Rich people. False people
Favourite Motto: "Do it now on"
Favourite Actor: Todd Slaughter, Laszlo Szabo
Favourite Actress: Ingrid Bergman, Anna Karina
Ambition: To Die
Name: PAUL MYERS
Age: 20
Birthsign: Gemini
Eye Colour: Green
Hair Colour: Light Brown
Domicile: Mortlake
Hobbies: Golf, walking, Climbing
Favourite Fish: Tench
Likes: Haddock and Cod
Dislikes: Plaice and Eels
Favourite Area: Richmond Park
Favourite Actress: Phyllis Diller
Ambition: To ride a motor bike around Wentworth
Worst Memory: Missing a 3 footer on the 18th
Favourite Golfer: Dave Hill
Favourite Film: Seven Samurai
Happiest Memory: Hearing Bing Crosby
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KU KLUX KLAN, Steel Pulse, Island WIP
Subway Sectって、すごいグループさ。
いち、下手くそなグループなんだ。
って言うのかい？金を払ってまで
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Bob Dylan

OUTDOOR UNIVERSAL AMPHITHEATRE, LOS ANGELES

DUSK WAS setting on the intimate Universal Amphitheatre, perched just above the heart of Hollywood, when Bob Dylan strolled on stage for the opening night of a one-week engagement prior to the launching of his European tour.

Many were still scampering to their seats as Dylan strapped on his guitar while the band concluded a slick but punchy instrumental delivery of "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall".

From the first number — "Love With A Feeling" — it was glaringly evident that Dylan was in an extremely relaxed, amiable mood, singing and playing with remarkable ease as if he was simply going through another sound-check.

Clad in black save for a white pin-shirt, he was the epitome of the polished entertainer rather than the socio-political spokesman of the past.

It was rather strange experiencing the usually sombre, reserved artist excitedly introducing tunes with such out-of-character phrases as "Here's a song from my forthcoming Columbia Records album."

By the time he had sifted his way through the new "Baby Stop Crying", "Mr. Tambourine Man", "Shelter From The Storm", "Tangled Up In Blue" and "Love Minus Zero", it was clear that Dylan was going to challenge the audience instead of treading in safe waters with familiar versions of his classics. Dylan presented each number in a sometimes dramatic re-arrangement.

Relying heavily on instrumental fills of sax, from Steve Douglas, and the background vocals of the female trio, each song took on an alternative feel as he laced heavy doses of R&B, reggae and country into his new treatments.

Perhaps the most striking eye-opener was "Ballad Of A Thin Man".

Laying down his guitar, Dylan took to the mike and assumed the role of a centre-stage showman, strutting about the platform in a manner that was clumsy and endearing at the same time. He even worked the edge of the stage, shaking hands with the crowd-rushers. The biting tune has now been rearranged like a Philly International production, commercialised yet effective.

By now the audience was thrust into a state of uneasy anticipation. As in the '60s when he went electric, purists felt that the musical alterations were simply for the sake of change, lacking either depth or urgency.

Others, cherishing the simple fact that they were actually seeing their hero, felt that trying to revitalise his body of work — some of which had been composed well over a decade ago — was a bold move.

In any case, the balance of the first half proved an evaluating process for much of the throng, as Dylan went through a taste of his imminent "Street Legal" album, along with "Maggie's Farm", "Like A Rolling Stone", "I Shall Be Released" and "Going Going Gone" (the latter featuring completely new lyrics).

"Like A Rolling Stone" was the predictable favourite, a rousing celebration with the crowd standing and shouting along to the familiar strains of *"How does it feel?"*

By intermission, the importance of the band and the choice of instrumentation became the major topics of conversation. By surrounding himself with the highly-skilled yet slick assemblage, Dylan had guaranteed himself precision.

With this diversified combo, he seemed ready to make the transition into the multi-million dollar entertainment world of Las Vegas; although this may be overstating the case, it has to be stressed that this band would be more comfortable with glossy production numbers than pure rock excursions.

After a brief respite, the group ambled on for another instrumental, this time "Rainy Day Women". The presentation formula was now falling in line, Dylan moving from new selections to classic oldies, all being given unpredictable treatments.

"(Sooner Or Later) One Of Us Must Know", "You're A Big Girl Now", "One More Cup Of Coffee" were just warm-ups for the next highlight, "Blowin' In The Wind", performed with the gentle backing of the piano, yet retaining a powerful edge.

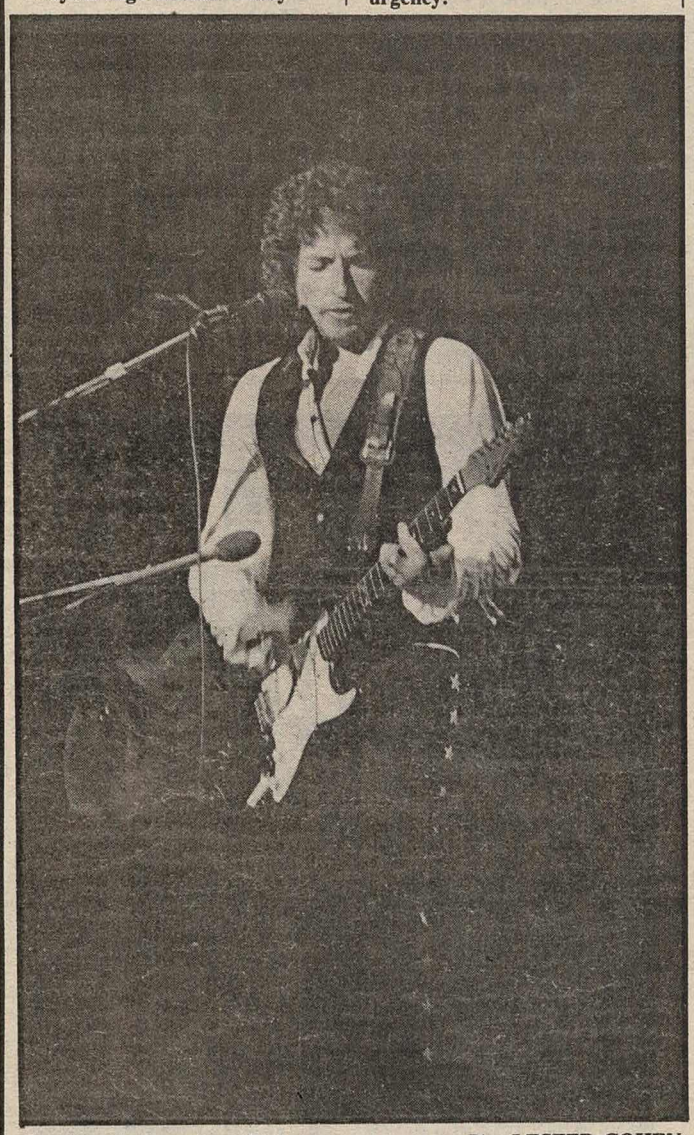
For the conclusion of the set, Dylan and Co. went through "I Want You" in a drastically mellow tone, "Masters Of War", "Just Like A Woman", so soulful in performance that one confused fan yelled "The poet's back, but please no more Diana Ross"; an evocative reading of "To Ramona", and a reflective "The Man In Me". "It's Alright Ma", punctuated with heavy organ and followed by a reassuring version of "Forever Young" triumphantly closed the set.

By the time he left the stage, Dylan had proved that he was able to rise above criticism, resolute in the knowledge that he'd presented one of the year's most intriguing and surprising performances.

It's that ability to remain enigmatic, yet always purposeful, that has kept him a legend in the eyes of many.

His encore delivery of "The Times They Are A-Changin' " reminded us that he has been a perpetually visionary artist. It is immaterial whether or not his records excel; to see Dylan still performing is what's most important.

Justin Pierce



Success minus zero: no limit *Pic: LESTER COHEN*

Jab Jab

. . . and to a good-time band from Huddersfield

(Huddersfield?)

Jab Jab

HOPE & ANCHOR, ISLINGTON

I'VE SEEN Jab Jab five times in the last fortnight.

This is the worst gig I've seen them do so far and they still had the crowd jumping and yelling despite the humid tropical atmosphere of the Hope's basement this muggy Saturday night where you just pour with sweat by tapping your foot.

At the previous four gigs they played to houses only a third full and still got everyone behind them. Their secret, simply, is in the great warmth of personality and sense of fun that they radiate, and in the sheer rhythmic vitality of their music. I guess one should be able to take such qualities for granted in rock music, but there you go . . .

Anyway, this is one of the very few bands I've seen in a long while who have got it, and you don't just stand there and *appreciate* it you go home afterwards and discuss their *validity* with your friends.

You either leave in the first five minutes or you stay — so far most people have stayed — and if you stay you don't stand still 'cos that's impossible.

The band is fronted by bass-player, singer, general rapper Joe Augustine, elegantly attired in top hat and ladies' swimsuit (whatever gets you off, Joe!) and with a continuous sleepy-eyed grin like Fat Freddy's cat that could see the band through a Russian winter where wimps like Napoleon and Adolf failed.

There's no way he's not going to give you a good time.

Brother Charlie Roy Augustine — lead guitar, vocals — effortlessly doles out the thrills and spills with a Hendrix-ish Fender, and Ron Bozo swirls around on a Hammond organ that gives the band its "weight".

Finally there's Skinhead Dick, cousin to the Augustine brothers and a mother of a drummer, though he doesn't agree with me when I say so. (In fact, they're all rather modest characters — even shy — offstage).

He seems to be in an off mood tonight and doesn't do his usual drum solo spot which is a crime because his is the one drum solo that won't send you back to the bar to kill time.

So what's taking place? Is it the weather or some little internecine aggravation?

Certainly he's a perfectionist and he likes things to be just *right* . . . so if there's something else he wants, well, maybe the band ought to just indulge his whim because he's a Valuable Member.

When he gets that thing going on the snare then starts throwing those counterbeats in on the toms he fair does my 'ead in.

Oh yeah, the music. Well, it's reggae like that new mustard — it's big but it ain't mean — and rock like the Quo with some firecracker guitar. There's even some calypso in there, and a soully ballad.

Hard to classify really except to say it's all really ballsy, and so downright rhythmic.

One of the highlights of the set is one of their very few non-originals — a reggae/rock reworking of "All Along The Watchtower" ending on a chanted prayer of "May The Force be with you" from that film. Corny, but nevertheless moving.

Jab Jab could have a very wide appeal. You ought to check them out even if you don't think you could dig reggae.

They're bound to get stick from some roots reggae purists but I don't think their eclecticism stems from a desire to water down, commercialize, and rip off but rather from the fact that although the Augustines originated in the West Indies (Grenada, to be exact) they have also done some of their growing-up here (with all that that implies) and their music is a direct and unaffected response to that cultural cross-pollination.

Natty rebels they might have been (they do in fact sport Rasta emblems, but only offstage) but they're British too and we shouldn't mind if they don't mind.

Geoff Hill

Darts

DE MONTFORT HALL, LEICESTER

AND SO they rocket to the bullseye.

It can hardly have escaped your notice that these days the Darts have trouble putting even one foot wrong.

Two near-sellout tours, three very successful singles, at least two of which have been kept from the Number One slot by mediocrity; (last year it was Macca's simpering "Mule Of Kev's Bire" which beat "Daddy Cool", at the moment "New York City" is suffering similarly under the truly horrendous Barney M.)

Be that as it may, rave reviews have abounded, and one need only look around the packed De Montfort Hall, a venue normally reserved for the big boys — Lizzy, Wishbone, Feelgoods, etc — to see that Darts have, er, *arrived.*

While it's immensely gratifying to see the fruition of Darts' hard work (it's a long way from miners' welfares and Black Label commercials) it is a little worrying to see exactly the elements which make up the capacity crowd.

Apart from a few young Teds, who'll probably stay with the band whatever, the vast proportion are young pop kids, you know, twelve- and thirteen-year-olds, and while this in itself is very encouraging, I only hope their adulation isn't of the transient type normally reserved for Osmonds and Rollers.

Enough of this pessimism and on to the show.

● *Continued over page*

● *From previous page*

I can confirm that they are every bit as good as Cliff White told you a couple of weeks ago, and I can only endorse his suggestion that you see them yourself.

Songwise, it's really a question of pick your fave, since no two people ever seem to agree on the best song of any particular night.

I was particularly partial to the solo doo-wop section where Bob, Den, Rita and Griff croon through "Why I Cry" and "Sometimes Lately", but that was mainly because it brought back memories of the great summer of '76 and that terrific little Rocky Sharpe EP on Chiswick.

We also had a bonus in "Goodnight Sweetheart" which they did as a third encore; apparently they haven't performed it for quite a while.

Basically, Darts have that desperately-hard-to-achieve knack of making it all look so easy.

No matter how much they fool around on stage (a lot), you know they'll all be in exactly the right place when it comes to that vital bum, doo or wop.

Maybe that's their biggest asset, being able to let people know how much they themselves are enjoying it without becoming sloppy in the process.

File under Sheer Entertainment. **Stephen Gordon**

XTC

MARQUEE

SWINDON'S ONLY important contribution to popular culture: you've heard all the descriptions before, white noise, angular, science fiction pop, the modern world and the sounds of the future all neatly wrapped up as teenage dance music.

The album, the singles and a lot of touring and XTC are back in London for their only capital concerts, two nights in a small, crowded sweatbox.

This is Tuesday and they've already done one early show for their youngest fans.

The band already look hot and tired when they walk on. Quite a few very small punters have managed to stay over for the later performance; like the rest of the crowd they're committed followers; XTC can't fail tonight.

I half expected an easy run through the album, a fairly leisurely show. After all, they've got nothing to prove to this crowd and they want to get off the stage before dissolving into four talented pools of perspiration.

So wrong. There were songs I hadn't heard, old favourites, and most of the album material seemed to have different arrangements, unfamiliar introductions or just more power.

I remember a time when XTC could justly be described as fairly restrained on stage. After all, they look and dress normal, they don't swing from the rafters or scale the PA.

XTC now wash whiter than white

Andy Partridge, however, has turned into a rivetting, robotic mover, eyes staring, head jerking, mouth strained in an unbreakable grin. He points, waves, chops at his guitar, all sudden, sharp motions, only relaxing the tautness of his slender frame as the last chords die.

Colin Moulding, surely one of the most consistently inventive young bassists around, shares vocals almost equally with Partridge, his eyes hidden behind the low fringe of his stylised moptop. Barry Andrews chats incessantly with the front rows, even during the quieter passages of the songs, shoving his decrepit keyboards around the stage when the pace quickens, contributing most of the melody and decoration to the essentially sparse XTC soundtrack.

"Radios In Motion", "Crossed Wires", "This Is Pop", "All Along The Watchtower", the songs they've done before they seem now to be playing better than ever, although on the Dylan cover Partridge's remarkable vocal dub is assisted by unnecessary electronic echo.

The lighting is cold and bright, the atmosphere oppressive. No air or space as they go into "Heatwave", an uncomfortable, swirling haze of sharp music and choked lyrics.

"I'm going to tell you about the worst threat you'll ever face in your lives," announces Andy, "Is it the National Front? No. Is it inflation? No . . . It's disco music, and this one's for Mecca . . ."

It's "Meccanic Dancing", a triumphant combination of parody and warning, never quite funky, the music twitching and shaking like a decapitated chicken.

"Don't Step On My Toes", "Science Friction", "Set Myself On Fire", with Colin Moulding sucking the microphone, gasping for breath, bathed in violent red light.

The first encore is "Fireball XL5", one of the finest plastic pop songs of the early '60s, now all but forgotten. The XTC revival is a verse short but full of fun and about as tinny as a modern band can get.

Andy Partridge: robot mover *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

"Statue Of Liberty", and another night over. An easy win for the group but by quite a margin.

I was ready to say I enjoyed what they were doing but thought it was time they expanded from their self-imposed limits. XTC were a step ahead.

With this rate of improvement, the next album is going to be more than interesting, and the major leagues only a step away.

Kim Davis

Johnny Cougar

BRISTOL GRANARY

ONE THING I dislike is being lied to.

Advertisers often say that Joe Rabbit is great, an opinion with which it is possible to disagree.

Whether someone is a star or not is a matter of fact, not opinion, and I doubt that an audience of 100 or so at a Bristol club is what a 'star' would normally draw.

Even so, there it was on the poster, "Johnny Cougar's new album will not by itself make him a star . . . because he already is." Hmmmm.

Certainly he behaves like one.

Trouble is, the over-the-top posturings of a Robert Plant, while fine on a stage a hundred yards away at Earl's Court, look merely absurd on a small, cramped stage. Just as ridiculous in a club is the use of a follow-spot.

As you might have expected, the overblown presentation and exaggerated promotion are there to cover up a woeful lack of inspiration in the music as delivered.

Most of the songs were fairly standard heavy rock, all redundant guitar solos and ranting vocals.

Sometimes the pace slows, and Cougar then sets about impersonating Springsteen, attempting the more impassioned singing on "Jungleland".

His voice can't carry it: there is no warmth in it at all.

These sins, though, were nothing compared to the middle of the set.

Rule 54 in "How to be successful" must be something like "Never apologise for your choice of songs".

Cougar has not read that far yet: he announced most regretfully that they were now going to perform a couple of slower songs.

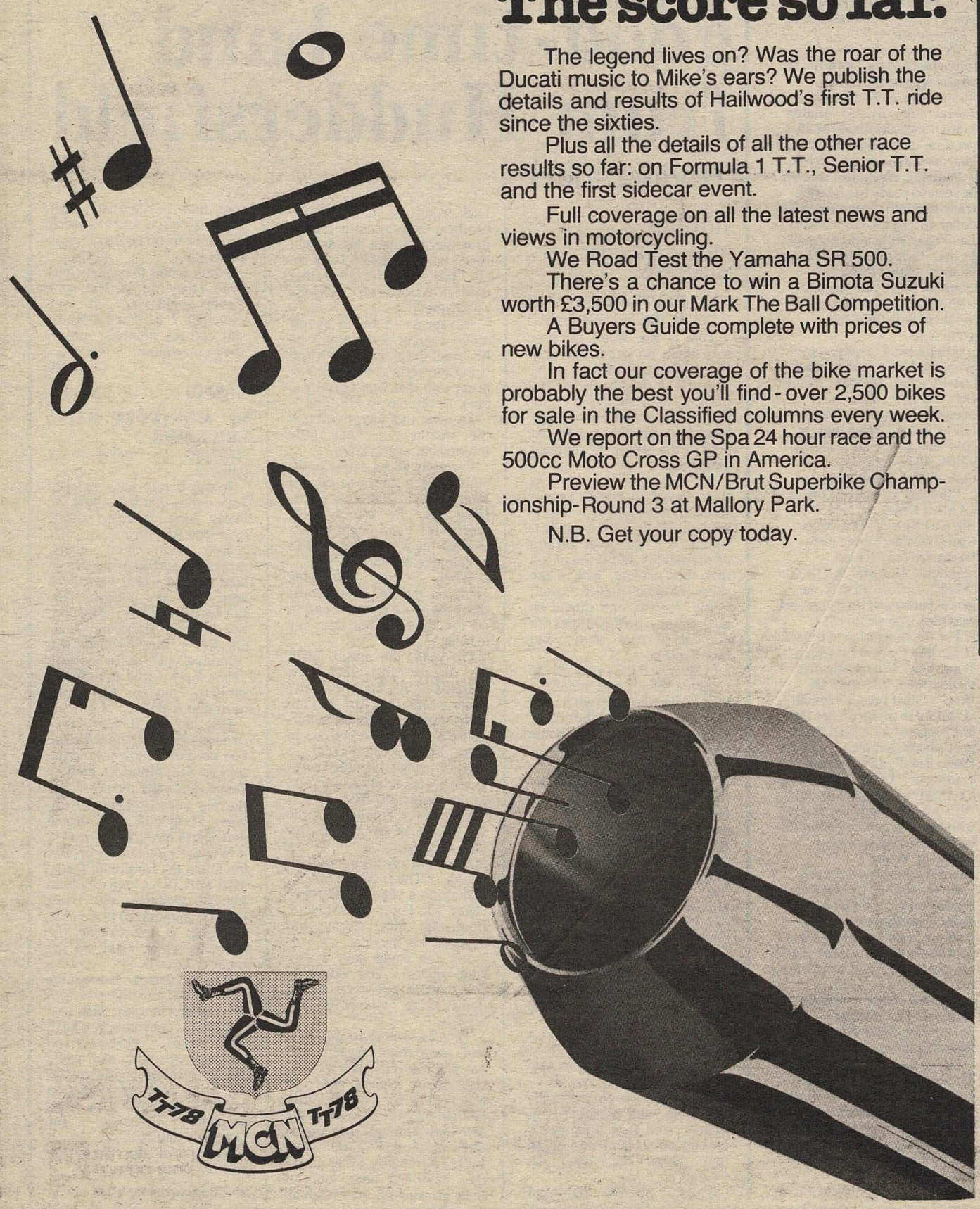
The first of these was ordinary, but the band then left the stage to leave Cougar alone on stage with an acoustic, whereupon he did an appalling song called "Taxi Dancer".

But he followed this with an absolutely superb song, which sounded similar in structure to Bob Seger's great "Night Moves". The whole atmosphere changed, and I really thought the set was going to get up and go.

I was disappointed. Straight back to the useless heavy drivel.

That one song was so good; but Johnny Cougar clearly has so little taste that it must have been an accident.

Mike Holmans


T.T. Notes:
The score so far.
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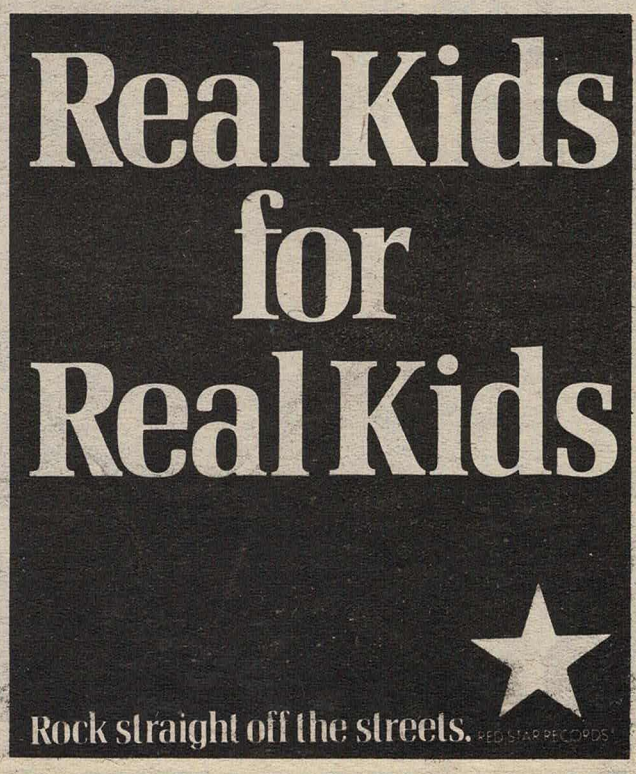

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Artist Development, Arista Records.

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Nigel Grainge, *Managing Director, Ensign Records.*

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The Pirates

HULL TIFFANYS

'Age shall not weary them, nor years condemn'. **The Pirates symbolise one of the things that can happen to ageing rockandrollers, and it goes without saying they could have done a lot worse. They've got themselves a brand new bag (even if it is much like the old one), a whole new audience to match, and basically they still play the kind of music that our distant cousins used to rip out cinema seats to, though they've been playing it long enough to know just when to fill it out, and when to leave it bare.**

All of their songs are 'old', whatever the copyright date says. Even the songs they haven't written yet are old. Dominant, sub-dominant, repeated phrases, short statements, build-up of tension, guitar breakout — all the ingredients the medium thrives on.

But in the way that it is played, there is rock-roll *plus:* beginning with Frank Farley's drumming, more than solid enough to shake John Bonham out of his seat; Johnny Spence's bass, constantly fidgeting, picking out runs in the finest jazz traditions, yet never violating his strict R&B brief; Mick Green *(perhaps* not the greatest guitarist of all time), applying pressure with the subtle dexterity of a Spanish Inquisitor, consummating frenzied runs, while the full-blooded raunch of a fresh swept chord still rings in your ears.

Within the limitations of what they do (and let's own up, they are limited — they would not disagree), they are very good. If you like your rock fairly black, no sugar, then The Pirates are worth an hour or so of your time.

They keep their roots fairly close to the surface: in the set, they include a couple of Fats Domino tributes, as well as the Johnny Kidd retrospective, "Shakin' All Over" — 'the only British Rock and Roll classic to stand the test of time'. The latter they update a little, with 1970s guitar, and a much fuller rhythm section. But the memory is *right there.*

For the rest, they isolate the backbone of the "Out Of Their Skulls" album, and tempt their audience with tastes from the new "Skull Wars"; of the new material "Voodoo" is too glib to break 'new' ground, but "Johnny B Goode's Good" 's good.

As a musical experience, the concert is a live outing of the albums. But with the two frontmen trying to outrun each other with occasional 100m sprints, there's enough to look at too. Great stuff, good swashbuckling fun.

But, of course, being rock music, there has to be a 'but'. This one lands squarely on Mick Green's head in the form of a mid-encore flying beer-glass. Green needs five stitches in a cut eye-brow, and the healthy Pirates and heavy roadies and the evening in their element, inviting dissident factions backstage 'to talk the incident over'.

Of course, no-one deserves that kind of treatment, but perhaps sometimes performers invite it: if you're glad to see an audience writhing and stomping almost to fever pitch *and* incite it, then you have to anticipate consequences. Even so, it's a pity that people went home talking about social malaise and what they'd like to do to punk mavericks, rather than being allowed to reflect upon an evening of good times and good music.

Emma Ruth

When The Tanks Roll Over Please Please Me

The Automatics Baby Grand

ROCK GARDEN, COVENT GARDEN

THEY MAKE an Odd Couple, these two bands, utterly contrasting and yet, in a way, agreeably complementary.

First up are Baby Grand who put out punchy pop in almost a score of potential 45s. Neat little jobs, these songs, and all but four from the brain of Richard Manktelow (guitar and funny faces).

Keeping time are Brent Wigley and Mark Letley on drums and bass. Dermot Basset fronts while in his shadow lurks secret weapon Simon Hurst (keyboards).

"Rat Race" and "Rent Collector" are typically bright and fine; "Out Of Order" is home-made reggae, plucky but unwise. And need they court disaster by including both "Please Please Me" and "Won't Get Fooled Again"? Maybe not, but Baby Grand have no pretensions, only promise. Keep at least two eyes out for them.

Not so genial are The Automatics. They're violent, fast and, above all, loud. A piece like the current single "When The Tanks Roll Over Poland Again" proves to be the perfect vehicle for their brand of blitzkrieg bop. You either jump up top for the ride or else you're happoer five miles clear.

Drummer Rickey Rocket (groan!) is the engine that powers them, with solid support from Bobby Collins on bass. And when Dave Philp sings "You Can't Catch Me" — a mangled rendering of Chuck Berry's "Come Together" blueprint — you know he's not kidding.

The sound is strong, the presence has power and yet, it should be said, the songs are short on character save for a generalised malevolence. Apart from the single only "Watch Me Now" really stuck to my mind. None the less I'll approach The Automatics' vinyl output with a hopeful ear.

Paul Du Noyer

Nick Lowe's Rockpile

BOTTOM LINE, NEW YORK CITY

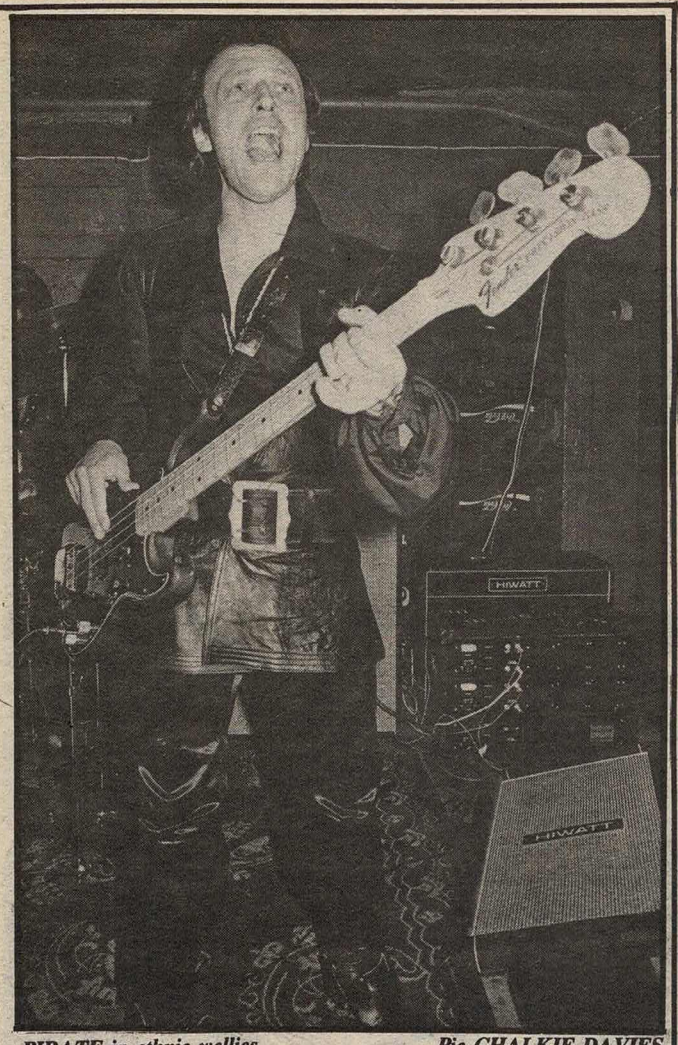
THE HEAVY rain outside did little to dampen the enthusiasm of the audience inside. Wtih a majority of those in attendance being press and record biz people, the loyalty might have been a little suspect, but the buzz in the air had quite a bit more to do with Nick Lowe's brief, but eminently successful, appearance as the support band for Elvis Costello a few nights earlier at the Palladium.

Willie Alexander, the pseudo-punk rocker from Boston, opened with an overly long, overly loud set of what amounted to close quarters heavy metal with a comedic approach.

While the band's album showed some style and promise, their live presence is that of just another tedious bar band whose general paltriness was only underlined by their pained version of the Righteous Brothers classic, "You've Lost That Loving Feeling", during which Willie toyed with a huge wad of chewing gum that stuck itself to his body during one particularly rousing section.

The opening nusiance dispatched, Rockpile excitement began building. By the time Lowe (dressed in the

THE AUTOMATICS *Pic ROB HALL*



PIRATE in ethnic wellies *Pic CHALKIE DAVIES*

green suit with question marks), Edmunds and company took the small stage, the audience were completely with them. Even the band's total lack of visual excitement did little to prevent cheers and screams after each number.

Lowe compered the set, introducing songs and joking while Edmunds, for his part, seemed at least comfortable on stage, with no sign of the apparent terror he displayed at the larger venue — where he'd wandered not just out of the spotlight but nearly into the wings at several junctures.

The songs chosen for the set illustrated the intricate nature of the relationship of the participants. The opener, "So It Goes", was Lowe's all the way, but the second tune was "Down Down Down", an oldie from Edmunds' repertoire, which he sang and soloed on.

A bit further along, guitarist Billy Bremers sang a pair of songs, one whose title I missed that will appear on Edmunds' forthcoming album.

From the Nick Lowe songbook came "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass", done to a Bo Diddley beat; "They Call It Rock", with Edmunds and Bremers trading off red hot guitar solos; "I Knew The Bride" (sung by Edmunds), and "Heart Of The City".

Edmunds delivered an impressive selection featuring his long-ago hit "I Hear You Knocking" and "Falling In Love Again".

Edmunds and Lowe, the Phil and Don Everly of 1978, teamed up vocally for a few, the best of which were "Here Comes The Weekend", and Graham Parker's "Back To Schooldays". Their voices blend together neatly, sounding ever so American in tone, and the effect goes perfectly with the material they choose.

Despite the stories of on-the-road bickering between Dave and Basher, their musical collaboration on stage can only be called a resounding triumph. Between them, the range of music available is staggering, and one can only hope that Rockpile gets on the road a bit more often in the future.

Ira Robbins

JAZZ DIARY

THE FAMOUS Newport Jazz Festival comes to Britain on July 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, and will be staged at Ayresome Park Football Stadium, Middlesbrough, Cleveland.

The bill includes Lionel Hampton's All-Star Orchestra, The World's Greatest Jazz Band, The Bill Evans Trio plus Lee Konitz, The Buddy Rich Orchestra, The Newport All-Stars, The Mary Lou Williams Trio plus Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, The Dizzy Gillespie Quartet, The McCoy Tyner Quintet, The Jonah Jones Quintet, Ella Fitzgerald, American Festival All-Stars, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, Oscar Peterson and The Freddie Hubbard Quintet.

There's a strong chance that Count Basie will be turning up too.

Jazz Centre Society's venues are presenting Orbit at Putney's Half Moon on June 11th, the John Warren Big Band at the 100 Club on June 12th and the Tony Coe Quartet at The Phoenix on June 14th. Manchester's Band On The Wall has Terry Smith with the Tony Lee Trio on 8th and the Louis Stewart Trio on June 15th. The Lambeth Jazz Festival will be at Clapham Common on 18th, featuring The London Jazz Big Band, The Dick Morrissey-Jim Mullen Band, Don Weller's Major Surgery and The Johnny Barnes Quintet.

The 100 Club has The Avon Cities Band and Bill Brunskill's Jazz Men on June 10th, Gene Allen Jazzmen on 11th, Mr Acker Bilk and His Paramount Jazz Band plus the Neville Dickie Trio on 14th, and Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia on 16th.

The Gobblestones, at 440 Streatham High Road, has Willy Garnett on 14th, Barbara Thompson on 21st and Martin Franklin on 28th.

Hurlfield Campus, Sheffield, has the Eddie Thompson Trio on 24th.

Red Brass are currently touring Britain, playing at Redmountain Fair, Rougemont Gardens, Exeter on June 11th, the Derby Room, Leigh Library on 16th, Rotherham Central Library on 17th and Newcastle University Theatre on 18th.

United Artists have released Earl Klugh's "Magic In Your Eyes" and Horace Silver's "Silver 'n Percussion". Ogun Records have issued Volume 2 of the Evan Parker-John Stevens Duo, "The Longest Night".

Brian Case

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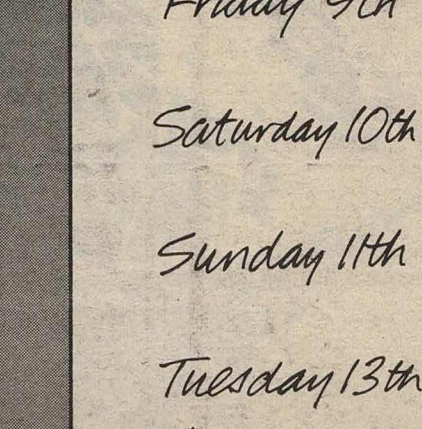

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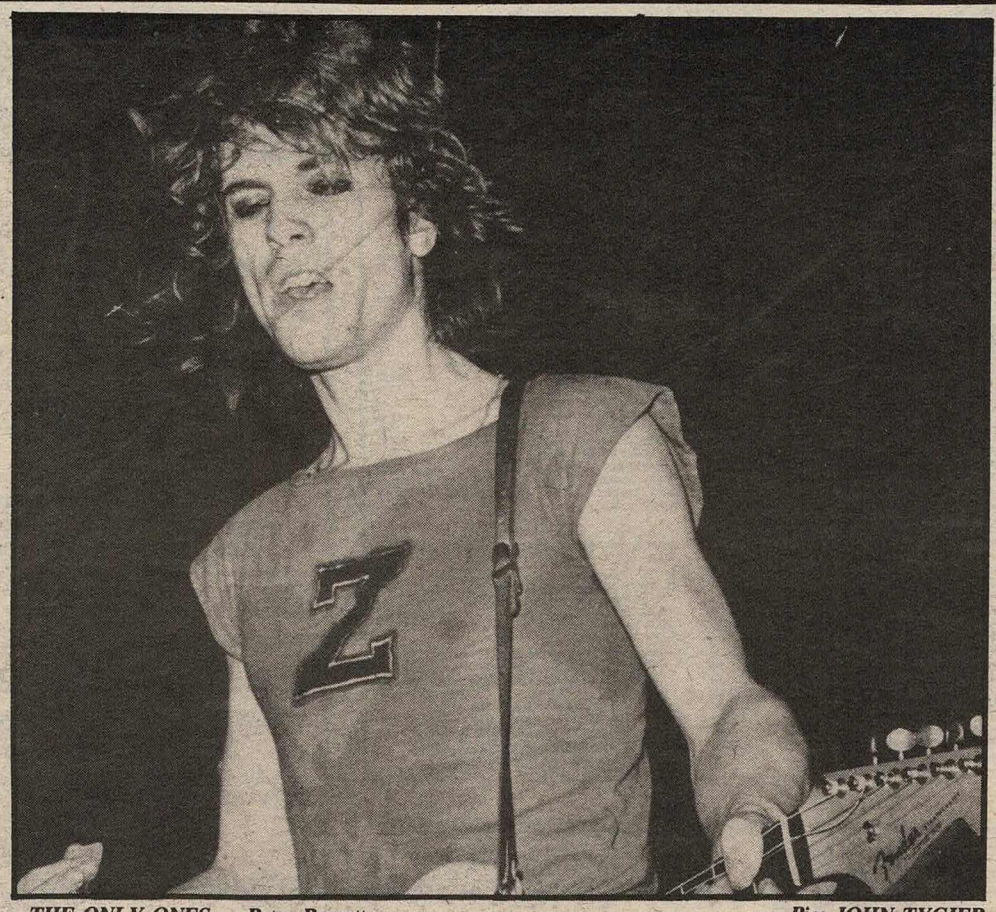

THE ONLY ONES — Peter Perrett. *Pic: JOHN TYGIER*

Unique by name and nature . . .

The Only Ones

ERIC'S, LIVERPOOL

ERIC'S IS a cellar-full of noise, a dingy little street's-width from the site of an older, illustrious cellar where now only spirits cavort to the silent sounds of ghost guitars. The Cavern is no more but the 'Pool's rock-life has slithered across to this, its new subterranean domain.

Taking the stage are widely-fancied outfit The Only Ones, whose balloon of critical praise has been inflating steadily. I'll confess I came with mental pin prepared. I never used it, but if I went home a sceptic converted then a euphoric occasion was not the cause. For this was a muted affair, the fag-end of a hot Bank Holiday weekend, witnessed by only a few dozen souls.

No, what won me was the demonstration of a truly original, collective talent. The songs of Peter Perrett (paper-thin vocals, focals and guitar) are possessed of an uncommon singularity and, welcome in this season of 'Man-as-Machine' tomfoolery, simple humanity.

Further, Perrett's charisma notwithstanding, The Only Ones are a four-square unit of musical power that can't be ignored.

The set is filled with lights and darks, from ballads made classic by the liquid guitar of John Perry ("The Whole Of The Law") to the thundering "City Of Fun" which Alan Muir and Mike Kellie invest with a nasty back-bite.

A bass-amp breakdown leads to an unplanned interval and though normal service is soon resumed with the excellent "Lovers Of Today" the group are not conspicuously happy.

Perrett's silence doesn't help build a rapport (his patter being restricted, as I recall, to 'hello' and 'goodnight') and we spectators look on, appreciative but detached.

It takes an encore of the more familiar "Another Girl, Another Planet" to elicit a response that's worthy of the talent on offer.

And that's The Only Ones, unique by name and unique by nature. Don't let them slip past you.

Paul Du Noyer

Gardez Darkx

EXETER ZHIVAGO'S

THERE ARE those who complain that the press are ruining their fun by declaring the New Wave to be dead. The dispute is merely over a form of words, since I suspect that the two sides would agree on various points, while disagreeing on how to describe the situation.

Think back 12 months: the White Riot tour was underway, several leading bands' albums had been released, "God Save The Queen" was just out — and if you missed the Peel show in the evening you had missed some earth-shattering new single.

The bands' battle for acceptance was nearly won, and there was a totally new one every other week.

Today, on the other hand, the scene is much quieter and much more orderly. Bands can no longer make it on the strength of a third on the bill spot at the Roxy over-reacted to by some drunk journalist — so there are correspondingly fewer great white hopes.

In fact, apart from re-ground bands like Rich Kids and Magazine, I can only think of two new British bands I rate highly this year: Ulster's own Stiff Little Fingers and this band, Gardez Darkx.

At times they sound not too dissimilar to Magazine, in fact, but their strength is in their versatility: "Bliss", the third number tonight, sounds like George Benson when he did not have a "zak" in his music. The set was cleverly built, starting with the catchy pop song side of the single "Heartbeat", moving on through the mellower "Bliss", and then catching fire in "Random Alligator". This gave Paul Darkx the opportunity to really justify playing a trumpet in a jet-propelled band like this.

He did so, beautifully, explosively pushing Latif Gardez and guitar to the limit.

The next two songs were the weakest in the set, but the closing run was some of the finest stuff I have heard all year. "Freeze (In The U.L. Zone)", the single, was first up, followed by "The Night Air", which boasts an effervescent bass line from Jump Halibut *(sic)*. The closer was the possible follow-up single, "S. M. Tiger", containing a devastating guitar solo and an ending involving the same rhythmic experiments that Weather Report perform, only far more directly exciting.

Musically speaking, this band could fart with more talent than most acts dream of using when they play. Before they impress the audience indelibly, though, they will have to improve as *performers*. The set would have been really effective in its build-up if Latif had not spent hours tuning up between songs; and anyway, the band all look nervous. Lack of experience, probably — this was only their second headliner.

Even so, since I raved about them in February, they have improved, added a key-boards player, and got the single out. The only way on is up.

Mike Holmans

Otway and Barrett: Mayfly Festival

OXFORD

THE OXFORD Mayfly is the sort of event that in your best Sunday pap journalese would be described as a "pop" festival. You know the scene — a few rock bands, some Angels, lots of drugs and half-naked women, all good page three copy.

Its organisers, however, would shrink, I'm sure, from such capitalist connotations, prefering to emphasise the community aspect of Mayfly — which is a Free Festival. For the people.

And a frazzling Bank Holiday sun brought out hippies, dealers, punks, students, school kids and young families, the whole Oxford sub-culture in attendance. There were giant inflatables, frisbees, people being spasmodically theatrical and there was music. **Zoundz** were the first band to take the stage and they clung to those planks with impressive determination, dragging their erratic, emasculated Crimsonesque improvisations through such obstacles as having the P.A. and the crowd switched off on them, till the cosmic muse wisely rescinded the tea-pot vibes.

After a pleasant acoustic duo came **Here And Now** the current heroes of the alternative society circuit and more accurately depicted as There And Then.

With humorous and perversely anachronistic intent they scooted along in a chaotic rush of vintage Gong/Hawkwind psychedelic two-note acid jazz-rock, complete with a woman whose antics put Stacia in the Pavlova class. A couple of heads woke up and clapped.

Then we were treated to **Tone Deaf And The Idiots,** a bunch of chemistry graduate-types who've just discovered the gonzo fringe of the New Wave, all tweed jackets and yellow wellingtons. They performed songs like "Operation Julie" (their first single, pop-pickers) and threw plastic frogs at the people and were pretentiously eccentric, but fun.

They were followed by Oxford's most well-known local band, **Tiger Lily** who have lost their brass section and more recently their keyboard player together, apparently, with what stylish class they once possessed and on this showing were just another boring, rocking non-experience.

As the sun was going down the day brightened up and **The Smirks** came (literally) bouncing on. They played an excellent, well balanced set bristling with bright and beaty pop songs like "OK UK" and "Ya, Ya, Ya", gravity defying cretin choreography and lots of jokes at the expense of the furry freak brigade who enjoyed them all the same.

I do have reservations however, about the reggae content of their act, because although they obviously take great care in playing these songs, they always sound uncomfortably close to pastiche which isn't (I hope) their purpose. Anyway, they put everyone in the right mood for the headlining act.

Who were, of course, Oxfordshire's greatest contribution to the decline of civilisation, **Otway and Barrett,** back together again now that Otway has thankfully freed himself from the millstone of regular rock band accompaniment.

Barrett's half-cut, beat-up electric sound-storm provided, as ever, the right back-drop for his partner who was on wild and spontaneous form. From a faltering "Really Free" to a boisterous "Beware Of The Flowers" and quietly compelling "Trying Times", passionately clutching his battered acoustic, Otway was magic.

He threw himself all over the stage and clambered, swung and balanced on the flimsy-looking scaffolding around and above the stage, maintaining precarious poses with the grace of an inebriated chimpanzee. Barrett on the other hand, began the evening with the face of a man haunted by unspeakable terrors but after his fiddle had failed to function and Otway's actions became more audacious, he simply looked extremely bored and impatient.

When Otway returned for "Geneve", the encore, Barrett had to be carried back on stage and then he spent most of the song sitting on his amp without touching his guitar. So either he's taking his role as Otway's straight man to ridiculous extremes or another split seems a very likely possibility.

Unfortunately, I have to end on a sad note. Although some Hells Angels did visit the festival, their presence during the day had been a markedly docile one. But during the night someone was raped and when Old Bill turned up, one of their number finished up in hospital. So the second day which was to have featured **Patrick Fitzgerald** and **Merger,** amongst others, was immediately cancelled.

This was the eighth Mayfly Festival, funded by the Southern Arts Council and was I think a success, in that about two thousand people had a good time in the absence of the depressing features that normally occur at similar but larger events. I only hope the organisers have the courage and the conviction to ensure that there's a ninth, next year.

David Housham

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ALBUMS EXTRA

THE DIODES
The Diodes (CBS)

A DIODON is a genus of fish with prominent teeth. Not surprisingly then The Diodes, punk-like rockers from Canada, flash their fangs with a biting sardonic leer that is as puerile as it can be amusing.

You have to be in the right mood for them. The same brand of delightfully spiteful *dementia deliquens* needed to squeeze a few laughs out of a Sparks record is required here. This music is for kicks and kicks are adolescent and so is this music.

A brief glance at the song titles ("Blonde Fever", "Plastic Girls", "We're Ripped") and it's a safe bet that this is not a subtle album. And it certainly is *not*. The Ramones are no doubt one of the The Diodes' grand masters and sources of inspiration, and by comparison sound like virtuosos.

Nonetheless, despite the omnipresent tin-can wall of noise and over-ripe self-parody, which surfaces inflexibly on cover versions of two '60s greats, "Red Rubber Ball" and "Shapes Of Things To Come", there's always the lyrics on the inner sleeve to read.

They read like a plunge to the sub-literary pop underworld of Thomas Pynchon's cult novel, *The Crying Of Lot 49* ; a world where California mop-tops, The Paranoids, sing with an affected British accent and taunt "solid citizens".

In The Diodes case, the cultivated British accent includes an "oh yeah" or two from The Ramones as well as such succinct rock-typical remarks as: *"paranoia . . . it's the kids/desolation . . . hit the skids/can't make time in this wasteland/can't even score on a one-night stand."*

The songs mostly are about the synthetic leopard and vinyl decadence of 1978 and make the new Elvis seem like a nice guy. They scoff at female tennis entrepreneurs in the Chris Evert mould. They add Big Brother dimensions to the *"smiling like a crocodile"*, product-pushing Farrah Fawcetts of the world. They level praise upon *"the unmade-up"* girls with their *"new aesthetic"*.

In sum, The Diodes are clever if all this was dashed off without a thought wasted and a good buzz on. One suspects though that this was not the case. Therefore, perhaps we should concur with their own self-assessment: *"Life-like to the nth degree is my degeneration."*

Marcus Smith

JULIUS HEMPHILL
Raw Materials And Residuals (Black Saint)

CONSTITUTIONALLY RUBICUND enough to prefer "Dogon AD" and "The Hard Blues" over anything else in Julius Hemphill's wide-ranging bag, I nevertheless enjoyed all of this programme of 'vigour and reflection'.

The opener, "C", has a strong Ornette feel to it, charging alto over stepwise rhythmic shifts by Abdul Wadud's cello and Don Moye's drum kit. If cello still summons up memories of Fred Katz and the Kardoma Cafe, Wadud will turn you around with his primeval attack.

"Mirrors" and "Long Rhythm" are the best tracks, the first featuring a measured ceremonial unison by alto and cello over splashing cymbals, and the second a loping swing of such length that you could eat a sandwich between deadlines. It roisters like a bitch, and it's difficult to isolate the ingredients: the trio seem entirely busy with their immediate involvement — arco tracers, responsive clicks — and yet somehow up brews that big pendulum swing.

"Plateau" has a core of peace despite the alto's soured cries. Moye's beaters establish the mood, and my only complaint is the inevitability of the cello's response to the alto, shudders matching held notes like a shadow. "G Song" starts out funky, catchy rhythm on cello, jokey clippetty-clop drumming. Hemphill's soprano comes on soulfully, not unlike Robin Kenyatta's Billboard-orientated material, but then wails into a squabbling free section. When the funk returns, it has been speeded up to a pitch of epilepsy and pierced with police whistles: agitprop pop.

Brian Case

ROSEBUD
Discoballs: A Tribute To Pink Floyd (Atlantic)

A CRAFTED, diverting, but sadly self-depreciating line in Muzak, this. More ethically sound artists strive for facelessness this faceless. Formula, cynicism, prostitution — what more do you want? A nude woman on the sleeve, twice.

Facts. This is a continental metronome dancefloor/factory record. It yields eight Pink Floyd er, 'classics' greased up disco, not quite plumbing true depths of Teutonic climax music. Bleep.

"Have A Cigar" is actually an improvement upon the original: those crass lyrics sung Silver Convention-style over a thud-thud-thud toe-strut which utilises a deliciously sharp guitar sound. Ditto "Money" (a song I never liked) with the "do-goody good" line chanted very treble, ad nauseam.

More facts. No techno-mix trick is missed; every instrument scoured for maximum effectiveness. "Summer 68" becomes a playabout with lightweight texture and tempo — clever as in 'contrived', this — with the usual polymoog bloops and bounce well employed. "Main Theme 'More' " should be a single cut if it isn't already: an exercise in atmospherics, seeing what can be done with the basic requirments and no more (as is Soft Machine's current disco-true 45 "Soft Space"). Quite an 'Achievement, really.

Tongue in cheek, wallet in pocket, stop watch on snare drum. Play this record background and ignore, or surrender to the Dalek-sexual rhythms. Faultless, faceless, elevator Muzak, so well executed one suspects it's all a Brian Eno conceptual bluff/larf. Hoho.

Ian Penman

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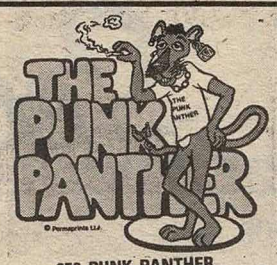

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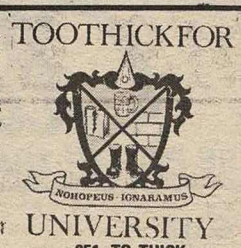

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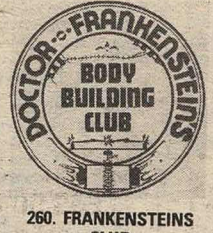

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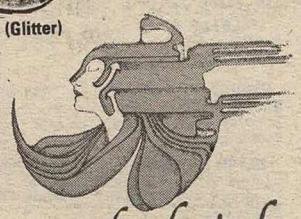

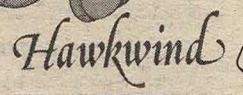

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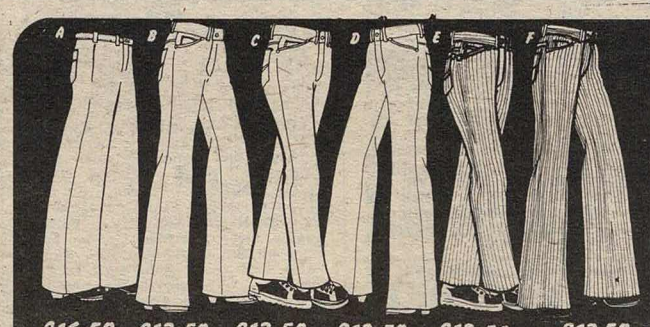

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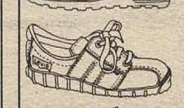

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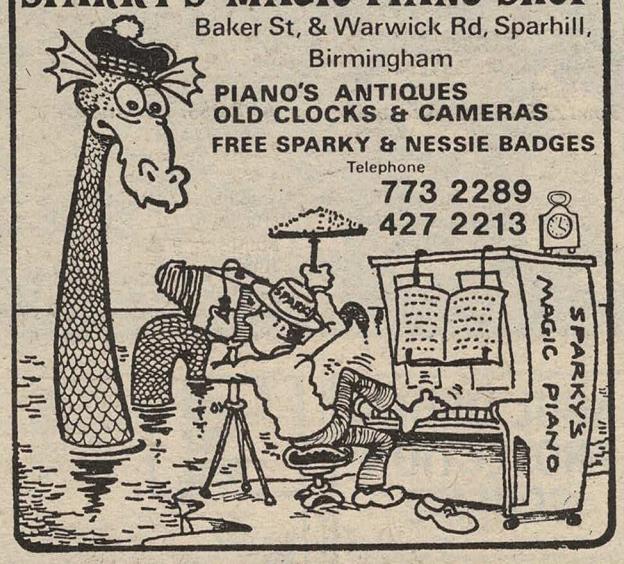

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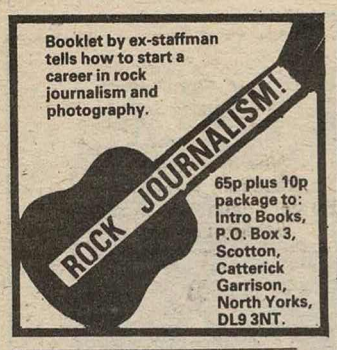
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RANDY NEWMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

childhood spent on Hollywood's sound stages.

"I get offered them. I'd do one I didn't like if it was a big chance for music. I'd have done *Star Wars* gladly even though I didn't much care for it. As a matter of fact, my interest in movies . . . I sometimes notice I'm just listening to the music."

"What about working with Altman? You both deal in ambiguity."

"No. I don't think he likes music, to be totally honest with you. *Nashville* to my mind, whatever you may think of the picture or country music, those people can all sing. You can't palm THOSE songs off as hits and be effective. Maybe it's an impossible task. The one good piece of music he had there, he cut off. He didn't trust it. Where she was singing in the church, great song, but no.

"I don't think he needs music. I don't think he likes it. I don't like his degree of improvisation. If I were a director, there aren't that many actors I'd let loose. As a writer, I don't like it. I don't want to hear what Elliott Gould's gonna think up to say."

I gathered up my calomine lotion, the salt pills, the E.G. Marshall forensic sunglasses — catch me joining Jean Harlow! — and launched the final question. It seemed a little irrelevant now, since he hadn't touched on his torpor.

"Do you think of yourself as a Tower Of Resignation?"

He looked as if I'd hung a bloater under his nose. "NO! I'm not that bleak! I'm not giving up. I'm still pounding away here, staying at this big suite. I wanna get where I'm going. I haven't given up about anything. I don't think the world's that bad. I haven't resigned." He grinned.

"I will if you want me to?"

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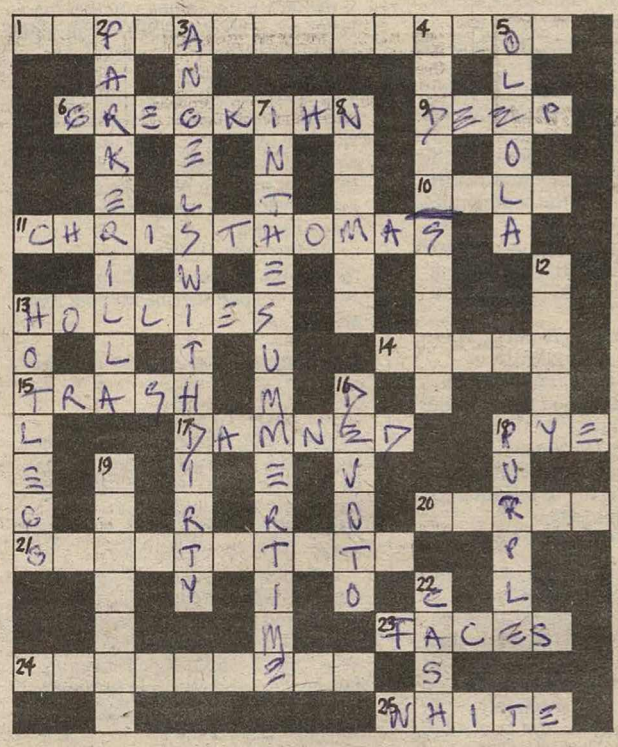

ACROSS

1 *Le punque* smash from across *le channel* (2,5,4,3)
6 One of the Beserkley stable of acts, sounds like a distant relative (4,4)
9 and 18 down British heavy rock combo, broke up mid-1976
10 and 24 Part of the enduring Roy Orbison legend, this was a U.K. No. 1 (4,3,6)
11 Made his name as a Roxy Music producer, then went on to do the same on the Sex Pistols' singles (5,6)
13 They were one of the most successful beat-turned-pop groups, with some 23 hits between 1963 and 1974
14 Verdant Pirate!
15 See 25
17 Chronologically, second of the major punk 'casualties'
18 Label
20 Anonymous beast of burden from an American hit
21 The one that begins *"I was born with a plastic spoon in mah mouth . . ."*
23 See 3
24 See 10
25 and 15 Honky combo who backed Edgar Winter on a clutch of albums

DOWN

2 Featuring Mr Parker as Mr Hyde!
3 and 23 The song taked its title from an old Jimmy Cagney movie (6,4,5,5)
4 Rasta Doris (anag. 5,5)
5 Featuring R. Stewart and Ally's Smarting Army (3,3)
7 A smash hit, silly season No. 1 for Mungo Jerry a few years back (2,3,10)
8 See 12
12 and 8 Wary, mend Ann! (anag. 5,6)
13 R. stewart again — one of his more recent, more orthodox hits (3,4)
16 Chief executive of Magazine!
18 See 9
19 Punk on the silver screen, starring Jenny Runacre
22 Johnny C&W, or Dave D&J . . .

ANSWERS FROM LAST WEEK

ACROSS: 1 Boyfriends; 8 "Ego"; 9 Earth Wind (And Fire); The Motors; 12 The Rumour; 14 Mott; 15 Cherry Vanilla; 18 "Hot Rats"; 19 Syd (Barrett); 20 "Street Life"; 22 Southside (Johnny). DOWN: 1 Blue Oyster Cult; 2 "You're The One That I (Want)"; 3 Righteous Brothers; 4 Dowd; 5 (Paul) Cook; 6 Deaf School; 7 Nico; 11 "(You're The One That I) Want"; 13 Olivia; 16 (Mike) Nesmith; 17 (Earth Wind) And Fire; 21 "EMI".

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June 18 Richard Digance
June 20/21 Bootsys' Rubber Band
June 22/23 Thin Lizzy
June 22 Bob Marley
June 22 Mink De Ville
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YOUR correspondent "Rich" ("Macho bag", 27 May) gives his address as Leicester, His occupation "art student". He pleads for the "normal" and the "well-adjusted" to stand up and be counted against the fascist Tom Robinson, who is (shock horror) homosexual, and therefore incapable of sincerity.

"Rich" is the real bigot, and is typical of the dump where he lives, of which I am happy to say I am an *ex*-resident. Leicester is soaked in a psychic atmosphere of narrow-mindedness, intolerance, stupidity and nauseating self-congratulation. Some of this ambience has obviously rubbed off on him.

Planning to be an artist are you, Rich? Since when was any artist, or rock musician worth his or her salt "normal" or a well-adjusted citizen? Rock has always beem the genre of the misfit, the alienated youth, the oppressed, the ignored, the frowned-upon; it has drawn its vitality from this for 25 years; Elvis Presley, Dylan, MC5, the Stones, the Who, Hendrix, Bowie, Ian Anderson on his good days (like "Skating Away") right thru to the Pistols, the Clash, TRB. That's why there's a reaction whenever the beast becomes too comfortable. Rock has, does and will always need that edge of tension, the "edge-of-madness" feeling in order to live. The same with Art. Neither need the approval of the "normal" or "well adjusted citizens". It is these worthies that both genres at their finest strip naked and reveal as the contemptible morons they are.

As for you Rich, I suggest you stick to illustrating Enid Blyton, wathing Eurovision and Radio 2. It's all you're fit for.

JAY DELAMONT, Hamble, Hants.

P.S. My accent is middle-class neutral. I have punk friends, freak friends, gay friends and other friends. None of them have ever shown the least desire to persecute me. But, then, I'm left-handed, therefore only capable of acting out of self-interest. Please ignore this letter.

How can we when ...? — CSM.

MAYBE "RICH" ought to read the cover of the T.R.B. LP before mouthing off: "I've got no illusions about the political left anymore than the right. Just a shrewd idea (who) is gonna stomp on us first." I'm 20 — middle class, grammar school educated and gay. I'm not particularly proud of this but I'm not ashamed. The "us" Tom refers to isn't just pansies (yuk), punks, women etc." but *all* of us — long haired art students, as well. He's fighting for your rights as well as mine. Lump all the so-called minority groups together and they'd make a sizeable slice of the "citizens" of this country, "normal, well adjusted" or not. We want our rights — and if it means a struggle then that is how it will have to be. Long live the "New Fascism", if that's what you want to call it, though I've always thought of myself as a frustrated liberal. Freedome for *all* people, of every kind, everywhere. It's gonna be a long hot summer from now on.

IAN MILLS (a middle class kiddy who knows where **he** *stands), Addlestone, Surrey.*

RE. NICK Kent's review of Tom Robinson Band's disappointingly predictable new album (May 20th *NME*): What is ultimately tragic about Tom Robinson is that for all his agonised and undoubtedly sincere concerns, he remains an outsider to your average deprived vandal in the street. Rotten, Strummer and Pursey at least *seem* to share the vision of the society as seen by the "Teenage guerillas on the tarmac, fighting in the middle of the road", which makes their songs a damn sight more effective than the mundane, dogmatic and ultimately shallow rantings of "Up Against The Wall". For Robinson, they are all part of his political cosmology which he uses to advance his own little idea of how things should (or shouldn't) be. Which is a shame because I thought he was worth more than another Vanessa Redgrave trip. Maybe Mindless Aggression was right after all and he had spent too much time hanging around with those humourless, insufferably middle-class revolutionary types you find flogging copies of *Socialist Worker.*

I am looking forward to the Boomtown Rats' new album. They are no less sincere than TRB and also a lot more fun.

GREY CORTINA

We'll have a little more on the subject of Captain Integrity, later on, T-shirt fans, but right now lets's shut Rich from Leicester down once and for all — CSM.

THIS ISN'T one of the many letters criticising Rich (art student). No. This is the only letter telling you that his letter was a fake (GASP). Yeah, right now he's laughing at the lot of you and soon he'll write back in 'this year's model' style (remember him?) and air his real views. Or maybe he won't. Anyway the fact is that he only wrote his seemingly outrageous letter to get his name in *NME* which is exactly what I'm doing (hooray I've done it at last).

PABLO CICASSO, Caterham, Surrey. PS. I agree with Tom Robinson's politics (mostly) but that's another story.

Fun while it lasted, wannit? — CSM.

LAST NIGHT I went to the Roundhouse, Chalk Farm to see the Buzzcocks who excelled themselves (if that's possible). Penetration were also pretty good, but as for Alternative TV I have only one thing to say — bloody marvellous.

I admit it was hot and cramped and the GLC was there mucking up the sound, and the order of the bands had been changed, but the way A.TV were treated was fucking ridiculous. The hecking and chanting gathered such force that A.TV left the stage in fury, to many people's disappointment.

It is just this sort of person who hated the Pistols when they started 'cos it was something new and imaginative. A few weeks ago Pere Ubu received the same sort of treatment because some stupid morons weren't prepared to listen to something different. This time though these wankers managed to build up enough force to drive an inventive and promising group off stage before they'd even heard more than a couple of numbers.

Later I saw a bit of grafitti in the tube — "Punk is not dead", somebody had scrawled the reply — "No, it's only got rigormortis of the brain".

Seems that way, don't it?

U.A. London, N6

And while we're on the subject of chucking glasses ... — CSM.

FOR GOD'S sake publish my — and everyone else's — deepest apologies to the Pirates for such an unworthy ending to a great gig at Hull's Tiffany's (Mon 22 May). Just because one stupid idiot threw a glass, an otherwise superb concert was ruined and worse, than that, one of the Pirates was hurt. I only hope they find the culprit and crucify him. To expect the group to return to Hull after would be too much to ask, although I'd love them to. I'm sorry and so is everyone else who was there.

VALERIE SISSON, Hull.

And while we're on the subject of chucking glasses ...—CSM.

IN REPLY to liberal wanker Louise Murphy: I was one of the naive rabble yelling at the Fabulous Poodles, a bunch of screwed uo closet queens who think its funny to sing about women being raped. Their reaction to criticism was typically machismo male 'we are pop stars bully for us, you're all Mary Whitehouses if you don't like our songs.' I was only sorry the beer glasses were plastic. Poodles need castrating!

In fact the whole gig was fraught with trouble — the managements of Misty (the reggae band) and the Fucking Poodles spent most of the evening debating who was the top the bill, while the support bands had to cut their sets short. (But then R.A.R. is a liberal reformist capitalist enterprise).

Then the daft bitch has the cheek to say I didn't enjoy myself — I bloody well did, I thought the Piranhas were brilliant and managed to be funny but never sexist.

JACKIE PESSARY, Brighton. P.S. Oh yes, Louise from Islington, aren't the Fab Poos a North London band eh? and anyone knows it's Dr. Martens and not Dr. Martins — creep.

Any chance of your forming a band and playing North Islington, Jackie? — CSM.

Letters Edited By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Bag Graphic by RAY LOWRY

LOOKS LIKE it's every man for himself in *NME,* the paper that cares. The hallowed pages of your journal are becoming a blood soaked battle-ground where reputations mean nothing and only the most bitter, cynical, elitist, bitchy and downright ruthless hit-men can survive.

It all started when Burchill stabbed Kent in the back with her "Adventure" review. Kent gave her one in the kisser with his ecstatic piece on TV at the Odeon and also got in a dig at *Sounds.* Parsons enters the fray with his TRB review when almost every artist in the history of rock is shown the door. Kent takes the offensive. The TRB album is given a fairly comprehensive grade A hatchet-job. His review of David Johansen's LP compares D.J. favourably with John Rotten (an ya remember him, dontcha?). In this week's singles page, Parsons just happens to mention that Johansen needn't have bothered. He also gives a pasting to the Motors and Elvis Costello. Kent just happens to like these acts.

I know critical differences are all part of a free music press (sic) but the sight of grown men clawing at each other's throats and scratching each other's eyes out is squalid to say the least. Also it seems de rigeur for journalists, especially at *Sounds,* but on *NME* as well to say that so-and-so really is very cool and that "certain other people" who dare to criticise these demi-gods are elitist hacks. Usually this assertion is contained in a review on some scampi-in-a-basket Powerpop combo. In the struggle to be hipper-than-thou you're forgetting the, uh, music. It's content, not category, that counts.

ARISTRIDE BRIANDE, London.

P.S. I've given up reading *Sounds.* I just look at the previous weeks' *NME,* knoworrahmeen?

I know just what you mean, brother. Our editorial meetings generally resemble a cross between the stabbing scene in *Julius Caesar* and the last tableau from *Hamlet.* Alas, poor Nicky ... et tu, Burchill? — CSM.

GEE WHIZ! Thanks for the mention! But as one of the fifty people who demonstrated against the National Front meeting at Barton Peveril College, mentioned in Tony Parsons' little sermon, can I add some comments of my own? For a start, I've never heard of S.K.A.N. and I don't think most of the people there have or had. It certainly wasn't organised by them and considering their other political beliefs, as implied by the article, I would not consider myself to be a "S.K.A.N. kid". It wasn't actually the heavy-type demonstration/confrontation that is suggested. The idea of the room being "plastered with Stickers" is a gross exaggeration. Also the N.F. were allowed to speak (some people believe in freedom of speech, you know — even if what is being spoken is a bit ugly) — if only because it gave the anti-N.F.'s a chance to counter their views. Actually it was more a shouting match than a debate, as such, and the whole thing became a bit tongue-in-cheek — which was OK as most people wanted a good laugh as much as to show genuine distaste for the N.F.

It might disappoint Citizen Tony further to learn that Barton Peveril College Students are predominantly middle-class. I mean, I know some of us who demonstrated against the N.F. will be going to . . . (gulp) University next year. There were even Young Conservatives there, speaking against the N.F. Which does rather deflate the we're-all-solid-working-class-kids-marching-together-to-fight-against-the-fascist-racist-capitalist-Establishment tone of Mr. Parsons' article.

PETE LAYTON, Eastleigh, Hants.

We can dream — CSM.

SO I just got to read Andy Gill's review of the Gladiators. At last somebody with the guts to stand up and deride the ex-Lion of Judah, who smiled happily as he fed his dogs raw meat, while his subjects starved to death. However, much good music has come from J.A. and for that we can be grateful.

ROTA LA GOOR, Groteborg, Sweden.

Yeah, but most of it's Rasta. Difficult problem, innit? — CSM.

I BET if you print this letter, people will think you made it up.

ERIC THE HALF A COMMIE, of Farnboro.

Well, we did, didn't we? — CSM

Thanks a million for the factful mention of the tragic death of Pistols devotee Tracie O'Keefe. Although I did meet her a couple of times, I can't say I knew her, but the sad news did leave me cold. Warhol's prophecy "everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes" has finally been fulfilled in an ironic twist of fate. Rest in peace Tracie.

KIM IGOE, Stanwell, Staines.

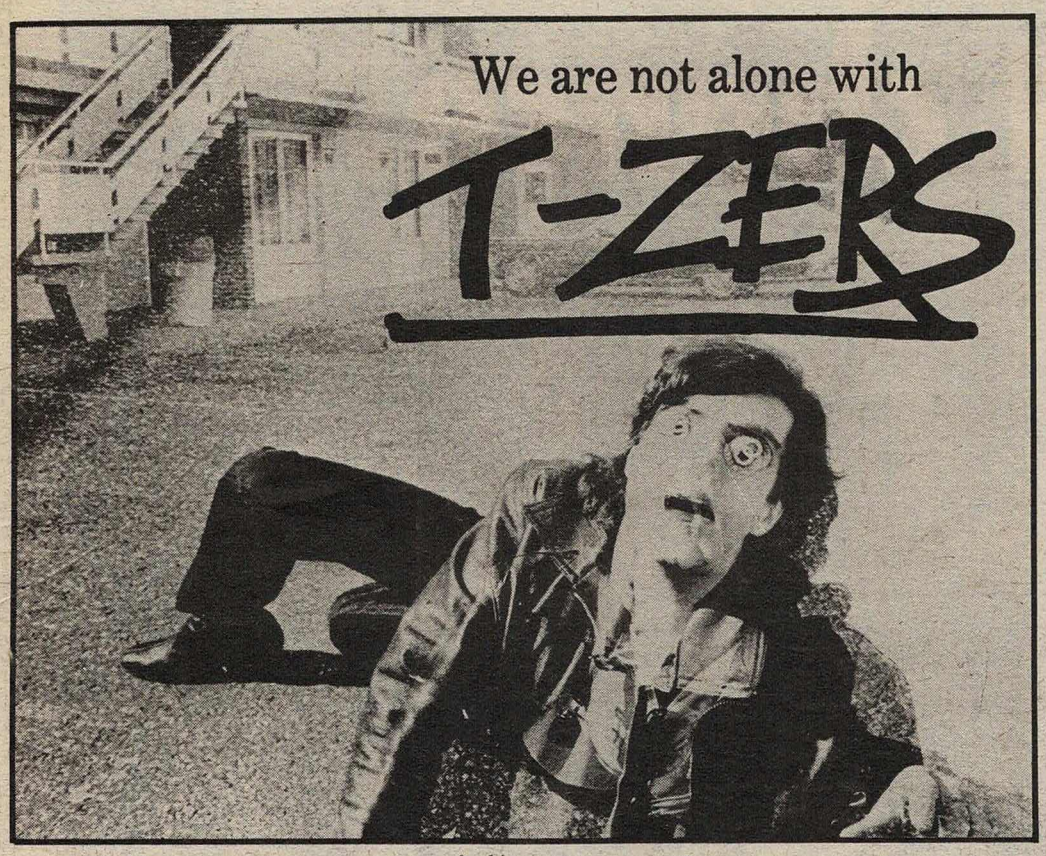
LOOK WHAT TRB ALBUM DID FOR THIS TEENAGE LOVELY

BEFORE

YES, before Mavis Castro heard "Power In The Darkness" she was a typical witless teenager, concerned only with dating, dancing, cosmetics and removing unsightly hair from her legs and armpits.

Now, she fights fascism racism,, empiricism, ecumenicalism and economic exploitation of the Third World!!!

AFTER



SO FAREWELL THEN: **Nick Logan** *(Oh shut up. That was last week. — New Ed.) — (Blimey, he's been like that ever since Logan buggered off — Timid T-Zer Ed.).*

Still, the joint, as they say, was jumping at 31-year-old Essex-born Logan's farewell bash last week as cliques of drunken liggers crammed into our Carnaby St cubby hole to disturb our Wednesday afternoon fiesta and wish the ex-ed whatever they wished to wish him.

Mind you, binoculars were required to catch a glimpse of the staff presentation of a poncey little Ken Russell--esque art deco clock to the departing *NME* supremo who was spotted, the next morning, popping into a Wanstead pawn shop.

Logan was back in the office on Monday, horribly bronzed and healthy, just to gloat and boast about how he slipped the Scottish World Cup squad a month's supply of Valium. But we still want you back, Nick, 'cos **Neil Spencer's** gone all funny since he donned the Ed's 'at, telling people to do things and actually expecting them to be done. *(Get on with it. — Ed.) . . .*

Incidentally, that "Logan's Last Run" dummy *NME* cover featured with *Thrills'* touching tribute last week was actually produced (a coupla hundred of 'em) as souvenirs for whoever wanted any. We've still got 198 left cluttering up the office, Nick, so if you want any more for your relatives . . .

Back in the real world — oh, hang about, we don't get to the real world for a while yet, 'cos this one's about weird, wired scenes inside the BBC TV Theatre at London's Shepherds Bush. The occasion: the recording of **Randy Newman**'s *In Concert* (broadcast on Tuesday during the Poland-Tunisia game). It took the Beeb technicians a mere five takes to give **Mumbling Bob** (*"A would-be intellectual — Sunday Times)* the miraculous gift of sound (who needs it, man?). Newman himself, obviously at ease in front of a studio audience comprising a vociferous pro-**Jethro Tull** faction, remained hunched over his scales before remarking "What a great little country you have here." Later still, it took Newman two takes to arouse a satisfactory choral response for his snappy cowpoke singalong "Riders In The Rain". Don't beleive everything you watch . . .

Talking of **Jethro Tull** *(Who was? — Ed.)*, they were recently ejected from an aircraft after a hostess complained about the band giving her a bad time *(Just like their audiences, ha ha — Ed.)*. Not very good for the English squire image, is it squire? . . .

Ah, now we've reached the real world. Lovely **Linda Rondstadt**, sick and tired of being bothered by fans at her $350,000 Maliboo-boo beach home, is moving to the quieter climes of nittsy-grittsy West Hollywood. "There were so many crazies outside my place," moaned La Rondstadt suggestively, "It looked as if they were filming *Cuckoo's Nest Part Two". (Shaaame! — A. Squatter)* . . .

To paraphrase **Mel Brooks,** *T-Zers* reckons Linda's toilets are better than most people's homes. And now we've broached the subject, **Mick Jones** — who used to play guitar in **The Clash** when they were a group — heard complaining about the toilet arrangements at Sunday night's **Blue Oyster Cult** gig, Hammersmith Odeon. Well, Odeons are on the Rank circuit, Mick . . .

Mick's mate **Johnny Lydon**, nee Rotten, accepted an invitation — along with **Elton John** and the nearly ex-**Mrs Jagger,** *naturellement* — to attend a knees-up celebrating the launch of this year's street people mag *Frizz* — a hairdressing journal . . .

Here's another priceless gem from one of them so-called Beutiful People, the extremely ill-looking **Andy Warhol** to be precise: "Americans are the most glamorous people. They do more, see more, learn more and get more money because they get fast money." *(Bollocks, Bumhol! — Jingoistic Ed.)* . . .

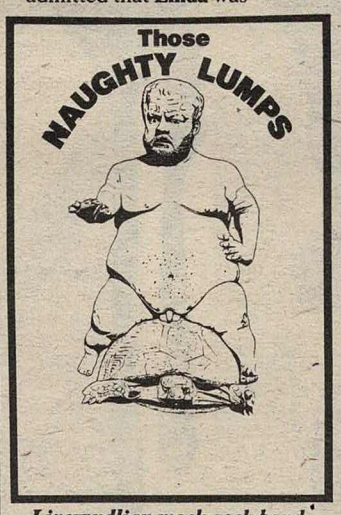
Before, as is their wont, plumping for "Some Girls", the **Stones** considered calling their new album "Don't Steal My Girl" (dedicated to **Baron Ferrari,** no doubt) or "More Fast Songs" *(You're kidding? — Ed.)*.

As for suggestions that the imminent tour of the States will be their last, **Ron Wood** assures *Creem* magazine that "When the band gets together they still have that original impetus that must have been there back in **Ken Colyer's** club or **Brian Jones'** bedroom" . . .

And also — you think he'd know when he was having his leg pulled, but word has it that Honest Ron spent two days lurking in every London Woolworths after his latest girlfriend **JoJo** told him that she worked behind a counter in Woolies. She is, of course, a model *(Who isn't dahling? — Ed.)* . . .

The competition for **Money B's** bastard version of "Rivers Of Babylon" has been split asunder. The original version by **The Melodians** is currently available on both Trojan *and* Island. Trojan issued the original back in 1970 but Island have also had it on catalogue for a few years on the soundtrack of *The Harder They Come*. "This seems to be a very grey area legally," said A. Spokesman. "A lot of reggae artists make records without contracts" . . .

In an Australian TV interview, **Paul McCartney** admitted that **Linda** was "absolute rubbish" musically when she first played with **Wings.** Fab Paul, by the way, is currently without an American recording contract. He's waiting for sales of "London Town" to wane before negotiating a new Macca-buck deal . . .



Liverpudlian mock-rock band Those Naughty Lumps were not amused to see the above man making his unscheduled debut in Gasbag a coupla weeks back. OK, OK — he belongs to you guys now.

It ain't easy being the Great White Hope of de blooze: some heartless swine nicked **George Thorogood's** v. rare and practically irreplaceable Gibson ES 125T guitar last week in the States, and the poor sod's blown out all his gigs (except the British ones, natch) pending return or replacement of his axe. He's combing the States for a new one right now, but if anyone has such an axe and can loan it or sell it to the Delaware Destroyer, he'll be ever so grateful. (The only geezer we know who's got one is **Dave Edmunds,** and he doesn't even let other people *touch* it, let alone play it). Good Samaritans please call **Sonnie Rae** at Sonet Records (01-229 7267) ...

Following new boss's cover feature on **Ras Lydon's** new power combo, guitarist **Keith Levine** would like to make it clear that he was in **The Clash** for all of six months and not, as was suggested, a matter of weeks ...

John Lennon, not content with (gaspo) recording again, has also supposedly been copped for the lead role in **William A. Leavey's** movie *The Street Messiah,* all about a rock star who gets religion. Next, **Rod Stewart** in a film about a rock star who makes lots of money ...

Though **Lynyrd Skynyrd** are no more, "Lynyrd Skynyrd's First And Last Album" album will be out in a coupla months. It was made in 1971 — before they were signed to MCA — and, claims **Gary Rossington,** a survivor of the air crash which killed singer **Ronnie Van Zant,** was scheduled for release this year anyway . . .

Small Faces, meanwhile, will be back here for August gigs. Their next album is "78 In The Shade" and spunky little **Stevie Marriott** has been asked by those shameless *Evita* people to play the lead in their *Che* musical. Trust you'll tell 'em where to go Stevie. Anyway we thought that handsome hunk **David Essex** was gonna play **Che . . .**

Speculating about his alleged offspring, **Rod Stewart** told American radio listeners "There are probably a lot of 14-year-old girls in England who've got big noses and look a bit like me who look in the mirror and wonder" . . .

But the only bit of good fortune Rodney had over the weekend was when he got caught up in a gun-totin' police raid on an Argentinian restaurant. After a 'terrorist' slumped dead over the table Stewart was hiding beneath, the police allowed the singer and his entourage to leave without paying their bill. The lengths ol' Rod'll go to . . .

And as for Scotland — well, the **Albertos** had them well sussed, announcing their "Hard Luck Scotland" tour the day before Peru's magnificent victory over **Ally MacLeod's** feckless speedfreaks. And howcome **Lemmy** and **Mick Farren** weren't substituted for **Rioch** and **Masson** earlier? Tut tut. 'Ere, d'yer suppose ol' Rod would've passed the **Willie Johnston** Dope Test? . . .

Oh, oh, Den Hegarty's off outa here. Sorry if we offended you, mate . . .
Pic: ANDRE CSILLAG

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This	Last week	TOP TEN
20p Coney Lou, Black Slate, Steel Pulse, Sphinx Twinkle, Lazy Sod.	1	(1)	BUZZCOCKS
25p Rush (4), Deaf School, Stiff Little Fingers, Overdose, Princess Margaret, Operation Julie (3).	2	(7)	SHAM ARMY
Deluxe 30p Wayne County, Gaye Advert, Plastic Bertrand, Siouxsie Overground.	3	(5)	BLONDIE
	4	(3)	DEVO QUOTE
	5	(9)	CITY ROCKERS
	6	(2)	YELLOW COSTELLO
	7	(4)	CLASH POLICE
	8	(6)	STEEL PULSE
	9	(10)	SHAM 69
	10	(—)	I DON'T CARE

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